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GOLDEN TREASURY READERS



FOURTH READER



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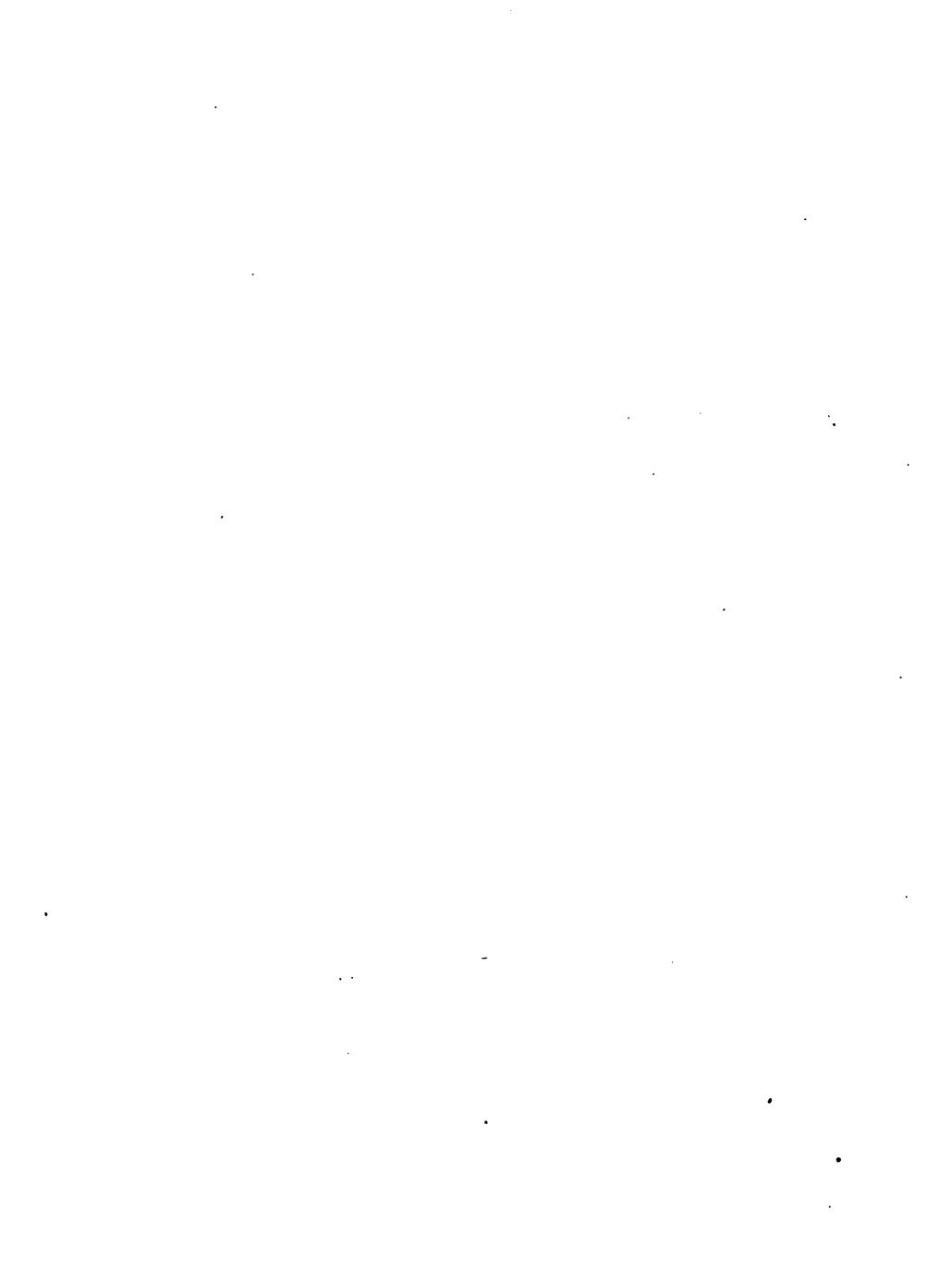
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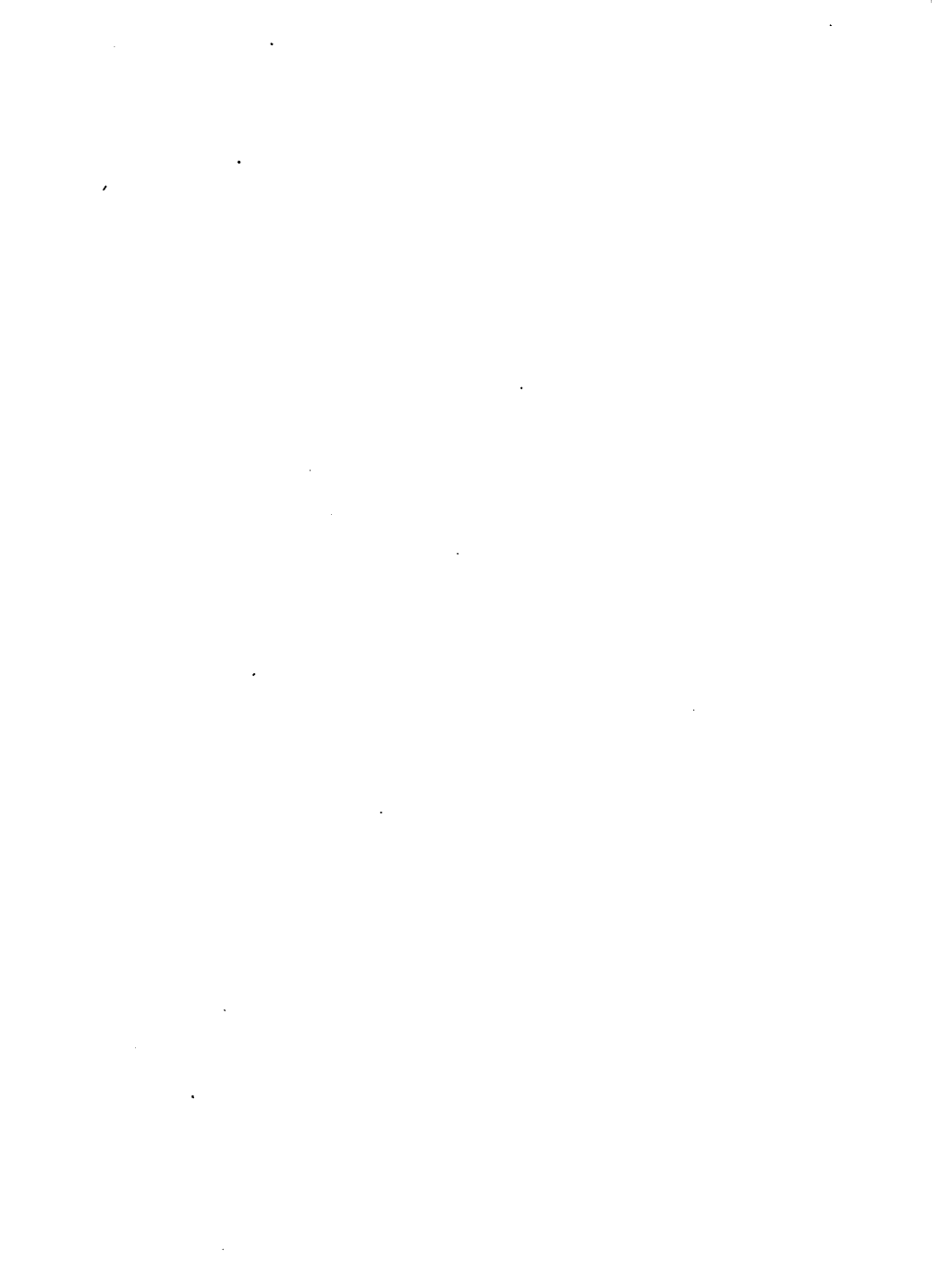
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GOLDEN TREASURY READERS

FOURTH READER

BY

CHARLES M. STEBBINS

BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERBERT E. MARTINI

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G. T. FOURTH READER.

W. P. I

PREFACE

IN the preparation of this fourth reader of the Golden Treasury series, certain fundamental principles have guided in the selection, adaptation, and arrangement of material. The principles involved have to do with the end to be attained, with the most adaptable subject matter, and the readiest and most effective method to be used; and these principles are briefly set forth here with the thought that they may be helpful to teachers in using this book.

The End Sought. — The primary purpose of a fourth reader is mental and spiritual development. At this stage in the child's progress he has sufficiently mastered the mechanics of reading so that that factor passes into the background. He has also, in the third reader, acquired some facility in rapid reading, has learned to read for his own entertainment. Henceforth the dominant aim of the teacher should be the noblest and most inspiring in the life work of any human being, — the quickening of the higher emotions, the cultivation of refined taste, the stimulation of moral judgment and power, and the development of spiritual ideals. Expressed in other words, the purpose is to lay the character foundations for true manhood and true womanhood, and not to store the mind with information about men and things. Information will come: it must necessarily, but it is purely incidental, and as an end in itself has no place in a fourth reader.

The Means. — To accomplish our purpose it is necessary to have the right kind of literature. There must be a definite step in advance over the third reader material; but there should be no gap between the two books. Adult literature is still a long way off. De Quincey divides literature into two classes,—the literature of knowledge and the literature of power. It is the literature of power that we need, the literature that awakens and directs the feelings, that arouses and strengthens the moral powers, and that creates and sustains spiritual ideals. Yet this literature must be of a nature to appeal to the child mind; and to do that it must be characterized by *youth* and must deal with the simple and the concrete. In a general way there are two kinds of literature that meet these requirements. They are the child literature of modern times, and the primitive literature of many nations.

In child literature the fairy tale of the third reader gives way to child fiction, similar to the fairy tale, but broader in scope. An appeal is made to the child's sense of humor. The element of character plays a more important part. From this time on, human interests grow in importance, as compared with story interests. Wonderland is still necessary; but Alice, the real girl, is essential to its charm.

Most important of all is the literature of the childhood of great nations, like the Greeks, the Romans, and the Norsemen. This literature gives the aims and aspirations of the race as represented in the experience and the ideals of the people, at a time when life was expanding, and the horizon was getting broader around them, just as it does about the growing boy and girl. It is full of hope, full of cheer, full of longings, full of aspirations and ideals. This literature is simple, concrete, and direct. Moreover, it is poetic and

withal intensely human in its appeal. It has been the inspiration of men in all ages, and has become a fundamental element in our modern literature.

The stories of King Arthur and the Round Table are one step in progress over the mythology of the Greeks and Romans, and, bridging the gap between ancient and modern times, they bring us to the youthful period of the English race, with its Christian ideals.

Nature is always young, always appeals strongly to children, and always exercises a happy and healthful influence over them. For that reason nature literature is everywhere present in this book.

In selecting material, the aim has been not simply to make it easy for the teacher to interest her pupils, but to make a book of such compelling interest that the child cannot be kept from reading.

Suggestions in Method.—The method of conducting class exercises in reading may either promote or destroy the pupil's interest. To promote interest, lay apparent stress on the elements that appeal most. Undue attention given to the mechanics of reading, or to word study, will surely destroy it. Much unfavorable criticism will produce the same result.

It is suggested that children read the story first for the sake of oral reproduction, from which comment, discussion, and explanation will result. The main purpose in this should be to lead the pupils to *feel* the story. Draw out the meanings of new words as far as possible without appearing to do so. Word study should always be incidental.

Come to the actual oral reading only when the children know the story so well that they are carried away with it, and are anxious to read it aloud. Pupils should be freed from the idea that they are reading for the sake of enunciation and pronunciation. Their minds

should dwell on the thought, and on that only. If a passage has been poorly rendered, instead of offering adverse comment, the teacher may well remark, "I think this passage is worth reading again." She proceeds to read it herself with proper expression, and then asks for a volunteer to read simply to bring out the meaning. Helpful suggestion and example will lead to a sense of freedom and to ultimate accomplishment.

Acknowledgments. — The selections from Henry W. Longfellow, John G. Whittier, James R. Lowell, Joel Chandler Harris, Bayard Taylor, and Nora Perry are used by permission of and special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers of the works of those authors. The author also proffers thanks and acknowledgments to Charles Scribner's Sons for the two selections from Eugene Field; to the Bobbs-Merrill Company for "The Pixy People," by James Whitcomb Riley; to Paul Laurence Dunbar for the poem entitled "Merry Autumn"; to Nathan Haskell Dole for "The Close of a Rainy Day"; and to the various other authors and publishers herein represented for the use of selections from their writings or from works controlled by them.

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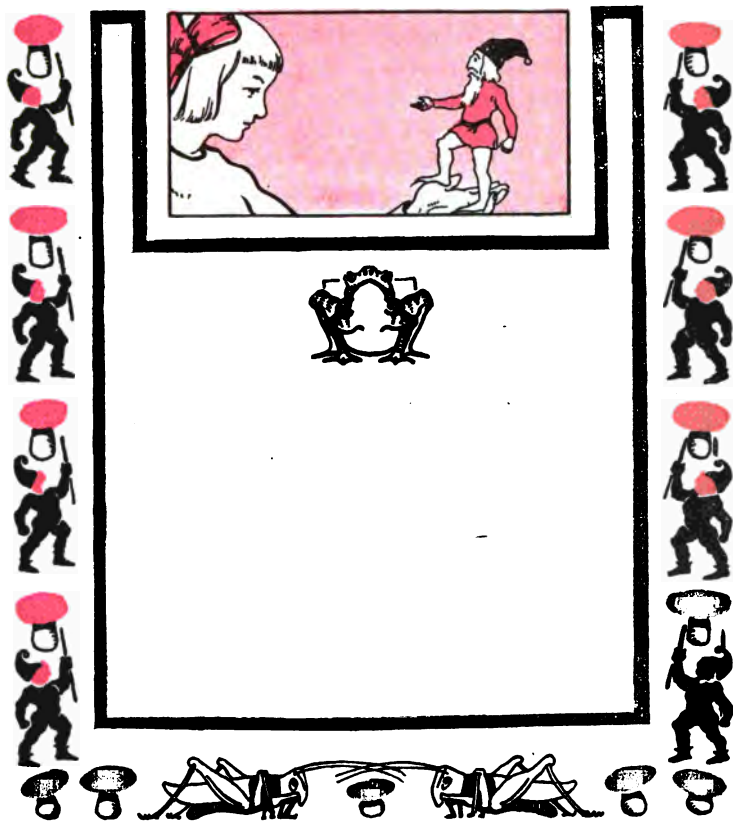
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LITTLE STORIES OF LITTLE PEOPLE



*In days like these,
When leaves are red,
And overhead
The drowsy trees
Sing lullabies
To sleepy skies,
I'd like to seize
The idle breeze
By his right hand
And fly with him
To the very rim
Of autumn land;
In days like these.*

*In days like these,
When heaven is near
And brooks are clear
And earth at ease,
I'd like to be
A pixy free,
And as I please
To list to bees,
Or wander far
And sit by brook
In sunny nook
Where woodlands are ;
In days like these.*

THE MAGIC FOURTH READER

“WHERE do elves learn all the wonderful things they do?” asked little Pierre of his teacher. It was the last day of school in a far-away valley in Switzerland, and the teacher had been reading stories of elves and fairies.



“Why, there aren’t really any elves. They are just little people that live only in books,” answered the teacher.

“Oh,” said Pierre, and his eyes grew large and earnest; “but father has told me stories of real elves that live in our

mountains, and do many, many things, — kind things, if people are good to them and believe in them, and mischievous things if people don't believe in them."

Now, as a matter of fact, elves go to school just as little boys and girls do; and it is in school that they learn the many things that they know how to do. Sometimes they don't build schoolhouses of their own, but instead go to any schoolhouse that is convenient, carrying their books with them.

They live in the earth, and so can see in dark places. Indeed, they could not see very well in a light place. The elves had been attending for many years the very school to which little Pierre went. In fact, there was one under the floor, waiting for the teacher and the children to leave. After the doors and shutters were closed, he and the other elf scholars were going to take possession. This little elf heard what the teacher said to Pierre, and he reported it to his own teacher.

"That teacher needs a lesson," was all the Elf Teacher said, but that meant a great deal.

All that summer the elves had their school in the little schoolhouse in the valley at the foot of the Alps.

Now, that Elf Teacher had not said a word to anybody about it, but he had made up his mind to let Pierre's teacher know that elves were not a myth. So he took his own fourth reader and changed the cover to make it look just like the fourth reader which the children used in that school. But the inside was different. Besides, the Elf

Teacher cast a spell over the book, so that if any one but an elf read out of it, something happened.

In Switzerland many of the schools open at six-thirty in the morning. It was so in this school, and the teacher was rather sleepy, as he had been used to rising much later during the vacation. He tried to be pleasant, but he felt just a little out of sorts.

He first called the fourth-reader class, and told the scholars to open their books at page sixty-one. The teacher opened the Magic Fourth Reader, and asked Margot to read. Margot was one of the brightest girls in school, and she started off reading plainly what was on page sixty-one of her book.

“What’s the matter, Margot?” said the teacher; “can’t you find page sixty-one? That will do. Heinrich, you may read.”

Heinrich did not know what to do, for he knew that Margot had read every word correctly. He stuttered and stammered, and at last started to read. But he read just what Margot had read, only he did not read it half so well.

“What foolishness is this?” cried the teacher. “Have you all lost your wits, or is it some trick that you are trying to play me?”

He called upon two or three other children, and they all read the same thing. At last he called on Pierre, and Pierre said it was no use. His book was just like the rest, and he couldn’t read it any different if he tried.

“I think,” said Pierre, “the elves must have done it.”

“Nonsense!” said the teacher, “do you think the elves have changed all your books and not mine? Here, Pierre, take my book and read from it. I know it by heart by this time.”

Pierre took the book; it was as different from his book as books could well be. Yet it seemed to be easy and pleasant reading. He read the first sentence as easily as could be, but then he paused, for something wonderful had happened. The teacher's desk had turned into a great flaming dragon.

The teacher was so scared that he climbed up the ladder to the loft above and left the scholars to take care of themselves the best way they could. The scholars were all scared too, and began to run into the corners. Pierre dropped the book, which went shut with a bang, and suddenly the dragon turned back into the teacher's desk again.

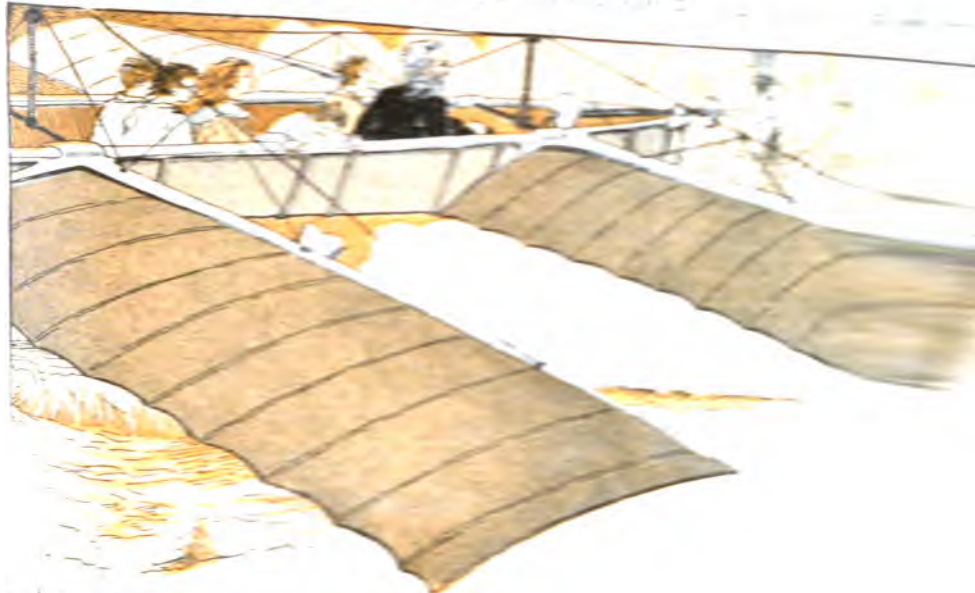
When the teacher saw that the dragon was gone, he came down, rubbing his eyes as if it had all been a dream. In fact he began to think that it really was a dream.

In the meantime Pierre had picked up the Magic Fourth Reader, and was standing, ready to read again. The teacher told him to go on. He read one more sentence, and every book in the room suddenly turned to oranges and rolled off the desks to the floor. The children began to scramble about to pick them up, but Pierre went on reading just as if nothing had happened.

When he had read another sentence the oranges turned into squirrels, which began to run around the room. The

scholars began to raise their voices. The old man's hair began to stand up. He had never seen anything like that before.

Pierre kept on reading. At the end of the lesson the schoolhouse turned into a great hall.



and teacher and children got into a boat and sailed away over the Alps. They had no sails, but they thought they were better than any other boat they had seen again, and they did not go back to school.

Fortunately for them, Pierre had been going to fall out of the window. He had been reading Magic Fourth Reader. It was the best book he had ever read.

“Nonsense!” said the teacher, “do you think the elves have changed all your books and not mine? Here, Pierre, take my book and read from it. I know it by heart by this time.”

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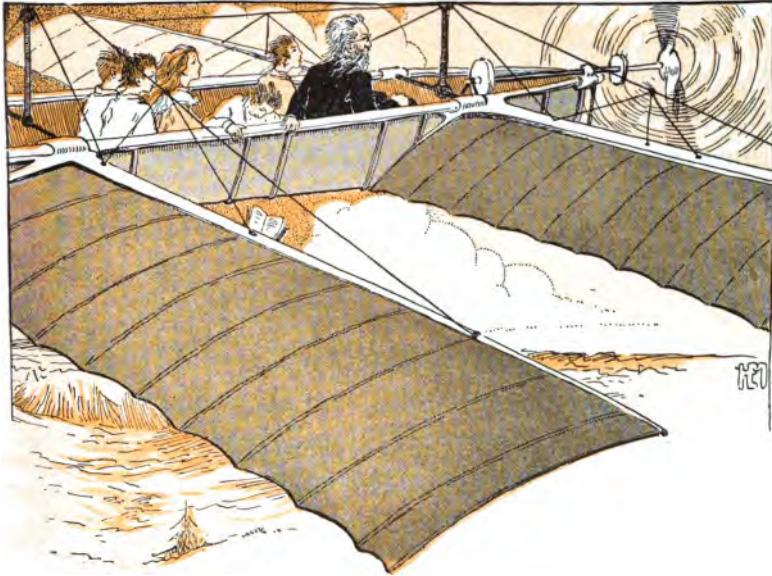
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When he had read another sentence the oranges turned into squirrels, which began to run around the room. The

scholars began to clap their hands, and the teacher's hair began to stand up. He had never seen anything like that before.

Pierre kept on reading. At the end of the next sentence the schoolhouse turned into an enormous flying machine,



and teacher and children and everything went sailing away over the Alps. Everybody was frightened, as they thought they were never to see their fathers and mothers again, and they did not know what would become of them.

Fortunately for them, Pierre was afraid that he was going to fall out of the machine, and he dropped the Magic Fourth Reader. It fell and fell, and luckily went

shut when it struck the earth. Otherwise those children and teacher would have been sailing through the air to this day. As it was, when the book closed, the flying machine turned back into the schoolhouse, and settled gently to its proper place; the squirrels, became books again, and the Magic Fourth Reader disappeared forever.

Pierre wished to ask the teacher if he still did not believe in elves; yet he thought it better not to say anything. But to this day no one has ever heard that teacher say anything contrary to the little people who live under the earth and do many wonderful things.

— C. M. S.

THE WORLD'S MUSIC

THE world's a very happy place,
Where every child should dance and sing,
And always have a smiling face,
And never sulk for anything.

I waken when the morning's come,
And feel the air and light alive
With strange, sweet music like the hum
Of bees about their busy hive.

The linnets play among the leaves
At hide-and-peek, and chirp, and sing;
While, flashing to and from the eaves,
The swallows twitter on the wing.

The twigs that shake, and boughs that sway ;
And tall old trees you could not climb ;
And winds that come, but cannot stay,
Are gayly singing all the time.

From dawn to dark the old mill-wheel
Makes music, going round and round ;
And dusty-white with flour and meal,
The miller whistles to its sound.

And if you listen to the rain
When leaves and birds and bees are dumb,
You hear it pattering on the pane
Like Andrew beating on his drum.

The coals beneath the kettle croon,
And clap their hands and dance in glee ;
And even the kettle hums a tune
To tell you when it's time for tea.

The world is such a happy place,
That children, whether big or small,
Should always have a smiling face,
And never, never sulk at all.

— GABRIEL SETOUN.

THE CHILD'S WORLD

GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast —
World, you are beautifully dressed.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree ;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You, friendly Earth ! how far do you go
With the wheat fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities, and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles ?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all ;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say :

“ You are more than the Earth, though you are such a
dot —
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot ! ”

— W. B. RANDB.

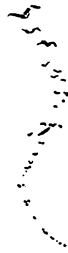
SNOW-WHITE AND RED-ROSE

ONCE there lived a poor widow in a little cottage by the roadside. In the garden which surrounded the cottage, grew two rose bushes. One of these bore white roses and the other red.

Now the widow had two daughters. One of them looked very much like the red rose bush and the other like the white, so the mother called them Snow-white and Red-rose.

These two children loved their mother dearly, and were kind and obedient to her. Yet they were not alike in all ways. Snow-white was quiet and gentle. Red-rose was fond of running about the fields and meadows to seek flowers and butterflies.

Snow-white used to stay at home with her mother. She often helped her with the housework, and read to her after it was done. The two children



were very fond of each other. They often walked out together.

“We will never leave each other,” said Snow-white to her sister one day. “No, never so long as we live!” answered Red-rose.

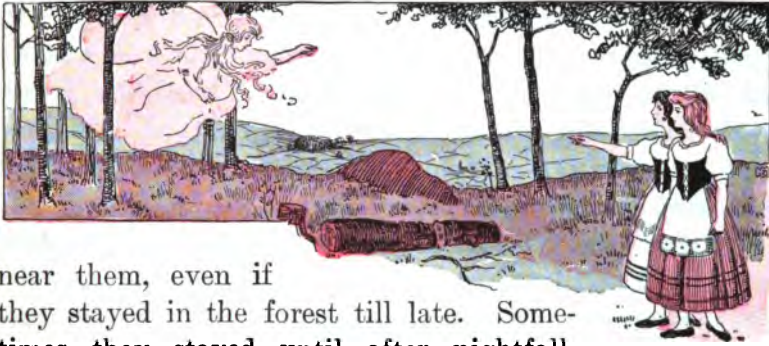
This pleased their mother, and she told them often that they should share everything that they had with each other. This the sisters always did.

They often ran together alone in the wood, gathering berries. No creature ever offered to harm them, although wild animals often passed by. All creatures seemed to like the two sisters, and were friendly with them.

The little wild rabbits would eat leaves out of their hands. The deer would graze by their side. The stag bounded merrily about them, and the little birds remained sitting singing on the branches just above their heads.

No danger ever came





near them, even if they stayed in the forest till late. Sometimes they stayed until after nightfall. They would lie down on a mossy bed and sleep till morning, and their mother never feared for them. She knew they would come back safely to her.

Once when they had remained in a wood all night they did not awake till the sun was high up in the sky. When they opened their eyes, they saw near them a beautiful little child, whose clothes were white and shining. When he saw that they were awake, he looked at them sweetly, and then, without a word, disappeared. When they got up and looked around them, they saw that they had been sleeping upon the edge of a steep rock. Had they moved in the dark, they would have fallen over the edge. They hastened home and told their mother all that had happened.

“It must have been a good angel,” she said, “who came down to watch over you.”

Snow-white and Red-rose kept their mother’s cottage very neat and clean. It was a great pleasure to see it. Every morning in summer Red-rose took care always to

place by her mother's bed a bouquet of fresh flowers. In it she always put a flower from each of the rose bushes. In winter Snow-white lighted the fire, filled the kettle with water, and placed it over the fireplace. It shone and glittered like gold, for it was of polished copper and was always kept bright and clean.

In the evening, when the sun was falling and the door was closed and locked, they seated themselves around the fire in the snug little room and knitted busily. Their mother would put on her spectacles and read to them out of the good book. One evening when they were sitting in this manner, a pet lamb was sleeping near them on the hearth, and above them on a perch sat a white dove with its head under its wing. Suddenly there came a knock at the door.

"Red-rose, open the door quickly," said the mother. "No doubt some poor traveler lost in the snow wants shelter." Red-rose hastened to obey. She opened the door, but instead of finding a poor traveler, she beheld a huge bear. He pushed his great black head in beside her.

Red-rose screamed aloud, and darted back. The lamb uttered a cry; the pet dove flew wildly about the room. Snow-white hid herself behind her mother's bed. The bear, however, did not offer to harm them.

"Do not fear," he said; "I will not hurt you. I only want to warm myself by your fire, for I am very cold."

"Poor bear," said the mother; "come in and lie down by the fire if you want to, but be careful not to burn your furry coat."

“Snow-white and Red-rose,” then she called, “come here ; the bear is quite gentle. He will not hurt you.” So they both came back to the fire, and soon both the dove and the lamb got over their fright and went to sleep again.

“Dear children,” said the bear presently, “will you brush the snow from my fur ?”

The two girls got the broom and brushed all the snow off the bear. He looked quite smooth and clean now, and stretched himself out comfortably before the fire. Soon they lost all fear of their strange visitor, and began to play with him. They pounced upon his back, rolled over him on the floor, and tapped him with a twig. Now and then they pulled his thick hair, and when he growled they only laughed. The bear allowed them to do as they liked.

“Leave me my life, dear children,” he would say when they were too rough with him ; “and do not quite kill your old sweetheart.”

“You may stay here by the fire all night if you like,” said the kind mother to him when bedtime came. “I will not turn you out in this dreadful weather. Here you will be sheltered from the cold at least.” In the morning when they rose the two children led him out through the door, and he darted away over the snow into the wood.

After that he came each evening at the same time, laid himself before the hearth, and let the children play with him just as they pleased. At last they looked for him to

come. No one thought of bolting the door until he was there.

The winter passed, and spring again turned the meadows and forests green. One morning the bear began a conversation with Snow-white.

“I am going away now,” he said, “for the whole summer, and you will not see me again till the end of autumn.”

“Where are you going, dear bear?” asked Snow-white.

“I must go back to the forest,” he replied, “to hide my treasures from those wicked dwarfs. In winter these treasures are safe under the frozen earth. Now, however, the sun is warm and softens the ground, and it is easy for them to dig up what I have buried. And when once they have a thing in their hands, it is not easy to get it back. They take care that no one ever sees it again.”

Snow-white felt very sad when the bear said good-by. As he passed out of the door the latch caught his fur and tore off a little piece. Snow-white thought she saw something like gold under the skin, but was not sure. The bear trotted away very quickly, and was soon out of sight among the trees.

Several days after this the mother sent the children into the forest to gather wood. They came upon a large tree that had fallen to the ground. As they stood looking at it, they saw something jumping up and down on the other side of the trunk. They could not think what it was until they came nearer. Then they saw a little

dwarf with a wrinkled face, whose long white beard had been caught in a cleft of the tree. The dwarf was jumping about like a puppy at the end of a string, but he could not get free. He glared at the children with his red, fiery eyes.

“What do you mean by standing there staring at me,” he cried, “instead of trying to help me?”

“Poor little man,” said Red-rose. “How did you get caught like this?”

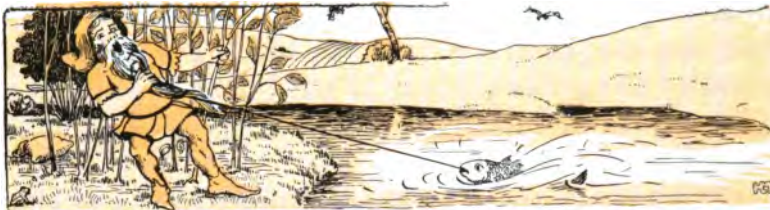
“You stupid little goose,” he replied angrily, “I wanted to split the tree, that I might get some shavings for our cooking. A coal fire burns up our little dinners and suppers. We do not stuff ourselves with food as you greedy people do. I drove my wedge into the tree, and thought it seemed all right. But the horrid thing was so slippery that it sprung out suddenly and the tree came together, catching my long white beard. It holds on so tightly that I cannot free myself. Why do you milk-faced creatures laugh like that?” he shouted. “How perfectly ugly you are!”

In spite of his cross words and looks the two children wished to help the poor little man. They went to him to try to pull his beard out, but it was of no use.

“I will run home and call somebody,” said Red-rose.

“What,” snarled the dwarf, “send for more people? There are two too many here already, you silly madcaps!”

“Do not be angry,” said Snow-White, “I think we can help you alone.” As she spoke she drew her scissors out



of her pocket and cut off the dwarf's beard close to the trunk of the tree. As soon as he was free he caught hold of a bagful of gold that was lying about the roots, grumbling all the time. He was angry at these dreadful children who had cut off his fine beard. It was a loss for which nothing could repay him. He then swung the bag across his shoulders, and went away without one word of thanks.

Some time after this Snow-white and Red-rose went out one day to fish. As they sat on the banks of the stream they saw something that looked like a large grasshopper leaping about as if it were going to leap into the water. They ran to see what it was, and found it to be the dwarf.

“What are you doing here?” asked Red-rose. “Do you wish to jump into the water?”

“Do you think I am such a fool as that?” he cried. “Don't you see how this dreadful fish is dragging me about?” The little man had been fishing. The wind had caught his beard and tangled it up in the line. A large fish had come up and swallowed the bait and began pulling on the line so that the dwarf could not free himself. He was being dragged step by step into the water.

He held on to the reeds that grew on the bank, but it was of no use. He could not save himself. The children were just in time to keep him from being dragged into the stream. They both took hold of him and pulled with all their might; but as long as his beard remained caught in the line they could do nothing, and they were unable to free him. The only thing they could do to save him was to cut off his beard. This time they had to cut off so much of it that only a little remained.

They had saved his life, but the dwarf was in a dreadful rage.

“Is it your custom,” he yelled out, “you wretches, to spoil people’s faces in this way? Not content with cutting off a large piece the other day, you now take away nearly all that was left. I am now such a fright that I dare not show myself. I wish you were obliged to run until you had lost the very soles off your shoes.”

At this he picked up the bag of pearls which he had hidden among the rushes, and, throwing it on his shoulder, without another word slipped away.

At another time it happened that the mother of the two girls sent them to town. They were going to purchase needles, thread, and ribbon. Their way led across a heath on which there were great rocks scattered about. As they came near they saw a large bird hovering over a certain spot. At last he swooped down suddenly to the earth. At the same moment the girls heard terrible cries close to them. They ran to the place as fast as they could. To

their great surprise and alarm they first saw that a large eagle had caught the same little dwarf and was carrying him away. The good children did all that they could. They grasped the little man by the feet and tried to pull him back. They struggled so hard with the eagle that at last he let go and flew away.

“What do you mean by catching hold of me so roughly?” exclaimed the angry little wretch as soon as he had recovered from his fright. “You clawed at my new coat and nearly tore it off my back. You are ugly, awkward little clowns.”

Then he picked up a sack of precious stones which had been lying in the grass, and disappeared among the rocks. The maidens were now used to his unkindness, and did not care about it. They went on their way to town, and bought the things for which their mother had sent them. As they returned they came unexpectedly upon the little dwarf hidden away in a quiet corner among the rocks. He had emptied his sack of precious stones, not thinking that any one would pass that way at such a late hour. The evening sun glittered brightly on the jewels. They sparkled and sent out such beautiful colors in the golden light that the two children were amazed.

“What are you standing there looking at?” asked the dwarf, his great face now quite red with anger. He was about to say some more spiteful things when suddenly a terrible growl was heard. All turned and saw a large black bear rush out of the bushes.

The dwarf sprang up in great fear ; but he was unable to hide himself. The bear stood right in his way.

“Dear Mr. Bear,” he cried in his agony, “please spare my life. I will give you all my treasures and all those jewels that you see lying there if you will only grant me my life. Such a poor little creature as I am could not make a mouthful for you. But look yonder ! There are two nice little tender things, those two wicked girls. They are as fat as young pigeons. Take them instead of me.”

The bear did not pay the least attention to his words. Without a sound he lifted up his left paw, and with one blow laid the ugly, wicked little wretch dead on the ground.

The two girls were dreadfully frightened, and started to run, but the bear called to them.

“Snow-white and Red-rose, do not be afraid,” he said. “Wait for me and I will go home with you.”

They knew his voice at once, and stopped until he caught up with them. As he came near a wonderful thing happened. His bearskin suddenly fell off, and instead of a rough bear there stood before them a handsome young man with fine, costly clothes.

“I am a king’s son,” he said, “and that wicked dwarf robbed me of all I possessed and then changed me into a bear. I have been obliged to wander about the woods watching my treasures. But I have not been able to catch the dwarf and kill him until to-day. His death has freed me from the charm, and he has met with the fate he deserves.”

Not many years after this Snow-white was married to the prince, and Red-rose to his brother, who was also a handsome young man. The prince shared with him the treasures which the dwarf had stolen and concealed.

There was a great joy in the village when these two weddings took place. Snow-white and Red-rose sent for their mother, who lived many years with her children in great happiness.

The two rose bushes were brought to the castle and planted in a garden near the windows of the two sisters. Every year they bore the same beautiful red and white roses as they had done in the cottage garden at home.

— *Adapted from HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.*

SEPTEMBER

SWEET is the voice that calls
From babbling waterfalls
In meadows where the downy seeds are flying ;
And soft the breezes blow,
And eddying come and go,
In faded gardens where the rose is dying.

Among the stubbled corn
The blithe quail pipes at morn,
The merry partridge drums in hidden places ;
And glittering insects gleam
Above the reedy stream
Where busy spiders spin their filmy laces.

At eve, cool shadows fall
Across the garden wall,
And on the clustered grapes to purple turning ;
And pearly vapors lie
Along the eastern sky,
Where the broad harvest moon is redly burning.

Ah, soon on field and hill
The winds shall whistle chill,
And patriarch swallows call their flocks together,
To fly from frost and snow,
And seek for lands where blow
The fairer blossoms of a balmier weather.

The pollen-dusted bees
Search for the honey-lees
That linger in the last flowers of September ;
While plaintive mourning doves
Coo sadly to their loves
Of the dead summer they so well remember.

The cricket chirps all day,
“ O fairest Summer, stay ! ”
The squirrel eyes askance the chestnuts browning ;
The wildfowl fly afar
Above the foamy bar,
And hasten southward ere the skies are frowning.

— GEORGE ARNOLD.

KEEPSAKE MILL

OVER the borders, a sin without pardon,
 Breaking the branches and crawling below,
Out through the breach in the wall of the garden,
 Down by the banks of the river, we go.

Here is the mill with the humming of thunder,
 Here is the weir with the wonder of foam,
Here is the sluice with the race running under—
 Marvelous places, though handy to home!

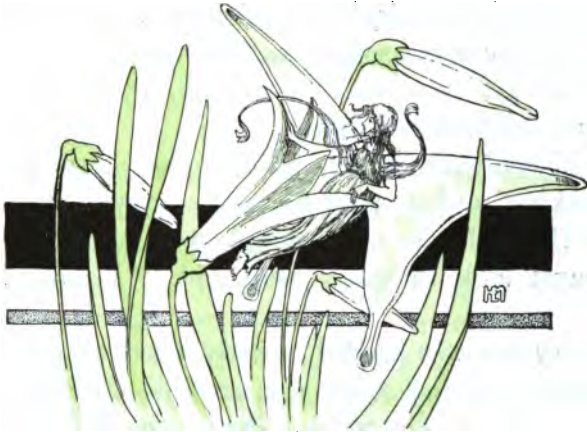
Sounds of the village grow stiller and stiller,
 Stiller the note of the birds on the hill;
Dusty and dim are the eyes of the miller,
 Deaf are his ears with the moil of the mill.

Years may go by, and the wheel in the river
 Wheel as it wheels for us, children, to-day,
Wheel and keep roaring and foaming forever,
 Long after all of the boys are away.

Home from the Indies and home from the ocean,
 Heroes and soldiers we all shall come home;
Still we shall find the old mill-wheel in motion,
 Turning and churning that river to foam.

You with the bean that I gave when we quarreled,
 I with your marble of Saturday last,
Honored and old and all gayly appareled,
 Here we shall meet and remember the past.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



THE PRINCESS MURIA

FAIRYLAND and Witchcountry are not far apart. Both border on a beautiful valley, over which, not many years ago, ruled a young king and queen. These two had always been very happy; but now they were more happy than ever. A little daughter had just been born to them.

The king and queen were so happy that they wished everybody else to be happy and rejoice with them. So they invited all their subjects to be present when the little princess was christened. Every one came, big and little, young and old, rich and poor.

The princess was christened Muria. All the people rejoiced and blessed her, each one wishing something good for her.

The merrymaking was so great that the sound of it was

carried even into Fairyland and into Witchcountry. A sweet fairy heard the sound, and was glad.

“I must go,” she said, “and add my blessing to the rest,” and she hastened away.

An old withered witch, lying in her cave, heard the merrymaking, and it filled her with envy. She did not want to think that so many people were happy.

“I must look to this!” she said. “I must look to this!”

As every one was invited, nobody tried to prevent the witch from entering, when she arrived. Besides, no one knew that she was a witch. As for the little fairy, she floated in through the open window, without being seen.

When all the people had given their blessing and made their wishes for the princess, the fairy offered hers.

“All the good wishes of these kind people shall come true, and besides, the princess Muria shall possess the most beautiful eyes in the world,” she said, and suddenly disappeared.

“And this,” cried the witch, stepping forward, “is the blessing that I bestow on the princess: Though her eyes outshine the moon and stars by night, by day she shall see nothing. From sunrise to sunset she shall not be able to open her eyes, unless some one anoint them with two drops of dew from a certain flower, the like of which no human eye has yet beheld.”

So saying, she waved a feathered wand above her head and vanished. The king and queen looked at each other,

and then at little Muria. Her eyes were closed ; yet she was not asleep. Do whatever they might, they could not induce her to open them.

All day long the little eyes were shut tight. But just the moment that the sun went down, the little princess opened them. They were so beautiful that they almost dazzled the king and queen.

Years passed, and little Muria grew up to be a lovely girl. No one had yet found the wonderful flower. So the princess was unable to open her eyes by day. She hardly knew what the world looked like, as she could see it only by moonlight. But at night she was the most beautiful creature that ever lived. Everybody was ready to do whatever she wished.

All who looked upon her loved her. Suitors came from all parts of the world. The king, her father, however, would listen to none of them.

“First find the flower which no human eye has seen,” he said to every suitor, “and bring me two drops of dew. The prince who does this shall marry the princess and share my kingdom.”

So many princes set out in search of the wonderful flower.

The envious witch was keeping an eye on matters. At last she began to fear that some of the princes would find the magic flower and cure the princess of the charm. So one day when the princess was sleeping, she had her carried off to the woods on the border of Witchcountry.

She could not carry Muria into Witchcountry, because only ugly people can enter it. The witch would have liked to make Muria ugly, but she could not, because of the gift of beauty that the fairy had bestowed upon her.



In the woods the witch did not keep very close watch over the princess. She knew that Muria could not see to run away by day, because she could not open her eyes, and she could not run away at night, because of the darkness.

Now it happened that a prince had become lost in the same woods, while hunting. He wandered about day after day until he was worn out. At last he thought he could go no farther. He decided to crawl into a dense thicket and try to sleep.

But what was that! As he reached the inside of the thicket he saw a beautiful girl, sleeping on a bed of leaves and moss. He crept to her side. He had heard the story of the Princess Muria.

“Ah, surely this is she!” he said. “Now if I could only find the magic flower and get the two drops of dew for her eyes!”

The prince thought no more about sleep; but sat down beside Muria and waited. Hour after hour he watched. At last the sun dropped down behind the mountains. Muria’s eyes opened, and she sat up.

She was a little frightened when she saw the prince. But the prince was still more frightened when Muria’s great wide beautiful eyes rested on him, and seemed to be asking what he was doing there.

“I don’t really know,” he was starting to say; but the princess was speaking too.

“So you are the prince?” she said, and she looked at him questioningly. “Yes; I see you are the prince himself.”

“What prince, sweet princess?” he asked.

“Why, the prince of whom I just dreamed. I dreamed a prince came here and found me, and that he went to Fairyland, from which he brought back the magic flower.”

“Only tell me,” said the prince, “which way Fairyland lies, and I will go at once.”

“It lies just beyond Witchcountry, prince,” said Muria, “and that is all I know.”

The prince, whose name was Darine, set out at once. He did not feel tired or hungry now, and he hurried through the woods as fast as he could. The princess called to him; she thought it would be better for him to wait till daylight; but he would not tarry a minute. He wished to get the magic flower as soon as possible.

Darine walked for hours. After a while the nature of the woods changed. The trees were taller and more slender. There were no bushes to break nor roots to stumble over. Besides, it was not so dark. It seemed as if light was sifting down from above. Little white gossamers waved from the trees everywhere. Soon the prince saw lights, like candles, moving about, — thousands of them. It was midnight, and Fairyland was being lighted up.

Now Darine looked about and saw many wonderful things. But what attracted him most was a beautiful pink flower with petals like a rose. It was right in front of him. He had never seen its like before, and bent over hastily to pick it. But then he paused. He feared to offend the fairies. Just then he saw a beautiful form standing before him, and a voice said: —

“Why, fair prince, art thou come hither?”

“To find the flower that mortal eyes have never looked upon, that I may cure the Princess Muria of the witch’s charm,” replied Darine. “Canst thou not, sweet fairy, help me?”

It was the same fairy who had been present at the

christening of Muria. She was only too glad to help the prince. She plucked the flower and gave it to him.

“Take this flower and be careful not to shake the dew from its petals. When the princess is asleep, let one drop fall into each eye, and all will be well. And, besides,” went on the fairy, “take this little shell, and if ever you or the princess needs help, blow through it, and I will come.”

Darine hurried away as fast as he could. He must reach Muria by daybreak, or the sun would dry up the dew in the flower. He ran so madly through the bushes that his clothes were torn and his hands and face scratched.

He had almost reached the thicket where he had left Muria. The witch, who was now on the watch, caused a branch to fly and strike him across the eyes. He could hardly see, and the sun was already rising. He was tempted to rub the flower on one of his own eyes so that he could find the way better. But no, he would never do that. He stumbled on, and at last found the thicket where Muria lay. He crawled in, and hastily pressed a drop of dew into one of her eyes. Instantly it opened. Then he pressed a drop into the other eye, and that opened.

“Ah, my prince!” exclaimed Muria, “I knew you would succeed. But what is the matter with your eyes?” Darine told Muria what had happened to them.

“Where is the magic flower?” Muria asked; and the prince handed it to her.

With her own delicate fingers she pressed a drop of dew from the flower into each of the prince's eyes. Instantly they were healed.

The witch now knew that her power was at an end; so she fled over into Witchcountry. Muria and Darine set out together, and soon came to the palace, where they were received with great joy.

— C. M. S.



THE PIXY PEOPLE

It was just a very
Merry fairy dream!
All the woods were airy
With the gloom and gleam;
Crickets in the clover
Clattered clear and strong,
And the bees droned over
Their old honey song.



In the mossy passes,
Saucy grasshoppers
Leapt about the grasses
And the thistle burs;
And the whispered chuckle
Of the katydid
Shook the honeysuckle
Blossoms where he hid.

Through the breezy mazes
Of the lazy June,
Drowsy with the hazes
Of the dreary noon,
Little Pixy people
Winged above the walk,
Pouring from the steeple
Of a mullein stalk.





One — a gallant fellow —
Evidently king —
Wore a plume of yellow
In a jeweled ring
On a pansy bonnet
Gold and white and blue,
With the dew still on it,
And the fragrance, too.

One — a dainty lady —
Evidently queen —
Wore a gown of shady
Moonshine and green,
With a lace of gleaming
Starlight that sent
All the dewdrops dreaming
Everywhere she went.

One wore a waistcoat
Of rose leaves, out and in,
And one wore a faced coat
Of tiger-lily skin ;
And one wore a neat coat
Of palest galingale ;
And one a tiny street coat,
And one a swallow-tail.

And Ho ! sang the king of them,
And Hey ! sang the queen ;

And round and round the ring of them
Went dancing o'er the green ;
And Hey ! sang the queen of them,
And Ho ! sang the king,
And all that I have seen of them
— Wasn't anything !

It was just a very
Merry fairy dream !
All the woods were airy
With the gloom and gleam ;
Crickets in the clover
Clattered clear and strong,
And the bees droned over
Their old honey song !

— JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE LOST PRINCE

IN the golden long ago there lived in Hungary a wealthy prince. He and his wife were fond of children ; but only one child, a son, had come to them.

On the night before this son was born, a strange dream had visited the father. An old woman seemed to stand before him.

“ You shall have a son,” she said ; “ but he shall be left to you only on one condition : His feet must not touch the ground until the child is twelve years old.”



Every care was taken by the fond parents. The child was carried forth by the nurse when very young. As he grew older he was taken in a carriage or on horseback. But never did his feet rest on the ground.

He had almost reached his twelfth birthday. His happy parents were making preparation for a great feast. How happy they would be when the time of danger was passed!

One day while the preparations were going on, a great noise arose outside the castle. The nurse jumped up, and ran to the window. The young Prince fell to the floor, and the noise ceased at once.

The nurse turned to pick up the child. But he was nowhere to be found. She looked everywhere, but it was useless. So she ran and told the father what had happened.

He sent servants everywhere to hunt for the boy. He spent money without end in trying to find his son. He promised large rewards for the boy's return. But he could find no trace of him. He had completely disappeared.

Years passed. Something else was wrong in the castle. In one of the most beautiful rooms steps were heard walking to and fro at midnight. Sighs, deep and long, were also heard. All the servants were afraid to visit that part of the castle.

The old prince, however, was always thinking of his lost son. He felt that these strange things might have something to do with him. So he offered three hundred pieces of gold to any one who would watch all night in the haunted chamber.

Many people were willing to try. But at midnight, when the strange noises were heard, they always fled in terror. No one had been found who would watch long enough to learn what really happened.

Not far from the castle lived a widow. Her husband had been a miller, and she and her three daughters now tended the mill as well as they could. But they were very poor, and the two older daughters complained bitterly. They did not like to work. They wished to be clothed like ladies, hoping to marry wealthy husbands.

So the oldest one decided to win the three hundred gold pieces. She went, therefore, to the castle, and offered to watch the night through.

“Are you really willing to watch alone in this room haunted by ghosts?” asked the old prince. “Will you not be afraid and faint away, young woman?”

“No, indeed,” answered the girl. “Only I would ask you to give me something to cook for myself. I shall be hungry before morning.”

“You shall have whatever you wish. Cook, supply her with whatever she desires.”

The girl asked for all the good things she could think of, to eat and drink. She had very simple things at home. She decided to have the best there was for once in her life.

Just before midnight she lit a fire and prepared her supper. How good it looked to her! she could hardly wait until it was ready. Now she was all ready to sit down.

Suddenly she heard footsteps and a sigh. All at once a young man appeared before her. He was good to look upon, for his face was handsome and kindly, and his clothes were of the richest silks.

“For whom is this food cooked?” said the stranger, approaching nearer.

The girl looked at him. She saw that he would like to partake of the supper; but she wanted it all.

“For myself,” she answered.

“And this table, for whom is it laid?” said the young man, sadly.

“For myself,” answered the selfish girl.

Very sadly the young man turned away, and disappeared.

The girl thought she saw tears in his eyes, as he looked at her last.

In the morning she told all that had happened. She was given the three hundred pieces of gold, and she hastened home. All the way she thought of all the fine clothes she could now have, and even wondered what prince would be good enough for her.

The old prince was not satisfied. So he offered three hundred pieces of gold again, for some one to watch all night. This time the second sister offered herself.

She also wanted fine things to eat. Towards midnight she prepared a feast as her oldest sister had done. And, just as she was about to sit down, the young man appeared again.

“For whom is this food cooked?” he asked gently, and as if he would like to eat.

“For myself,” answered the selfish girl.

The young man’s face grew sad, and he seemed about to turn away. But after a short silence, he spoke again.

“And this table,” he repeated, “for whom is it laid?”

“For myself alone.” said the girl.

She was actually afraid that the young man would take something. In the morning she told what had happened, and received the three hundred pieces of gold.

Still the old prince was not satisfied, and he made an offer a third time. The two elder sisters wanted to keep all their money for themselves. So now the youngest daughter decided to watch.

“ I will earn these three hundred gold pieces, mother,” she said, “and then you will no longer have to work so hard.”

“ My child,” said the widow, “you save me many a step every day. I fear to have you go. But you have ever been true and kind, and whatever you have done has turned out right. So I will let you go, if you desire it.”

Helga, the youngest daughter, asked only for a few simple things for her supper, which she prepared about midnight. Just as she was about to sit down, there were footsteps. And suddenly there stood before her the young man.

“ For whom have you prepared this food ? ” he asked.

Helga’s sisters had told her how to answer this question. But when she saw the sadness in the young man’s eyes, she felt sorry for him. She hesitated, and he asked the question again.

“ I prepared it for myself,” she said, “but you are welcome to it.”

At these kind words, the young man’s face became less sad. A faint smile came instead of tears.

“ And this table, for whom is it spread ? ” he went on, as before.

“ For myself, unless you will be my guest.”

A bright smile lighted up his face. He was indeed handsome now.

“ And this bed, for whom have you made it ? ”

“ For myself, but if you have need of rest, it is for you.”

He danced for joy.

“How kind you are!” he said; “and I accept your kind offers. But first let me go and thank my friends for the care they have taken of me. I shall be here again soon.”

Suddenly a breath of fresh spring air filled the room, and the floor opened. The young man descended rapidly. Without knowing just why, Helga followed, holding on to his mantle. The youth did not observe her.

Soon she found herself in an enchanted world. On her right flowed a river of gold. On her left arose mountains of gold. Before them stretched a broad field covered with flowers. These the youth spoke to as friends. Then they came to a forest the trees of which were of gold.

The branches seemed to reach out toward the girl. She at last broke off one, to take back with her as proof of what she had seen.

Leaving the forest of gold they came to a wood the trees of which were all of silver. Here, too, Helga broke off a branch and took it with her. When the youth had thanked all his friends, he turned back. Helga followed still, without his knowing it. Soon they were back in the room.

“Now that my farewells have been said, we may have supper.”

So they sat down to the simple meal. They enjoyed it, however, as much as if it had been the richest banquet. The young man was particularly happy. Joy shone upon his face.



“Now it is time to rest,” said he, after they had finished eating; and he lay down on the great bed at one side of the room. Beside him Helga placed the two branches she had brought back from the strange land. Soon the youth was in a profound and peaceful sleep.

Next morning Helga did not appear at sunrise. The old prince became uneasy as the time passed, and at last decided to go to see what had happened. Without knocking, he pushed open the door, and saw, lying on the bed, his long-lost son, sleeping like a child. Beside him sat the beautiful, patient Helga, waiting for him to awake.

The old prince burst out into a cry of joy, and the young prince awoke. As he sat up his eyes fell upon the two branches.

“What do I see?” he cried. “How do these come here?”

Helga did not know what to say. But she told how she had followed, and had brought back the branch of gold and the branch of silver.

“Lovely creature,” cried the young prince, “by this act you have broken the spell that bound me. Now I am free to stay here always. But I shall not be happy unless you become my own.”

So Helga was married to the prince, and her mother came to live at the palace. But no rich husbands came to ask for her selfish sisters, and they spent all their days waiting.

— *A Hungarian Folk Tale.*

THE WATER MILL

“Any grist for the mill?”

How merrily it goes!

Flap, flap, flap, flap,

While the water flows.

Round-about, and round-about,

The heavy millstones grind,

And the dust flies all about the mill,

And makes the miller blind.

“Any grist for the mill?”

The jolly farmer packs

His wagon with a heavy load

Of very heavy sacks.

Noisily, oh, how noisily,
The millstones turn about :
You cannot make the miller hear
Unless you scream and shout.

“Any grist for the mill ?”
The bakers come and go ;
They bring their empty sacks to fill,
And leave them down below.
The dusty miller and his men
Fill all the sacks they bring,
And while they go about their work
Right merrily they sing.

“Any grist for the mill ?”
How quickly it goes round !
Splash, splash, splash, splash,
With a whirring sound.
Farmers, bring your corn to-day ;
And bakers, buy your flour ;
Dusty millers, work away,
While it is in your power.

“Any grist for the mill ?”
Alas ! it will not go ;
The river, too, is standing still,
The ground is white with snow.

And when the frosty weather comes,
And freezes up the streams,
The miller only hears the mill
And grinds the corn in dreams.

Living close beside the mill,
The miller's girls and boys
Always play at make-believe,
Because they have no toys.
“ Any grist for our mill ? ”
The elder brothers shout,
While all the little petticoats
Go whirling round about.

The miller's little boys and girls
Rejoice to see the snow.
“ Good father, play with us to-day ;
You cannot work, you know.
We will be the millstones,
And you shall be the wheel ;
We'll pelt each other with the snow,
And it shall be the meal.”

Oh, heartily the miller's wife
Is laughing at the door :
She never saw the mill worked
So merrily before.

“Bravely done, my little lads,
Rouse up the lazy wheel,
For money comes but slowly in
When snowflakes are the meal.”

— “AUNT EFFIE.”

ALI COGIA, THE MERCHANT OF BAGDAD

IN the reign of Haroun Al Raschid there lived in the city of Bagdad a merchant of some means. He lived happily in the house that had been his father's, and was contented with his lot. But he was not to remain so. For three nights a strange dream had troubled him. An old woman came to him, and with a severe look reproached him for not having made a pilgrimage to Mecca.

Ali Cogia knew that, as a good Mussulman, he ought to go on such a pilgrimage. He had often considered going, but had always put it off for a more convenient time.

The dreams that had troubled him of late, however, caused him to decide upon setting out at once. Accordingly he let his house, and sold all of his goods except what he wished to use in traffic on the way.

When he was ready to depart, he found that he had a thousand pieces of gold, which he did not care to take with him. He began to think of a place of safety for the money. In the end he placed the gold pieces in a large jar and covered them with olives. This jar he carried to a friend of his, Nouredin, who was also a merchant in Bagdad.

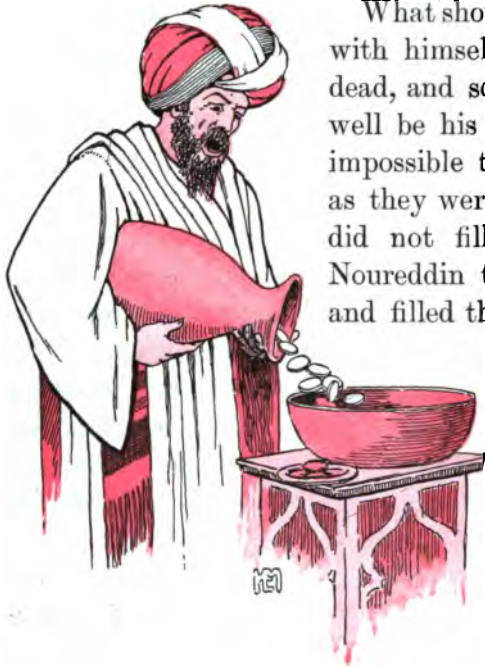
“ You know, brother, that I am about to set out on a pilgrimage to Mecca. Here I have a jar of olives which I pray you to keep safely until my return.”

The merchant received the jar into his storehouse and promised that it should remain untouched until Ali Cogia's return.

On the morrow Ali Cogia started out with a caravan, and traveled for many days. He arrived safe at Mecca and performed his duties at the temple, to which the faithful Mussulmans go in great throngs every year. He then exposed some of the goods for sale; but, learning that Cairo was a much better place for such merchandise, he set out thither. Many other places, too, he visited, and it was not until after seven years that he returned to Bagdad.

All this time the jar of olives had remained in the storehouse where Ali Cogia had left them. But a few days before that merchant's return the wife of Nouredin desired some olives. This made Nouredin think of the jar that Ali Cogia had left seven years before. He decided to open the jar and examine them. His wife pleaded with him not to betray the trust of his friend; but this made him only the more curious.

Accordingly Nouredin went to the storehouse and opened the jar. The olives on the top were mouldy, so the merchant poured them all out, hoping to find some good ones. Great was his surprise when he beheld the gold pieces.



What should he do? He argued with himself that Ali Cogia was dead, and so the money might as well be his as another's. It was impossible to put the olives back as they were before, because they did not fill the jar. Therefore Noureddin threw them all away and filled the jar with new olives, replacing the jar where the owner had left it.

When Ali Cogia arrived, Noureddin pretended great joy at seeing him, and led him straightway to the storehouse.

When Ali Cogia had taken the jar home and had turned the olives out, he was greatly surprised at the absence of his gold pieces.

He returned to his false friend, and tried by kind words to secure justice.

"If," he said, "you have had need of my money, and have used it, give me a paper to show that you owe it to me, and all will be well."

"What madness is this?" replied Noureddin, angrily. "You left a jar of olives with me, and have received it

from me again. Now you come saying that I have taken your gold. Why do you not demand diamonds of me?"

Seeing that nothing was to be done with the man, Ali Cogia took the matter before a judge, an officer who must be obeyed by every good Mussulman.

"'Tis true," said Nouredin, when he came before the judge, "that Ali Cogia, at his own request, left a jar in my storehouse seven years ago. He carried it thither himself, left it where he pleased, and found it in the same place, covered as he left it. He did not leave it as a treasure, but as a jar of olives. I know nothing about his story of money. He might as well demand pearls of me."

The judge, careless of his duty, and willing to believe Nouredin, whom he knew, dismissed the case. But Ali Cogia did not give up. He appealed to the Caliph, and a day was fixed for hearing the case.

The evening before the case was to be tried, the Caliph and his vizier were walking in disguise in the streets of Bagdad. They came across a company of children playing games.

"Come," said one, "let us play at judge. I will be the judge. Bring Ali Cogia and the merchant who cheated him before me at once."

The pretended judge took his seat. Then one of the children, representing Ali Cogia, came forward with his complaint. Another, representing Nouredin, made the same answer that merchant had made to the judge,

and he offered to assert his innocence by an oath. But the young judge prevented him.

“Let me see the jar of olives,” he said. It was supposed to be brought forward, and each party owned it to be the jar in dispute. The young judge ordered it to be opened, and he pretended to eat some of the fruit.

“These olives,” said he, “are excellent; and I cannot think they have stood for seven years. Send for a couple of olive merchants.”

Two lads came forward as olive merchants, and the judge asked how long olives would keep fit to eat.

“With the best of care,” they answered, “three years.”

“Look,” said the judge, “into this jar, and tell me how old these olives are.”

“They are of the present year,” replied the play merchants.

“Noureddin,” said the judge, “is ready to swear that they have stood seven years in his storehouse.”

“That is impossible,” answered the merchants; “we are certain that the olives are new.”

The criminal wished to reply, but the judge would not listen to him.

“You are a rogue,” he cried, “and ought to be hanged.” At this announcement there was cheering and clapping of hands among the children who stood looking on.

The Caliph was greatly impressed with the affair, and ordered his vizier to find out where the boy judge lived, and to bring him to the palace in the morning. He

ordered the original judge before whom the case had been tried and two olive merchants to be present.

“Was it you?” said the Caliph to the boy, “before whom the case was tried in play last night?”

“Yes,” said the boy, modestly.

“It was well done,” replied the Caliph. “Now come and sit by me. You shall try the real case. And now,



Ali Cogia and Nouredin, do you plead your cause before the child, and he shall do you justice.”

The case went forward as it had in the play, up to the point where Nouredin was ready to take his oath.

“It is too soon,” said the boy; “let us see the jar of olives.”

The examination of the fruit now took place in earnest. In the end it was clear to all that Nouredin was guilty. Then, instead of condemning the criminal to death, the child looked up to the Caliph.

“Commander of the Faithful,” he said, “this is no child’s play. It is you that must condemn him to death, though I did it last night in our game.”

Noureddin was turned over to the officers to be punished. He then confessed where the gold was hidden, and it was restored to Ali Cogia. The just ruler then turned to the judge and bade him learn of the child how to do his duty more faithfully. He then embraced the boy, and sent him home with a hundred pieces of gold.

— *Arabian Nights*.

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON-LOW

“And where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?”

“I’ve been to the top of the Caldon-Low,
The midsummer night to see!”

“And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Low?”

“I saw the blithe sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow.”

“And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Hill?”

“I heard the drops of water made,
And I heard the corn ears fill.”

“ Oh, tell me all, my Mary —
All, all that you ever know ;
For you must have seen the fairies
Last night on the Caldun-Low.”

“ Then take me on your knee, mother,
And listen, mother of mine :
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine ;

“ And merry was the glee of the harp-strings,
And their dancing feet so small ;
But, oh ! the sound of their talking
Was merrier far than all ! ”

“ And what were the words, my Mary,
That you did hear them say ? ”

“ I'll tell you all, my mother,
But let me have my way.

“ And some they played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill ;
' And this,' they said, ' shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill ;

“ ‘ For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May ;
And a busy man shall the miller be
By the dawning of the day !

“ ‘ Oh, the miller, how he will laugh,
When he sees the mill dam rise !
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,
Till the tears fill both his eyes ! ’

“ ‘ And some they seized the little winds,
That sounded over the hill,
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew so sharp and shrill !

“ ‘ And there,’ said they, ‘ the merry winds go
Away from every horn ;
And those shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow’s corn :

“ ‘ Oh, the poor blind widow —
Though she has been blind so long,
She’ll be merry enough when the mildew’s gone,
And the corn stands stiff and strong ! ’

“ ‘ And some they brought the brown linseed,
And flung it down from the Low :
‘ And this,’ said they, ‘ by the sunrise,
In the weaver’s croft shall grow !

“ ‘ Oh, the poor lame weaver !
How will he laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax field
All full of flowers by night ! ’

“ And then up spoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin ;
‘ I have spun up all the tow,’ said he,
‘ And I want some more to spin.

“ ‘ I’ve spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another —
A little sheet for Mary’s bed
And an apron for her mother !’

“ And with that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free ;
And then on the top of the Caldun-Low
There was no one left but me.

“ And all on the top of the Caldun-Low
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

“ But as I came down the hilltop,
I heard, afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how merry the wheel did go !

“ And I peeped into the widow’s field,
And, sure enough, was seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
All standing stiff and green !

“ And down by the weaver’s croft I stole,
To see if the flax were high ;
But I saw the weaver at his gate
With the good news in his eye !

“ Now, this is all that I heard, mother,
And all that I did see ;
So, prithee, make my bed, mother,
For I’m tired as I can be ! ”

— MARY HOWITT.

THE PRINCESS’S ESCAPE FROM THE GOBLINS

THERE was once a little princess whose father was king over a great country full of mountains and valleys. His palace was built upon one of the mountains, and was very grand and beautiful. The princess, whose name was Irene, was born there.

Because her mother was not very strong, the princess was sent, soon after her birth, to be brought up by country people in a large house. This house, which was half castle, half farmhouse, stood on the side of another mountain, about halfway between its base and its peak.

The princess was a sweet little creature, and at the time my story begins was about eight years old, I think ; but she got older very fast. Her face was fair and pretty, with eyes like two bits of night sky, each with a star dissolved in the blue. Those eyes, you would have thought

they came from there, so often were they turned up in that direction.

The ceiling of her nursery was blue, with stars in it, as like the sky as they could make it. But I doubt if ever she saw the real sky with the stars in it, for a reason which I had better mention at once.

These mountains were full of hollow places underneath : huge caverns, and winding ways, some with water running



through them, and some shining with all colors of the rainbow when a light was taken in. There would not have been much known about them had there not been mines there,

great deep pits, with long galleries and passages running off from them, which had been dug to get at the ore of which the mountains were full. In the course of digging, the miners came upon many of these natural caverns. A few of them had far-off openings out on the side of a mountain or into a ravine.

Now in these caverns lived a strange race of beings, called by some gnomes, by some kobolds, by some goblins.

There was a legend current in the country that at one time they lived above the ground, and were very like other people. But for some reason the king had laid what they thought too heavy taxes upon them, or had required observances of them they did not like, or had begun to treat them with more severity; and so they had all disappeared from the face of the country.

According to the legend, however, instead of going to some other country, they had all taken refuge in the mountain caverns, whence they never came out but at night, and then seldom showed themselves in any numbers, and never to many people at once. It was only in the least frequented and most difficult parts of the mountains that they were said to gather even at night in the open air.

Those who had caught sight of any of them said that they had greatly altered in the course of generations; and no wonder, seeing they lived away from the sun, in cold and wet and dark places. They were now absolutely hideous both in face and form. And as they grew misshapen in body, they had grown in knowledge and clever-

ness, and now were able to do things no mortal could do. But as they grew in cunning, they grew in mischief, and their great delight was to annoy the people who lived in the open-air story above them. Although dwarfed and misshapen, they had strength equal to their cunning.

In the process of time they had got a king and a government of their own, whose chief business, beyond their own simple affairs, was to devise trouble for their neighbors.

It will now be pretty evident why the little princess never saw the sky at night. Her guardians were much too afraid of the goblins to let her out of the house then, even in company with ever so many attendants; and they had good reason, as we shall see by and by.

The princess was very fond of being out of doors, and one morning she nearly cried when she saw that the weather was rainy. But as the hours went on, it grew brighter and brighter; and late in the afternoon the sun broke out so gloriously that Irene clapped her hands, and called to her nurse:—

“See, see, Lootie! The sun has had his face washed. Look how bright he is! Do get my hat, and let us go out for a walk. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! how happy I am!”

Lootie was very glad to please the princess. She got her hat and cloak, and they set out together for a walk up the mountain; for the road was so hard and steep that the water could not rest upon it, and it was always dry enough for walking a few minutes after the rain ceased.

The clouds were rolling away in broken pieces, like



great, over-woolly sheep, whose wool the sun had bleached till it was almost too white for the eyes to bear. Between them the sky shone with a deeper and purer blue, because of the rain. The trees on the roadside were hung all over with drops, which sparkled in the sun like jewels.

The only things that were no brighter for the rain were the brooks that ran down the mountain; they had changed from the clearness of crystal to a muddy brown; but what they lost in color they gained in sound—or at least in noise, for a brook when it is swollen is not so musical as before.

Irene was in raptures with the great brown streams tumbling down everywhere. Lootie shared in her delight, for she, too, had been confined to the house for three rainy days.

At length Lootie observed that the sun was getting low, and said it was time to be going back. She made the remark again and again, but, every time the princess begged

her to go on just a little farther and a little farther, reminding her that it was much easier to go down hill, and saying that when they did turn, they would be at home in a moment. So on and on they went, now to look at a group of ferns over whose tops a stream was pouring in a watery arch, now to prick a shining stone from a rock by the wayside, now to watch the flight of some bird.

Suddenly the shadow of a great mountain peak came up from behind, and shot in front of them. When the nurse saw it, she started and shook, and catching hold of the princess's hand, turned and began to run down the hill.

"What's all the haste, nursie?" asked Irene, running alongside of her.

"We must not be out a moment longer."

"But we can't help being out a good many moments longer."

It was too true. The nurse almost cried. They were much too far from home. It was against orders to be out with the princess one moment after the sun was down, and they were nearly a mile up the mountain! If his Majesty, Irene's papa, were to hear of it, Lottie would certainly be dismissed; and to leave the princess would break her heart. It was no wonder she ran.

But Irene was not in the least frightened, not knowing anything to be frightened at. She kept on chattering as well as she could, but it was not easy.

"Lottie! Lottie! why do you run so fast? It shakes my teeth when I talk."

time to grow thoroughly alarmed like her nurse, however, she heard the sound of whistling, and that revived her.

Presently she saw a boy coming up the road from the valley to meet them. He was the whistler; but before they met, his whistling changed to singing. And this is something like what he sang:—

“ Ring! dod! bang!
Go the hammer’s clang!
Hit and turn and bore!
Whizz and puff and roar!
Thus we rive the rocks,
Force the goblin locks.
See the shining ore!
One, two, three—
Bright as gold can be!
Four, five, six—
Shovels, mattocks, picks!
Seven, eight, nine—
Light your lamp at mine.
Ten, eleven, twelve—
Loosely hold the helve.
We’re the merry miner boys,
Make the goblins hold their noise.”

“ I wish you would hold *your* noise,” said the nurse, rudely, for the very word “ goblin ” at such a time and in such a place made her tremble. But whether the boy heard her or not, he did not stop his singing:—

“Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen —
This is worth the siftin’;
Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen —
There’s the match, and lay’t in.
Nineteen, twenty —
Goblins in a plenty.”

“Do be quiet,” cried the nurse, in a whispered shriek.
But the boy, who was now close at hand, still went on:—

“Hush! scush! scurry!
There you go in a hurry!
Gobble! gobble! goblin!
There you go a-wobblin’;
Hobble! hobble! hobblin’!
Cobble! cobble! cobblin’!
Hob-bob-goblin! — Huuuuuh!”

“There!” said the boy, as he stood still opposite them.
“There! that’ll do for them. They can’t bear singing, and they can’t stand that song. They can’t sing themselves, for they have no more voice than a crow; and they don’t like other people to sing.”

The boy was dressed in a miner’s dress, with a curious cap on his head. He was a very nice-looking boy, with eyes as dark as the mines in which he worked, and as sparkling as the crystals in their rocks. He was about twelve years old. His face was almost too pale for beauty which came of his being so little in the open air and the sunlight — for even vegetables grown in the dark are

white ; but he looked happy, merry indeed — perhaps at the thought of having routed the goblins ; and his bearing, as he stood before them, had nothing clownish or rude about it.

“ I saw them,” he went on, “ as I came up ; and I’m very glad I did. I knew they were after somebody, but I couldn’t see who it was. They won’t touch you so long as I’m with you.”

“ Why, who are you ? ” asked the nurse, offended at the freedom with which he spoke to them.

“ I’m Peter’s son.”

“ Who’s Peter ? ”

“ Peter the miner.”

“ I don’t know him.”

“ I’m his son, though.”

“ And why should the goblins mind *you*, pray ? ”

“ Because I don’t mind them. I’m used to them.”

“ What difference does that make ? ”

“ If you’re not afraid of them, they’re afraid of you. I’m not afraid of them. That’s all. But it’s all that’s wanted — up here, that is. It’s a different thing down in the mines. They won’t always mind that song even, down there. And if any one sings it, they stand grinning at him awfully ; and if he gets frightened, and misses a word, or says a wrong one, they — oh ! don’t they give it him ! ”

“ What do they do to him ? ” asked Irene, with a trembling voice.

“ Don’t go frightening the princess,” said the nurse.

“The princess!” repeated the little miner, taking off his curious cap. “I beg your pardon; but you oughtn’t to be out so late. Everybody knows that’s against the law.”

“Yes, indeed it is!” said the nurse, beginning to cry again. “And I shall have to suffer for it.”

“What does that matter?” said the boy; “it must be your fault. It is the princess who will suffer for it. I hope they didn’t hear you call her the princess. If they did, they’re sure to know her again; they’re awfully sharp.”

“Lootie! Lootie!” cried the princess. “Take me home.”

“Don’t go on like that,” said the nurse to the boy, almost fiercely. “How could I help it? I lost my way.”

“You shouldn’t have been out so late. You wouldn’t have lost your way if you hadn’t been frightened,” said the boy. “Come along. I’ll soon set you right again. Shall I carry your little Highness?”

“Impertinence!” murmured the nurse; but she did not say it aloud, for she thought if she made him angry, he might take his revenge by telling some one in the house, and that it would be sure to come to the king’s ears.

“No, thank you,” said Irene. “I can walk very well, though I can’t run so fast as nursie. If you will give me one hand, Lootie will give me another, and then I shall get on famously.”

They soon had her between them, holding a hand of each.

“Now let’s run,” said the nurse.

“No, no,” said the little miner. “That’s the worst thing you can do. If you hadn’t run before, you would not have lost your way. And if you run now, they will be after you in a moment.”

“I don’t want to run,” said Irene.

“You don’t think of *me*,” said the nurse.

“Yes, I do, Lootie. The boy says they won’t touch us if we don’t run.”

“Yes, but if they know at the house that I’ve kept you out so late, I shall be turned away, and that would break my heart.”

“Turned away, Lootie! Who would turn you away?”

“Your papa, child.”

“But I’ll tell him it was all my fault. And you know it was, Lootie.”

“He won’t mind that. I’m sure he won’t.”

“Then I’ll cry and go down on my knees to him, and beg him not to take away my own dear Lootie.”

The nurse was comforted at hearing this, and said no more. They went on, walking pretty fast, but taking care not to run a step.

“I want to talk to you,” said Irene to the little miner; “but it’s so awkward. I don’t know your name.”

“My name’s Curdie, little princess.”

“What a funny name! Curdie! What more?”

“Curdie Peterson. What’s your name, please? —”

“Irene.”

“What more?”

“I don’t know what more. What more is it, Lottie?”

“Princesses haven’t more than one name. They don’t want more.”

“Then, Curdie, you must call me Irene and no more.”

“No, indeed,” said the nurse, indignantly. “He shall do no such thing.”

“What shall he call me, then, Lottie?”

“Your royal Highness.”

“My royal Highness! What’s that? No, no, Lottie. I won’t be called names. You told me once yourself it’s only rude children that call names; and I’m sure Curdie wouldn’t be rude. — Curdie, my name’s Irene.”

“Well, Irene,” said Curdie, with a glance at the nurse. “it is very kind of you to let me call you anything. I like your name very much.”

He expected the nurse to interfere again; but she was too frightened to speak. She was staring at something a few yards before them, where the path narrowed between rocks so that only one could pass at a time.

“It is very much kinder of you to go out of your way to take us home,” said Irene.

“I’m not going out of my way yet,” said Curdie. “It’s on the other side of those rocks the path turns off to my father’s.”

“You wouldn’t think of leaving us till we’re safe home, I’m sure,” gasped the nurse.

“Of course not,” said Curdie.

At that instant the something in the middle of the way, which had looked like a great lump of earth brought down by the rain, began to move. One after another it shot out four long things, like two arms and two legs, but it was now too dark to tell what they were. The nurse began to tremble from head to foot. Irene clasped Curdie's hand yet faster, and Curdie began to sing again :

“ One, two —
Hit and hew !
Three, four —
Blast and bore !
Five, six —
There's a fix !
Seven, eight —
Hold it straight.
Nine, ten —
Hit again !
Hurry ! scurry !
Bother ! smother !
There's a toad
In the road !
Smash it !
Squash it !
Fry it !
Dry it !
You're another !
Up and off !
There's enough ! — HUUUUUH ! ”

As he uttered the last words, Curdie let go his hold of his companion, and rushed at the thing in the road, as if he would trample it under his feet. It gave a great spring and ran straight up one of the rocks like a huge spider. Curdie turned back laughing, and took Irene's hand again. She grasped him very tight, but said nothing till they had passed the rocks. A few yards more, and she found herself on a part of the road she knew, and was able to speak again.

"Do you know, Curdie, I don't quite like your song; it sounds to me rather rude," she said.

"Well, perhaps it is," answered Curdie. "I never thought of that; it's a way we have. We do it because they don't like it."

"Who don't like it?"

"The cobs, as we call them."

"Don't!" said the nurse.

"Why not?" said Curdie.

"I beg you won't. Please don't."

"Oh! if you ask me that way, of course I won't, though I don't a bit know why. Look! there are the lights of your great house down below. You'll be at home in five minutes now."

Nothing more happened. They reached home in safety. Nobody had missed them, or even known they had gone out; and they arrived at the door belonging to their part of the house without any one seeing them.

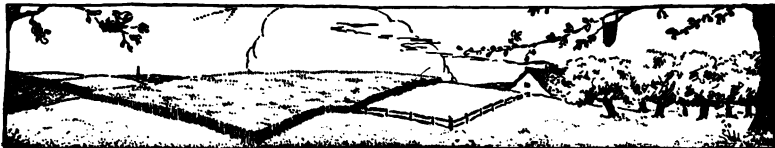
— GEORGE MACDONALD.

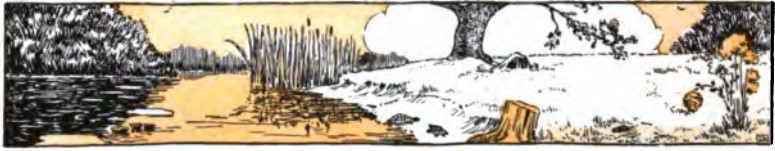


THE BAREFOOT BOY

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes ;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by the strawberries on the hill ;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace ;
From my heart I give thee joy, —
I was once a barefoot boy !
Prince thou art, — the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride !
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye, —

Outward sunshine, inward joy :
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !
Oh for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood ;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground mole sinks his well ;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung ;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground nut trails its vine,
Where the wood grape's clusters shine ;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans !



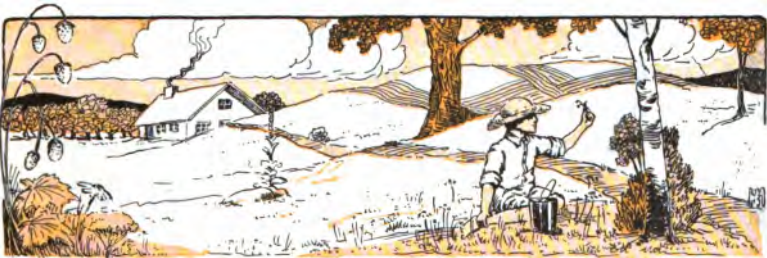


For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy, —
Blessings on the barefoot boy.

Oh for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming birds and honeybees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,

Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, unbending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides !
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too ;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy !

Oh for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread ;
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the doorstone, gray and rude !
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold ;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra ;



And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared and new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

—JOHN G. WHITTIER.



A NOBLE DEED

SCENE I

Home of a wealthy Persian Merchant

Father. My sons, I am now well stricken in years. My gray hairs tell me that I am no longer able to bargain and barter as I used to do. I should like to enjoy a little peace during my last days. The cares of business are too much for me.

Kemal. Father, you know that I am able to do my part, and I trust that something of your wisdom and skill in business has descended to me.

Shemsi. And I too, father, am now old enough to begin some business.

Ali. Father, I am but a boy, but whatsoever thou sayest, that will I do.

Father. You have ever been industrious and obedient, my sons, and I doubt not you will prosper. Therefore, I have thought it well to give you each a goodly portion of my goods, that you may begin life for yourselves. I keep only a small portion for the comfort of my old age.

Kemal and Shemsi. Thou art most generous, father.

Father. And what says Ali, my youngest?

Ali. I know not what to say, my father. It grieves me to take what thou hast toiled so hard to gain. I think I should now begin with nothing and win my way with my own hands.

Father. Nay, my son. I need not these goods. They are for thee and thy brethren. Take them therefore and my blessing with them. But I charge you all, that you be frugal in your way of living, else these goods will be a curse rather than a blessing.

All Three. We shall be guided by thy wisdom, father.

Father. There is one thing more. You see this costly diamond. 'Tis a jewel that I prize dearly. I had it of my father. It shall be added to the portion of that one of you who earns it by the performance of the noblest deed. Therefore, I bid you travel for three months. At the end of that time return home, and tell me what you have done.

Kemal. I go to Bagdad, my father.

Shemsi. And I go to Egypt; farewell, my father.

Ali. Thy blessing, father; I know not where I shall go. (*Father blesses him.*) My father, farewell.

SCENE II

The same, three months later

Father. Well, my sons, I am rejoiced to see you all happily returned from your journeying. Your faces tell me that you have all acted well; but we shall see which has acted most nobly. Kemal, what hast thou done nobly?

Kemal. Listen, my father. As I was journeying I met a stranger. He was afraid of being robbed; so he intrusted to me a casket of precious stones. Two or three of these I might have taken, and they would not have been missed. I might have enriched myself easily in this way. However, I delivered them every one to the owner. Was not this a noble deed?

Father. My dear son, you did only what was right, and nothing more. If you had done otherwise, you would have been ignoble. And your deed would have been a reproach to you. You have done well, but simple honesty cannot be accounted noble. Shemsi, let us hear thy story.

Shemsi. Many days I traveled without finding an opportunity to do good. But at last, one evening, I was traveling along the bank of a river just outside of a town. Some poor children were playing there. As I rode by, one of them fell in, and would have been drowned. But I leaped into the river and rescued him, soiling my good clothes. Tell me, was not that nobly done?

Father. My dear son, you did only what was your duty. If you had left the innocent child to drown, with-

out making any effort to save him, your neglect would have shamed you. You, too, have acted well, but not nobly. Ali, my boy, what hast thou to say.

Ali. I have had only one adventure, and that is of little consequence, but I will tell it. Thou rememberest the ancient enemy of our house, who only a short time ago sought to take all our lives. One evening as I was



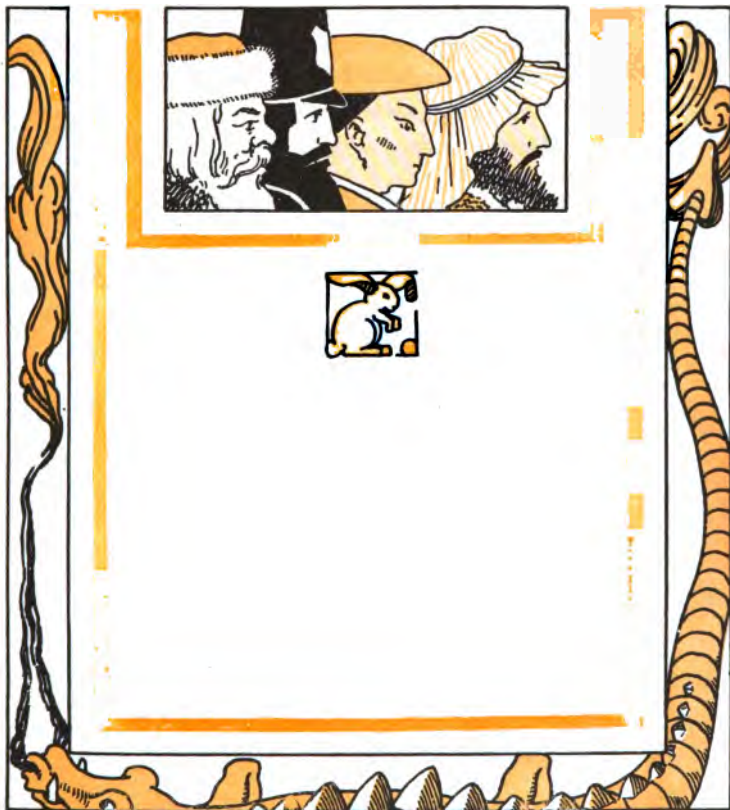
wending along the edge of a precipice, my horse started at something in the road. I looked and saw our enemy lying fast asleep on the very brink. The slightest movement in his sleep would have carried him over the side, and he would have been dashed to pieces. His life, as it chanced, depended on me. I awoke him. He was ill; so I set him on my horse and conducted him to an inn. I know not whether I did nobly or not.

Kemal. You did ill to save him.

Shemsi. You speak true, Kemal.

Father. Ali, my son, thou hast done nobly indeed. The diamond is thine; for it is a godlike thing to forgive an enemy, and to return a good deed for an injury.

ADVENTURES IN STRANGE LANDS



*When the winter nights are longest,
And Jack Frost doth fix his strongest
Hold upon the weather ;
Then of dreamland I grow fonder
And away in fancy wander,
Hours and hours together.*

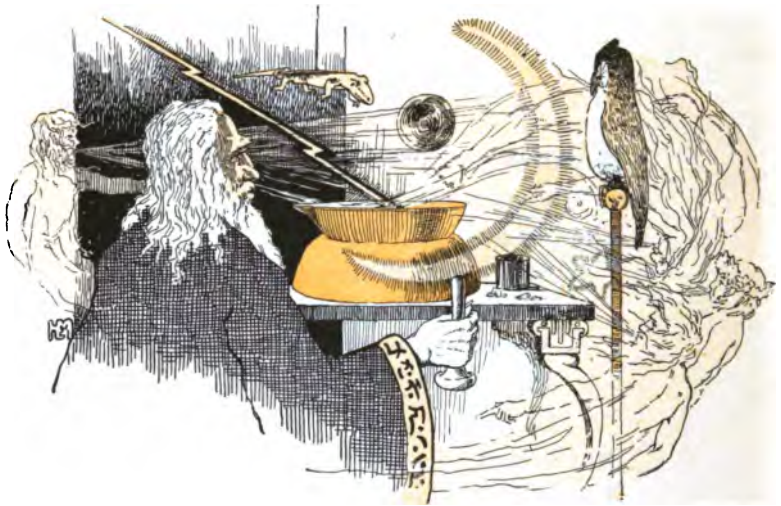
*Walk in Wonderland with Alice ;
See some fair enchanted palace
Vanish like a bubble ;
Sail with Sinbad, hale old rover,
On his journeys the world over,
Prospering through trouble.*

*With the Magic Hat I banish
Nature's hindering laws, and vanish
Like a winged spirit ;
Visit Santa's house of wonder
And return with fairy plunder,
That same hour or near it.*

A SAILOR SONG

BOURBON and Braganza,
They say, are royal strains ;
The blood of fifty sailors
Is running in my veins ;
With a yo-heave-ho,
And a rombelow !
Flowing, flowing,
Coming, going,
Not a waft in vain
To my little pinnace along the
Spanish main,
From dawn till day is done
To a sailor's son.
The name that I bear
Means, they all declare,
Pennon, standard-bearer,
Stalwart armor-wearer,
Descendant of stout fellows,
Whom the winter sun still mellows,
With a yo-heave-ho,
And a rombelow
To sailor sire and son.

— RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.



THE HAT OF BABYLON

IN the dim long ago a sultan ruled over the city of Babylon. He was a good man, and desired to be great as well. As a friend and helper he kept at court a great magician. His like the world had never before seen. Many were the wonderful things he did for his friend, the sultan.

The sultan wished one day that he might have the power to pass from place to place unseen, whenever he wished.

“I could then,” he said, “watch over my kingdom, and bring to naught the plans of my enemies.”

“Your Majesty,” said the magician, “may yet have your wish. I will try my skill.”

The magician shut himself up in his workshop, and began to think. For several weeks he did nothing but sit in deep thought. Then he sent men out all over the kingdom to get certain precious things.

When they had been brought together, he shut himself up again and set himself to work. Day and night he toiled. The north wind, the south wind, the west wind, and the east wind he kneaded up with dewdrops. To these he added rays of the sun, the juice of many potent herbs, and a flash of lightning.

Feathers from the swiftest birds, water from a magic well, a pinch of darkness, of moonlight, and of starlight were next put into the mixture. To all this he added gold and silver. Then pearls, rubies, diamonds, and other precious stones were ground up and mixed with the rest into a fine paste.

When this paste was ready, he rolled and rolled it, until it became as small as an olive. This he shaped into a figure with seven sides, all alike. Then he put it into an oven that was heated by magic fires. So hot they were that any but a magic oven would have been melted in a few minutes. From sunset till sunrise the magician kept the fires burning. Then he took from the oven the thing he had made.

It was a beautiful jewel, which sent out seven different lights from its seven different sides. The magician cooled

the jewel in seven magic waters. The lights were changed. Where there were seven before there were now seven times seven. It was wonderful, and so bright that it dazzled the eyes even of the magician.

“Ah, it is so bright that it will blind the sultan’s eyes if he looks on it; but it has power, such as no other jewel in the world has.”

Then the magician took a common cloth hat, covered the stone, and fastened it securely by magic, so that it looked like a button on the top.

“Now we will try its powers. I will set this hat upon my head and wish I were in the sultan’s presence. Straightway I’ll be there.”

The sultan was sitting in his chamber alone. He was wondering how long it would be before the magician’s work would be ended. Suddenly the magician stood before him.

“Great sultan,” he said, “my task is done. You shall have your heart’s desire. Wherever you wish to go this hat will take you. Behold! I am gone.”

The sultan looked. There was no one before him. He thought he must have been dreaming. When he looked again the magician was there, speaking to him.

“I only desired to show you the power of the hat I have made for you. I simply wished to be here, and I found myself here. I wished myself away; and, behold, I was gone. Lo, I am here again.”

“Dost thou mock me?” said the sultan.

“My master, no; place this hat on thy head, and wish to be somewhere else. Wherever it be, thou wilt find thyself there in a twinkling.”

The sultan danced for joy, and could not wait, but must try the magic hat at once. As soon as the magician handed it to him he clapped it on his head.

“Where would I be first?” he said to himself. “My first journey should surely be my best. Shall I wish myself in Italy, or Greece; in some far isle beyond the seas, or in the palace of my enemy, the Mede? I think I’ll first to Greece, and see the wonders of that realm.”

He wished, and straightway he was there.

From that day forth the sultan lived in great happiness. He saw all the beauties and wonders of the world, and soon was looked upon as the greatest and wisest man of his time. His reign was prosperous, too, because he was able to be near his enemies at any time and learn their plans. Years passed, and the sultan grew old. He wished to be looked upon ever as the greatest sultan in the world.

“My death,” he said, “must be as mysterious as my life. My people shall think of it and wonder.”

When he was about to die, therefore, the sultan placed the wishing cap on his head and wished to be in the resting place of his fathers. In a twinkling he was there, and all the world wondered what had become of the great sultan.

That was centuries ago. The place where the sultan found rest crumbled to dust long since. The tombs have disappeared, and the place where they once stood is forsaken. The wishing hat was lost to the world for hundreds of years. It was at last found, however, by a boy, whom the natives called Prince Beautiful, although, really, he was no prince at all.

— GEORGE CARLTON EDWARDS.

MERRY AUTUMN

It's all a farce, — these tales they tell
About the breezes sighing,
And moans astir o'er field and dell,
Because the year is dying.

Such principles are most absurd, —
I care not who first taught 'em ;
There's nothing known to beast or bird
To make a solemn autumn.

A butterfly goes winging by ;
A singing bird comes after ;
And Nature all from earth to sky
Is bubbling o'er with laughter.

The ripples wimple on the rills,
Like sparkling little lasses ;
The sunlight runs along the hills,
And laughs among the grasses.

The earth is just so full of fun
It really can't contain it ;
And streams of mirth so freely run
The heavens seem to rain it.

In solemn times, when grief holds way
With countenance distressing,
You'll note the more of black and gray
Will then be used in dressing.

Now purple tints are all around ;
The sky is blue and mellow ;
And e'en the grasses turn the ground
From modest green to yellow.

The seed burs all with laughter crack
On featherweed and jimson ;
And leaves that should be dressed in black
Are all decked out in crimson.

Don't talk to me of solemn days
In autumn's time of splendor,
Because the sun shows fewer rays,
And these grow slant and slender.

Why, it's the climax of the year, —
The highest time of living! —
Till naturally its bursting cheer
Just melts into thanksgiving.

— PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

THE HAT OF BABYLON IN JAPAN

Prince Beautiful was the son of a rich American, who had long been a rug merchant in the city of Bagdad, in Asiatic Turkey. The boy was born in England, but had lived, ever since he could remember, in the land of the sultan.

The real name of Prince Beautiful was Royal Monroe. He was a favorite among those who knew him, Turks as well as Christians. Because he was a handsome lad, and good and noble in everything he did, the natives called him Prince Beautiful.

The ruins of the ancient city of Babylon are not many miles from the city of Bagdad. It was in the beautiful springtime when Royal with a number of other boys went on a trip to the ruins of the old city. Each wished to take something away to remember the place by.

Some of the boys took flowers, which they pressed between the leaves of books. Others took pieces of stones that had once been a part of some palace. Prince Beautiful found the old hat, while he was looking for something,

and decided to take that. The Turkish boys laughed at him, but he clung to the hat.

Of course, Royal did not know that the hat had once been the hat of a sultan, or that it had magic power. It was odd, and it pleased him.

One day Prince Beautiful had been studying a geography lesson. He read about the way people live in Japan, their bamboo houses, their fields, and the many pretty things they make.



“I should like to visit Japan,” he sighed. “Maybe I can some day.”

His lesson was over, and he went out to play, wearing for the first time the old hat, found in the ruins of Babylon. He found several of his friends, and they were all soon interested in play. But Royal could not keep Japan out of his mind.

“Ali,” he said, speaking to one of his friends, “Japan must be a fine country to see. I wish I were there now.”

Ali was standing close to Prince Beautiful, looking directly at him. But all at once Prince Beautiful was gone. He had gone like a flash. None of the boys could understand.

Prince Beautiful could not understand either; for he

suddenly found himself in a strange country. The people were all strange, and he could not understand what they said. He thought at first that he was dreaming; but at last he saw that his wish had come true.

Prince Beautiful found himself in the midst of a lovely country. There were flowers, flowers everywhere. He had never seen their like before. The little bamboo houses, too, were interesting. They made him think of camping out.

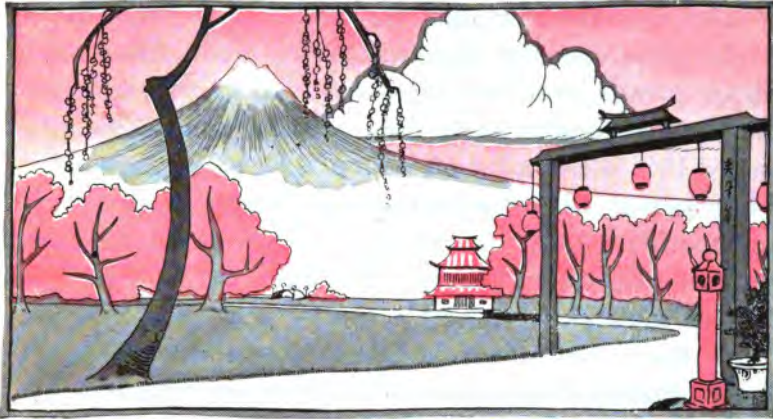
All the people of this country seemed to be going somewhere; and all seemed to have kites. In the distance was a town, and above it the sky was dotted with kites. Royal walked on, watching the people in their gay clothes. It was a holiday in honor of the emperor. This Prince Beautiful learned from a young English boy, whom he met in the crowd.

"To-day," said the English boy, "is the emperor's birthday, and every one is gay and happy. Listen, there is the music, the *Emperor's March*. It is the hour when the mikado comes from his palace and crosses the Emperor's Bridge.

"Wouldn't you like to be there now and see it?"

"I'd like to be right on that bridge this minute," said Prince Beautiful, "and see what the emperor would do."

Suddenly the English boy found himself alone; and Royal found himself set down neatly in the center of the bridge. There were people everywhere. When they saw Prince Beautiful on the Emperor's Bridge, they were all aston-



ished. They did not know whether to shout or be silent; whether they should be angry or afraid.

Just at this moment the emperor came forth, and was about to step onto the bridge. He looked up and saw the boy. He stopped just before setting his foot on the bridge. The guards did not know what to do. The people were breathless.

Prince Beautiful himself was so frightened that he did not know what to do. Finally, one of the guards ordered the boy to come from the bridge at once. Royal, of course, did not understand; and the guard dared not step upon the bridge.

Royal did not dare go to either end of the bridge, as there were angry guards at both ends.

“What is the matter; what shall I do?” he stammered at last.

The emperor saw that the boy was frightened, and could not understand what was said to him. He was just about to walk over the bridge and take the boy with him. But at this moment a guard at the other end of the bridge pulled Prince Beautiful off with a hook on a long pole.

As soon as the emperor had passed over, the people fell to shouting. Then the guards took Royal and started off to shut him up in prison. The boy was so frightened that he couldn't even think.

As they were about to enter the prison, one of the guards turned Prince Beautiful around, pointing to a great mountain in the distance.

"Take a good look," he said, speaking in Japanese, which Royal did not understand. "Take a good look, for you will never see it again."

Prince Beautiful looked. It was beautiful.

"Ah! I wish I were on the very top of it!" he sighed. The two guards found themselves suddenly alone.

Prince Beautiful breathed freely, as he seated himself under a great tree.

"I wonder if this is all a dream," he said to himself. "I don't see how it can be true."

He took off his hat to cool his head. He rested for a long time, and looked about him in all directions. He could see the country far and wide, the many cities, and the blue sea to the east and to the west, and the blue sky, with white pillowy clouds, above.

"There will be a feast at the emperor's palace to-

night," he thought. "I am hungry enough to eat any thing. I wish I were at the emperor's feast now."

But Royal did not move. He found himself right where he was the moment before. He became frightened and jumped up.

"I hope," he said, "I won't have to walk home. What will become of me?"

He wished himself here, and he wished himself there, but it was no use. He picked up his hat at last, and started down the mountain side.

He was too worried over his situation to do much thinking. It would take him till the next day to get down from the mountain. The more he walked the hungrier he became.

"Oh," he said at last, "I wish I were at that feast."

All at once he found himself seated amongst a thousand guests in a great garden, where all were feasting and making merry.

Prince Beautiful had never seen such a quaint banquet before. To him it all seemed enchanted, it was so strange. There were hundreds of Japanese lanterns, with their gay colors, fanciful shapes, and bright decorations.

The guests were nearly all sitting at little tables or seated about with trays. Flowers, the great bright flowers, such as grow in Japan and nowhere else, were everywhere. All the guests were happy, and were making a merry din.

When Prince Beautiful first found himself among the

guests, they were drinking the health of the mikado. So it was that no one noticed him. He found himself sitting in a corner at a small table. Out of respect he took off his hat.

As they passed, the servants looked at him in surprise, but they served him, as they did the others. He ate, for he was very hungry; and everything was good, indeed, though all the dishes were new to him.

Everything went well for a long time. Then Prince Beautiful saw one of the prominent guests looking at him closely. It was a man who had been near the emperor when he came out to cross the bridge.

The guest passed a note to the emperor. The latter was amazed, when he looked and saw Prince Beautiful at the end of the garden among the feasters. He arose and spoke to the company.

“We have a strange guest among us,” he said, in Japanese, which Royal, of course, did not understand. “It is the same who stood upon the bridge to-day, and so mysteriously vanished from the guards. I do not know what it means; but the youth and gentleness of the guest make me think his strange coming and going is a good omen. I wish him to have all the respect of a royal guest shown him.”

There was a murmur of approval from all. Poor Royal thought it meant his doom, and he wished he were far away. Oh! how he wished he were safe at home! But not having the magic hat on his head, the wish was of no

use; and he had not yet guessed that the hat was responsible for his strange flights.

He soon saw that no harm was intended him. Those near him began to speak to him in a friendly way. All he could do, however, was to shake his head.

"I do not understand," he said at last; "I speak only English and Turkish."

Many of those present, however, could speak English; and they talked to Prince Beautiful. All went happily, but Royal was worried, for all that. He began to think about home, and wondered how he was ever going to get back.

At the close of the banquet, Prince Beautiful was led to the emperor, who was very kind to him. The emperor could speak English almost as well as Royal himself.

"My strange guest," said the emperor to him, "you are welcome. I see that there is something more than mortal about you. I hope that you will honor me by staying this night in the palace, as my most honored guest."

This kindness Royal could not accept, without telling the truth about himself. So he told the whole story of his day's adventures.

"Strange it is, indeed!" said the emperor; "but I believe that the gods have sent you as a mark of favor to me on my birthday. Stay with me in the palace this night."

So it was arranged, and Royal was conducted to his

room. As soon as he was alone, the boy began to think about his mother and father. He knew they would worry about him. But what was he to do ?

Not knowing what to do, he threw himself into a chair and began to think. Without realizing it, he set the old hat upon his head.

“Mother will worry terribly about me,” he said to himself. “I wish I were at home this minute.”

In a twinkling he found himself there.

When the emperor found his guest gone the next morning, he questioned the palace guards. No one had seen or heard anything of Prince Beautiful. The emperor was more than ever convinced then that his strange guest had been sent to him by some heavenly power, as a mark of favor. He looked forward to a year of happiness.

— GEORGE CARLTON EDWARDS.

SNOW IN TOWN

NOTHING is quite so quiet and clean
As snow that falls in the night ;
And isn't it jolly to jump from bed
And find the whole world white ?

It lies on the window ledges,
It lies on the boughs of the trees,
While sparrows crowd at the kitchen door,
With a pitiful “ If you please ? ”

It lies on the arm of the lamp post,
Where the lighter's ladder goes,
And the policeman under it beats his arms,
And stamps — to feel his toes ;

The butcher's boy is rolling a ball
To throw at the man with coals,
And old Mrs. Ingram has fastened a piece
Of flannel under her soles ;

No sound there is in the snowy road
From the horses' cautious feet,
And all is hushed but the postman's knocks
Rat-tatting down the street,

Till men come round with shovels
To clear the snow away, —
What a pity it is that when it falls
They never let it stay !

And while we are having breakfast
Papa says, " Isn't it light ?
And all because of the thousands of geese
The Old Woman plucked last night.

" And if you are good," he tells us,
" And attend to your A B C,
You may go in the garden and make a snow-man
As big or bigger than me !"

— RICKMAN MARK.

THE HAT OF BABYLON IN PORTUGAL

ROYAL had been studying his history lesson. He liked history very much. He had been reading the story of the Boston Tea Party.

“Ah, those rebels!” he said to himself. You must remember that Royal was English. He loved England just as you love America.

“But they were brave, though,” he went on. “I wonder what they are like to-day. I shall have to go to see those Boston people.”

The next day there was to be no school. So Royal prepared for a day in Boston. Soon after breakfast he set out. This he thought was to be a fine trip. It would take him the whole length of the Mediterranean, across Spain and Portugal; then across the great Atlantic.

Royal wished to go slower than usual, so that he might see more. He passed over the island of Cyprus, and then over Crete and Sicily. It was not long before he was moving over Spain. The mountains were beautiful, and the valleys more beautiful.

Soon Royal saw to the north a city, and just in front of him was the ocean. All at once Prince Beautiful heard an uproar, and then the sound of guns. The firing kept up.

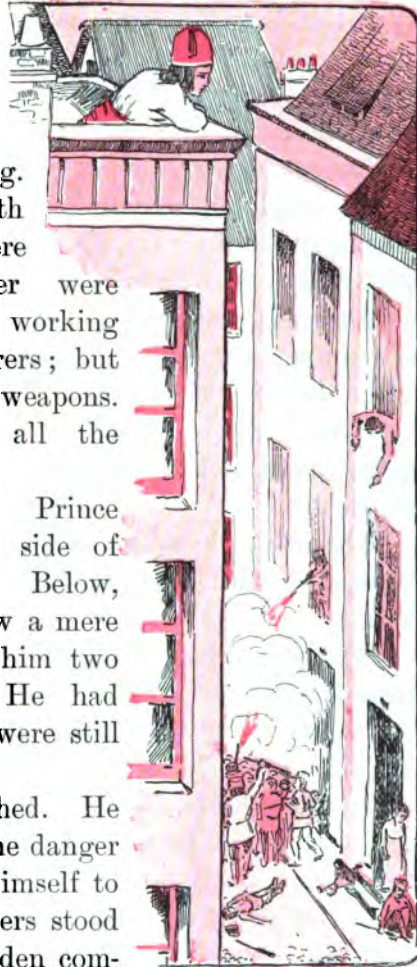
“What can this noise mean?” he asked himself. “This city must be Lisbon. Hat, hat, I wish to be on a building in the midst of Lisbon. I want to be where I can see what is going on. Quick.”

The last word was hardly out of his mouth, when Royal was set down. He looked over the edge of the building. The streets were filled with people. At one end were soldiers; at the other were hundreds of men in working clothes. They were laborers; but they had all kinds of weapons. Firing was going on all the time.

But what was that? Prince Beautiful bent over the side of the building, to see better. Below, lying in the street, he saw a mere boy like himself. Over him two soldiers were bending. He had been shot. And bullets were still flying around him.

Royal's heart was touched. He did not stop to think of the danger to himself. He wished himself to the lad's side. The soldiers stood away in fright at his sudden coming. They thought he had dropped from the clouds.

Prince Beautiful paid no attention to them. He leaned



over the lad. He was badly wounded. Royal put his arms around the boy and wished himself to the best hospital in the city. The next moment he found himself at Santa Maria's.

The nurses were as surprised as the soldiers had been. Royal could not understand them, and they could not understand him. He pointed to the wounded lad and said, "Care for him at once!" Some of them, however, were already busy. But the young lad began talking to the nurses excitedly. They could not make him keep still. Royal wished to know what he was saying.

"Can I do anything for him?" he asked. But the nurse could not understand. She, however, sent for a physician.

When the physician came, he looked at the lad, and listened to what he was saying. Then he turned to Royal.

"He prays that you will save King Manuel, as you have saved him," the doctor said in clear English. "Can you do it? The king once did a kindness to this boy's father."

"I don't know," answered Royal, "but I should be glad to try! Where is the king?"

"At the Royal Palace," replied the doctor. "It is besieged by troops. It will be no easy task to get inside."

Prince Beautiful went to the side of the cot and took the boy by the hand. The lad looked into his face and understood that Royal would do his best.

The next moment Royal stood in the presence of King Manuel. The boy king looked weary and careworn. He stood talking to several nobles. They were urging him to flee to a place of safety.

“No,” he said in Portuguese, “I am not a coward. I prefer to go out and fight. It would be better to die fighting than to live a coward.”

“Your Majesty,” said Royal in English, “I have come to offer you assistance. I will do whatever you wish.”

“What can you do?” asked the king. “But how did you come here?”

Royal explained as well as he could. And he told the king of the wounded lad who had sent him. Tears came to the king’s eyes.

“Surely, I have one real friend,” he said. “Yes, I will go; sometime I may be able to help that wounded boy, who has thought only of me. I pray he will live.”

He wrote an order, sealed it, and handed it to Royal.

“Here, my friend, I will try you. Take this to the Duke of Oporto. Bring me an answer.”

Royal took the note and vanished. The king turned to his friends.

“I have asked the duke to meet me with an automobile at the secret entrance in an hour.” While he stood talking, Royal returned. He handed the king a note.

“This is a miracle,” said the king. “This is the duke’s writing. He will be here soon. Now, wonderful boy, you can help me further. Wait here twenty minutes;

then wish yourself to the secret entrance, and inform me when the duke arrives.”

So the plans went forward. Half an hour later, the king, the Duke of Oporto, and Royal were outside of the city. The automobile seemed to fly along over the road. After they had been riding for an hour, they stopped at a castle.

Here another automobile joined them. In it were the queen mother and some of her friends. Then the race began again. It kept up for two more hours, and then the ocean came into view.

“Now, wonderful boy, you must do one thing more for me. Take this order to the captain of the *Amelia*, and return with his answer.”

Royal did not know what the *Amelia* was, but he wished, and soon was standing on a beautiful yacht. He handed the captain the order. In a minute he received an answer and was gone. The captain gave orders, and soon a lifeboat put out to shore.

The captain’s reply said that only half of the crew were on board. So Royal was sent with messages along the shore to see if he could get more men.

In a short time a crew was collected, and all was ready. The king wished Prince Beautiful to go on board with the royal party.

“No, your Majesty,” he said. “You are safe now; I wish to go back and see the wounded boy at the hospital.”

“Carry to him this,” said the king, “and my best

wishes," and he handed to Royal a ring from his left hand. "And you, I owe you more than I can repay. But do you take this." And the king handed him another ring. Then they parted.

The wounded boy was glad indeed to know that the king was safe on board the royal yacht. He pressed the king's ring to his lips, and thanked Royal again and again. Before Prince Beautiful left the doctor told him that the lad would get well; and he went home happy. He would go to Boston at another time.

— GEORGE CARLTON EDWARDS.

SANTA CLAUS

HE comes in the night! He comes in the night!

He softly, silently comes;

While the little brown heads on the pillows so white
Are dreaming of bugles and drums.

He cuts through the snow like a ship through the foam,

While the white flakes around him whirl;

Who tells him I know not, but he findeth the home
Of each good little boy and girl.

His sleigh it is long, and deep, and wide;

It will carry a host of things,

While dozens of drums hang over the side,

With the sticks sticking under the strings.

And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,
Not a bugle blast is blown,
As he mounts to the chimney-top like a bird,
And drops to the hearth like a stone.

The little red stockings he silently fills,
Till the stockings will hold no more ;
The bright little sleds for the great snow hills
Are quickly set down on the floor.
Then Santa Claus mounts to the roof like a bird,
And glides to his seat in the sleigh ;
Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard
As he noiselessly gallops away.

He rides to the East, and he rides to the West,
Of his goodies he touches not one ;
He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas feast
When the dear little folks are done.
Old Santa Claus doeth all that he can ;
This beautiful mission is his ;
Then, children, be good to the little old man,
When you find who the little man is.

— ANON.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying ;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow may be dying.

— HERRICK.

THE HAT OF BABYLON IN SANTA CLAUS LAND

“TO-MORROW will be Christmas,” said Prince Beautiful to himself. “I should like to be where there is snow. It doesn’t seem like Christmas here.”

Royal went to his mother, and asked her to tell him about Christmas in England. So she told him of the merry times they had when she was a little girl. There were the mistletoe, the Yule log, and the merry games.

“I should like to see a Christmas like that,” said Royal.

“The best thing about Christmas,” said Royal’s mother, “is not what we enjoy ourselves. It is what we do for others. Our first thought should be to make some one else happy.”

“Yes, mother, I have been thinking of that, too. I should like very much to give something to Ali Saadi. He is so very poor, and has to work very hard.”

That night Prince Beautiful went to his room early. But he did not go to bed. An idea had come to him. He wanted to know more about Santa Claus. Was there a real Santa Claus? He didn’t know; but he was going to find out.

The weather was warm in Bagdad. But Royal put on his warmest clothes, and wrapped himself up well. Then he set the Hat of Babylon on his head.



“Hat of Babylon,” he said, “I want to be set down before the workshop of Santa Claus.”

The next minute Royal was sailing through space. The air did not change much for a time. He was still in the torrid zone. Then it became cooler and cooler, until it was freezing cold. Royal’s ears were getting numb.

But what was that? Directly before him was a little cottage brightly lighted. Nearby was a long factory, with smoke coming out. The windows of the factory, too, were brightly lighted. They must be working overtime.

Royal found himself set down in front of the door to the workshop. He hardly knew what to do. At last he opened the door and went in.

What a sight he saw! There, in the midst of the big work room, stood Santa Claus himself. He was dressed just as Royal had seen him in pictures. The room was full of toys and dainty things for little children. And there was a host of fairies. They were all busy at work.

Some were still working on toys and little garments for children. Others were doing up the packages. Still others were writing on the packages the names of boys and girls.

There was one very strange thing. When the fairies had marked the packages properly, they put them into large bags. They kept putting one thing after another into them, but the bags did not seem to become full. Royal went directly to Santa Claus. That little round fat man was greatly surprised. No real child had ever visited his shop before.

“Why, my lad, how do you come to be here?” he asked.

“I wanted to see if there was a real Santa Claus, and so I came,” answered Prince Beautiful. “Besides, I wanted you to take a present to Ali Saadi, a very poor boy, who lives near me. I will pay you for the present, but I want you to take it to him.”

Royal took out a gold piece. It was the money he had saved up for Christmas presents.

“Take to Ali what you think will be best for him, Santa Claus. Take as much as this guinea will buy.”

“My gentle lad,” answered Santa Claus, “come, we will see”; and he went over to a very big book, and began to turn the pages. “Ali Saadi,” he went on, “is a fine boy, and is to receive several things to eat and to wear. But he is very poor. I think the best thing you

can do will be to send him the gold piece itself. Then he can set up a little shop for himself."

"That will be fine," cried Royal. "Take it to him." And Santa Claus promised.

"But, come, before you go, Prince Beautiful," said Santa, "and see the rest of my workshop. This is only a small part of it. Here the fairies work for me all the year, making things. Then they pack them by their magic power, so that all the presents for one country will go into a single bag."

"That is wonderful," said Royal; "I almost think I should like to be a fairy myself."

"You are almost a fairy, with that wonderful hat," said Santa. "But come, let us go down and see the gnomes work."

They went down a long stairway. It seemed to Royal that they would never come to the end of it. At last, however, they came to a great room. In it were forges, and hundreds of tiny men were making iron toys. Some were making skates; others were making banks; and others were working on sleds and carts.

"These are the smiths," said Santa Claus. "They are the most skillful in the world. In the next room we shall find the workers in wood."

They passed through a long passage, and came into a room that was bright and airy. It seemed to have a sky and sun of its own. But what a busy, noisy place it was. Some of the gnomes were sawing, some were planing, and



some were hammering. Still others were smoothing the toys with sand paper. They whistled and sang and danced as they went about their work.

Royal and Santa Claus next went to the paint shop, and from there to the shop where they were making glass and pottery. They were nearly through this room, when Santa Claus looked at his watch.

“It is nearly time for me to start on my journey,” he said to Royal. “Would you like to go part of the way with me?”

“Oh! I should like it very much!” So they went back up the long stairs. All the toys were gone from the shop. Just outside stood a sleigh. It was loaded down. The reindeer were being hitched. In a minute all was ready.

Santa Claus and Prince Beautiful climbed into the sleigh. From far up on the mountain top came sounds

like those of a clock striking twelve. Suddenly the place was swarming with gnomes and fairies. They had come to see Santa Claus off.

They set up a mighty shout, and the mountains took it up and repeated it. Prince Beautiful could hear it, it seemed to him, an hour afterward.

When they came to their first stop, Santa Claus turned to Royal.

“It is now late, and it is very cold. Perhaps you had better leave me here, and wish yourself home. I hope you will come to see me again.”

Royal was home almost at once. However, Santa Claus had gotten there first, and had left just the things Prince Beautiful wanted. Perhaps that is the reason Santa wanted to part with Royal.

—GEORGE CARLTON EDWARDS.

THE FROST SPIRIT

HE comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes !

You may trace his footsteps now

On the naked woods and the blasted fields

And the brown hill's withered brow.

He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees

Where their pleasant green came forth,

And the winds, which follow wherever he goes,

Have shaken them down to earth.

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes !
From the frozen Labrador, —
From the icy bridge of the northern seas,
Which the white bear wanders o'er, —
Where the fisherman's sail is still with ice,
And the luckless forms below
In the sunless cold of the lingering night
Into marble statues grow !

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes !
And the quiet lake shall feel
The torpid touch of his glazing breath,
And ring to the skater's heel ;
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks,
Or sang to the leaning grass,
Shall bow again to their winter chain,
And in mournful silence pass.

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes !
Let us meet him as we may,
And turn with the light of the parlor fire
His evil power away ;
And gather closer the circle round,
When the firelight dances high,
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled fiend
As his sounding wing goes by !

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

SONG OF WINTER

I COME from the land of ice and snow;
I bring the sharpest winds to blow;
The lusty mountain-tops I sweep,
And through the murmuring pine trees leap.

From slope to slope I bounding go,
And slip through valleys, to and fro;
I freeze the lake and hide the stream,
And shake the willows from their dream.

I sift the snow across the moor,
And pile it high by the woodshed door;
I nip boys' ears and pinch their nose,
And whirl their caps across the snows.

With frost I trace the window panes,
Put white caps on the weather vanes;
The girls I bid wear mitts and hood,
And make the crackling fire seem good.

Sleigh rides and skating, too, I bring,
And longer days that speak of spring,
With thaws and rains and other signs,
But, best of all, your valentines.

— CHARLES M. STEBBINS.

THE HAT OF BABYLON IN BYGONE LAND

PRINCE Beautiful had been reading a book of wonderful tales to his friend Ali. One story told of a great treasure guarded by a fiery dragon. Another told of a beautiful princess who was held in the castle of a giant.

“I wish,” said Royal, “that I were in a land like that right now ; maybe I could rescue a real princess.”

Royal had said this without thinking. He of course did not believe there was any such land ; but he was mistaken. The hat of Babylon, which Prince Beautiful had on, took him at his word. The next minute he was whizzing through space, and Ali was sitting alone.

“I wonder what country this is,” said Royal, as the Wishing Hat set him down in front of a quaint old castle, “and whose castle this is.”

“This is Bygone Land,” said a voice close by Royal’s elbow, “and this is the castle of Othertimes.”

Royal looked, but could at first see no one. In the end, however, he discovered a little elf, frisking about in the tall grass.

“Tell me, master elf,” he said, “is there a princess in this castle to be rescued ?”

“There is a princess,” chuckled the elf, “but it is the giant that needs to be rescued. The princess has made his life so miserable that his nerves are in a terrible state.”

Prince Beautiful wanted to see that princess, and the



next minute he stood before her. The princess was a little lady, who seemed no older than Royal himself.

“Princess,” said Royal, “I have come to rescue you.”

“From what?” she asked.

“Why, from the giant who holds you a captive.”

“My poor giant! leave him? Why, he is the nicest, tamest giant you ever saw. I could not think of leaving him. Poor man! He is in trouble, too. Maybe you could help him.”

“Well, sweet princess,” said Royal, “if you will come out and take a walk, we will talk the matter over.”

“How could I go out walking with you? Why, we have not been properly introduced. Besides, I spoiled my best parasol the last time I was out; and my new summer hat has not come from the milliner’s.”

“What is your giant’s trouble, princess? Maybe I can help him.”

“He is in trouble with everybody. The chauffeur left Friday, the janitor on Saturday, and yesterday all the other servants gave notice, just because the poor man is behind with their wages. Besides, to-day is the first of the month, and all the tradespeople have come with their bills, and the poor giant is in despair, because he has no money to pay them. When I asked him ten thousand dollars for a new automobile he almost fell over. Isn’t it perfectly dreadful?”

“It is indeed too bad,” answered Royal; “but why is your giant so short of money? Why doesn’t he call in his magician and order a new supply?”

“Only last week the magician had a terrible fright when he went to the dragon for money, and lost his wand. So there is no hope unless the wand can be found. And I forgot to tell you that the gardener has left too, and it hasn’t rained for two weeks, and all the vegetables are drying up, because there is no one to water them. We are all likely to starve.”

“If we can find some one to introduce us properly,” said Royal, “I shall be delighted to take you out to dine with me.”

“But there is only one good restaurant in the country,” sighed the princess, “and that is closed for the summer.”

“I see I must find the magician’s wand,” said Royal.

“That would be perfectly charming of you,” said the

princess, with a sweet smile. "But beware of the dragon. He almost frightened the magician to death."



Royal wished to be where the wand was. He found himself instantly in a great cave in the side of a mountain. There lay a little black stick, which he judged to be the wand. He looked about, and saw the dragon stretched out along the cave, fast asleep. The dragon knew that the magician could do no harm now that he had lost his wand. So he lay down and went fast asleep, for the first time in a thousand years. He had watched over that treasure day and night.

When Royal picked up the wand the dragon awoke. Prince Beautiful was scared; and the dragon was scared at first, because he thought the magician had caught him asleep. When the dragon saw who it was, he looked very pleased. But his fiery breath came out and almost choked Royal.

“Oh, I forgot,” said the dragon, “I must breathe very gently. But don’t be afraid, I will be careful. I am charmed to see you. I have not seen a prince for more than five hundred years. It seems to be very much out of fashion in these days to go dragon hunting. But it gets very lonesome for the dragon. I’d rather be hunted than never see any one except the magician. That reminds me; I should like to make a bargain with you. If you will keep that wand and never let the magician have it again, I will let you have all the gold in the cave. I am tired of this job, and need a change of air. Besides, I should like to go out and see some of the world.”

“All right,” said Royal, “it’s a bargain.”

He took the wand and changed his handkerchief into a bag. This he filled with gold pieces till it was so heavy that he could hardly carry it. Then he said good-by to the dragon, who was just setting out on his travels, and wished himself back to the princess.

“Ah, what a clever prince you are!” said the princess when she saw the heap of gold that Royal poured out. “Now I can have that automobile. If I were only properly introduced to you, I would take you for a spin with me. But I must go and tell my poor giant. He will be greatly relieved,” and with that she hurried away.

Royal was so disgusted with the princess that he clapped the Hat of Babylon on his head and wished himself home, forgetting all about the rest of the treasure.

—GEORGE CARLTON EDWARDS.



SINBAD'S ESCAPE FROM THE VALLEY OF DIAMONDS

AFTER my first voyage I had expected to spend the remainder of my life quietly at Bagdad. But the weariness of an idle life soon overcame me, and I was seized with a desire to set forth once more.

Accordingly, with several other merchants, I set sail, and we came in the course of time to an uninhabited island. Here we landed and dined heartily, for there were many things good to the taste in this island. Finding myself disposed to sleep, I withdrew into a shady place and lay down to rest. How long I slept, I do not know, but when I awoke the ship was gone, and I was left alone.

My surprise and grief were extreme. At first I be-

moaned my fate and cried out in agony,—but then I bethought myself how useless it was to weep over what could not be helped. So I calmed myself, and the better to see what kind of a place I was in, I climbed a tall tree.

At a short distance I beheld a great white object. When I approached it I found it so smooth that it was impossible to climb it. It was fifty paces round and of a great height.

It was now the time of sunset, and all of a sudden the sky suddenly darkened as if it had been covered with a thick cloud. Looking up, I beheld a bird of size so monstrous that it completely shut out the light of heaven. I remembered that I had often heard sailors tell of a monstrous bird called the roc. I next bethought me that the great dome by which I stood must be its egg.

The place where I was left was a deep valley, surrounded on all sides with mountains so steep that it was impossible to climb them. I soon found that I was no way benefited by the exchange. As I walked along, I perceived the ground was strewn with diamonds. I examined them with much pleasure, but presently saw objects which at once put an end to all my pleasure. These were serpents, the least of which was capable of swallowing an elephant. They had now retired to their dens, to avoid their enemy, the roc; but I had no doubt I should have everything to fear from them at night.

I at once began to look for a secure retreat, and was so lucky as to find one. In the evening, as I expected, all

the serpents left their dens, and came hissing about my retreat. Though they could not hurt me, they put me into such extreme fear that I could not sleep. When the day came, the serpents retired, and I came out of my cave trembling, and I can truly say that I walked a long time upon diamonds, without having the least inclination to touch them. At last, spent with fatigue and want of rest, I was obliged to lie down to sleep; but had scarce shut my eyes when I was awakened by a great piece of fresh meat which fell close to me. Then I saw others fall from the rocks in different places.

I had never believed the stories told of the valley of diamonds, and of the means used by merchants to get jewels thence; but now I found them true. This valley, from the height and from the rocks which bound it, being utterly inaccessible to man, the adventurers come as near as may be at the time eagles hatch their young, and, by the help of machines, throw very large pieces of raw flesh high into the air. These fall upon the diamonds, whose points enter the flesh, and so they stick. The eagles, which are larger here than in any other country, convey these pieces of meat to their nests, to feed their young. But the merchants frighten away the old bird, and possess themselves of the diamonds.

I now no longer doubted the truth of this account. I began therefore very deliberately to select the largest and clearest diamonds I could find; and having filled my provision bag with them, and secured it to my girdle, I took

a piece of meat, and tying it to my back, I laid myself down with my face to the ground. In a short time one of the eagles seized me, and conveyed me to his nest.

As soon as the eagle had deposited me, the merchants, as usual, drove him away. Every merchant had his distinct nest, which was considered as his peculiar property. When the owner of the nest where I was ascended to it and saw me, he was at first much frightened. When he had recovered himself, he began to upbraid me for his disappointment; he helped me, notwithstanding, to descend, and introduced me to the other merchants, who heard my story with wonder.

When the merchants were satisfied, we all prepared to return to our several countries. Before we parted, I took aside the merchant in whose nest I was found, and showed him the bag of diamonds I had selected in the valley. I told him I considered him as my deliverer, and frankly offered to share them with him. He was astonished at their size and beauty; but I could prevail with him to accept of but one, and that one of the smallest, which, he said, would raise him as great a fortune as he wished for. We parted perfectly satisfied with each other, and I returned by the first ship to Bagdad.

We touched at the isle of Roha, where the trees grow that yield camphor.

On my arrival at Bagdad, I gave large sums to the poor, and lived honorably on the vast riches I had acquired with so much danger and fatigue.

A BOISTEROUS WINTER EVENING

WHAT way does the wind come ?

What way does he go ?

He rides over the water, and over the snow,
Through wood and through vale; and o'er rocky height
Which the goat cannot climb, takes his sounding flight.
He tosses about in every bare tree,
As, if you look up, you plainly may see ;
But how he will come, and whither he goes,
There's never a scholar in England knows.

He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook,
And ring a sharp larum ;—but, if you should look,
There's nothing to see but a cushion of snow
Round as a pillow, and whiter than milk,
And softer than if it were covered with silk.
Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a rock,
Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard cock ;
Yet seek him, and what shall you find in the place ?
Nothing but silence and empty space,
Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves
That he's left, for a bed, to beggars or thieves !

As soon as 'tis daylight to-morrow, with me
You shall go to the orchard, and then you will see
That he has been there, and made a great rout,
And cracked the branches, and strewn them about ;

Heaven grant that he spare but that one upright twig
That looked up at the sky so proud and big
All last summer, as well you know,
Studded with apples, a beautiful show !
Hark! over the roof he makes a pause,
And growls as if he would fix his claws
Right in the slates, and with a huge rattle
Drive them down, like men in a battle.

But let him range round, — he does us no harm.
We build up the fire, we're snug and warm ;
Untouched by his breath, see, the candle shines bright,
And burns with a clear and steady light.
Books have we to read — but that half-stifled knell,
Alas! 'tis the sound of the eight o'clock bell.

Come, now we'll to bed ! and when we are there,
He may work his own will, and what shall we care !
He may knock at the door, — we'll not let him in ;
May drive at the windows, — we'll laugh at his din ;
Let him seek his own home, wherever it be ;
Here's a cozy warm house for Edward and me.

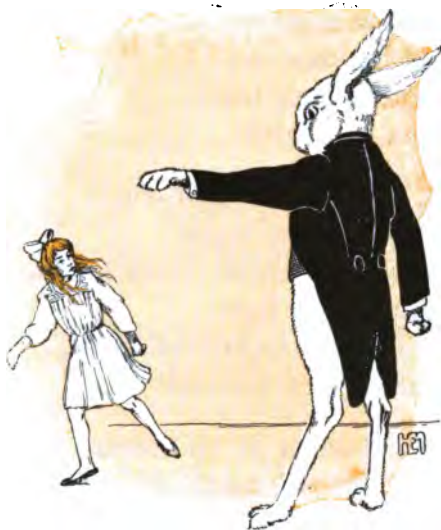
— SELECTED.

The sweetest bird builds near the ground,
The loveliest flower springs low ;
And we must stoop for happiness
If we its worth would know.

SWAIN.

THE RABBIT SENDS IN A LITTLE BILL

PART ONE



IN a little while, however, she again heard a little pattering of footsteps in the distance, and she looked up eagerly, half hoping that the Mouse had changed his mind, and was coming back to finish his story.

It was the White Rabbit, trotting slowly back again, and looking anxiously about as it went, as if it had lost something; and she heard it muttering to itself, "The Duchess! The Duchess! Oh, my dear paws! Oh, my fur and whiskers! She'll get me executed, as sure as ferrets are ferrets! Where *can* I have dropped them, I wonder!" Alice guessed in a moment that it was looking for the fan and the pair of white kid gloves, and she very good-naturedly began hunting about for them, but they were nowhere to be seen — everything seemed to have changed since her swim in the pool, and the great

hall, with the glass table and the little door, had vanished completely.

Very soon the Rabbit noticed Alice, as she went hunting about, and called out to her in an angry tone, "Why, Mary Ann, what are you doing out here? Run home this moment, and fetch me a pair of gloves and a fan! Quick, now!" And Alice was so much frightened that she ran off at once in the direction it pointed to, without trying to explain the mistake that it had made.

"He took me for his housemaid," she said to herself as she ran. "How surprised he'll be when he finds out who I am! But I'd better take him his fan and gloves — that is, if I can find them." As she said this, she came upon a neat little house, on the door of which was a bright brass plate with the name "W. RABBIT" engraved upon it. She went in without knocking, and hurried upstairs, in great fear lest she should meet the real Mary Ann, and be turned out of the house before she had found the fan and gloves.

"How queer it seems," Alice said to herself, "to be going messages for a rabbit! I suppose Dinah'll be sending me on messages next!" And she began fancying the sort of thing that would happen: "'Miss Alice! Come here directly, and get ready for your walk!' 'Coming in a minute, nurse! But I've got to watch this mouse-hole till Dinah comes back, and see that the mouse doesn't get out.' Only I don't think," Alice went on, "that they'd

let Dinah stop in the house if it began ordering people about like that!"

By this time she had found her way into a tidy little room with a table in the window, and on it (as she had hoped) a fan and two or three pairs of tiny white kid gloves. She took up the fan and a pair of the gloves, and was just going to leave the room, when her eye fell upon a little bottle that stood near the looking glass. There was no label this time with the words "DRINK ME," but nevertheless she uncorked it and put it to her lips. "I know *something* interesting is sure to happen," she said to herself, "whenever I eat or drink anything; so I'll just see what this bottle does. I do hope it'll make me grow large again, for really I'm quite tired of being such a tiny little thing!"

It did so indeed, and much sooner than she had expected. Before she had drunk half the bottle, she found her head pressing against the ceiling, and had to stoop to save her neck from being broken. She hastily put down the bottle, saying to herself, "That's quite enough—I hope I shan't grow any more. As it is, I can't get out at the door. I do wish I hadn't drunk quite so much!"

Alas! It was too late to wish that! She went on growing and growing, and very soon had to kneel down on the floor. In another minute there was not even room for this, and she tried the effect of lying down, with one elbow against the door, and the other arm curled round her head. Still she went on growing, and, as a last

resource, she put one arm out of the window, and one foot up the chimney, and said to herself, "Now I can do no more, whatever happens. What *will* become of me?"

Luckily for Alice, the little magic bottle had now had its full effect, and she grew no larger. Still it was very uncomfortable, and, as there seemed to be no sort of chance of her ever getting out of the room again, no wonder she felt unhappy.

PART TWO

"It was much pleasanter at home," thought poor Alice, "when one wasn't always growing larger and smaller, and being ordered about by mice and rabbits. I almost wish I hadn't gone down that rabbit hole — and yet — it's rather curious, you know, this sort of life! I do wonder what *can* have happened to me! When I used to read fairy tales, I fancied that kind of thing never happened, and now here I am in the middle of one! There ought to be a book written about me, that there ought! And when I grow up I'll write one. But I'm grown up now," she added, in a sorrowful tone, "at least there's no room to grow up any more *here*."

"But then," thought Alice, "shall I never get any older than I am now? That'll be a comfort, one way — never to be an old woman — but then — always to have lessons to learn! Oh, I shouldn't like that!"

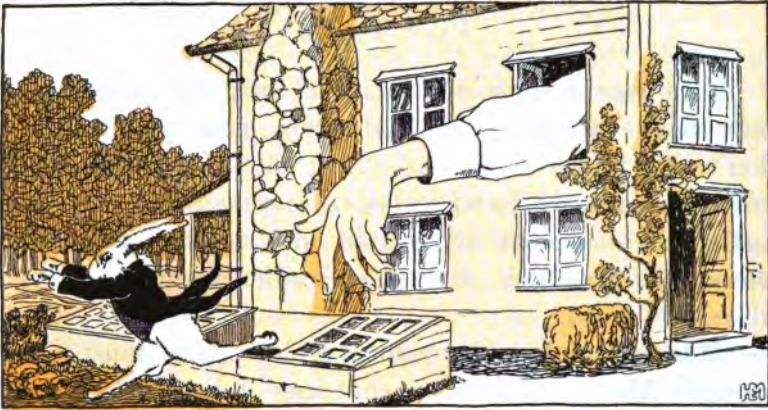
“Oh, you foolish Alice!” she answered herself. “How can you learn lessons in here? Why, there’s hardly room for you, and no room at all for any lesson books!” .

And so she went on, taking first one side and then the other, and making quite a conversation of it altogether ; but after a few minutes she heard a voice outside, and stopped to listen.

“Mary Ann! Mary Ann!” said the voice, “fetch me my gloves this moment!” Then came a little pattering of feet on the stairs. Alice knew it was the Rabbit coming to look for her, and she trembled till she shook the house, quite forgetting that she was now about a thousand times as large as the Rabbit, and had no reason to be afraid of it.

Presently the Rabbit came up to the door, and tried to open it ; but as the door opened inwards, and Alice’s elbow was pressed hard against it, that attempt proved a failure. Alice heard it say to itself, “Then I’ll go round and get in the window.”

“That you won’t!” thought Alice, and, after waiting till she fancied she heard the Rabbit just under the window, she suddenly spread out her hand, and made a snatch in the air. She did not get hold of anything, but she heard a little shriek and a fall, and a crash of broken glass, from which she concluded that it was just possible it had fallen into a cucumber frame, or something of the sort.



Next came an angry voice — the Rabbit's -- "Pat! Pat! Where are you?" And then a voice she had never heard before, "Sure then I'm here! Digging for apples, yer honor!"

"Digging for apples, indeed!" said the Rabbit, angrily. "Here! Come and help me out of *this!*" (Sounds of more broken glass.)

"Now tell me, Pat, what's that in the window?"

"Sure, it's an arm, yer honor!" (He pronounced it "arrum.")

"An arm, you goose! Who ever saw one that size? Why, it fills the whole window!"

"Sure, it does, yer honor: but it's an arm for all that."

"Well, it's got no business there, at any rate; go and take it away!"

PART THREE

There was a long silence after this, and Alice could only hear whispers now and then, such as, "Sure, I don't like it, yer honor, at all, at all!" "Do as I tell you, you coward!" and at last she spread out her hand again and made another snatch in the air. This time there were two little shrieks, and more sounds of broken glass.

"What a number of cucumber frames there must be!" thought Alice. "I wonder what they'll do next! As for pulling me out of this window, I only wish they could. I'm sure I don't want to stay in here any longer!"

She waited for some time without hearing anything more. At last came a rumbling of little cart wheels, and the sound of a good many voices all talking together. She made out the words, "Where's the other ladder?—Why, I hadn't to bring but one: Bill's got the other—Bill, fetch it here, lad!—Here, put 'em up at this corner—No, tie 'em together first—they don't reach half high enough yet—Oh! they'll do well enough; don't be particular—Here, Bill, catch hold of this rope—Will the roof bear?—Mind that loose slate—Oh, it's coming down! Heads below!" (a loud crash)—"Now, who did that?—It was Bill, I fancy—Who's to go down the chimney?—Nay, I shan't! You do it!—That I won't then!—Bill's got to go down—Here, Bill! the master says you've got to go down the chimney!"

“Oh, so Bill’s got to come down the chimney, has he?” said Alice to herself. “Why, they seem to put everything upon Bill! I wouldn’t be in Bill’s place for a good deal: this fireplace is narrow, to be sure, but I *think* I can kick a little!”

She drew her foot as far down the chimney as she could, and waited till she heard a little animal (she couldn’t guess of what sort it was) scratching and scrambling about in the chimney close above her: then, saying to herself, “This is Bill,” she gave one sharp kick, and waited to see what would happen next.

The first thing she heard was a general chorus of “There goes Bill!” Then the Rabbit’s voice alone, “Catch him, you by the hedge!” Then silence, and then another confusion of voices — “Hold up his head — Brandy now — Don’t choke him — How was it, old fellow? What happened to you? Tell us all about it!”

Last came a little, feeble, squeaking voice (“that’s Bill,” thought Alice), “Well, I hardly know. No more, thank ye, I’m better now; but I’m a deal too flustered to tell you. All I know is, something comes at me like a Jack-in-the-box, and up I goes like a skyrocket!”

“So you did, old fellow!” said the others. “We must burn the house down!” said the Rabbit’s voice. And Alice called out as loud as she could, “If you do, I’ll set Dinah at you!”

There was a dead silence instantly, and Alice thought to herself, “I wonder what they *will* do next! If they

had any sense, they'd take the roof off." After a minute or two they began moving about again, and Alice heard the Rabbit say, "A barrowful will do, to begin with."

"A barrowful of *what?*" thought Alice; but she had not long to doubt, for the next moment a shower of little pebbles came rattling in at the window, and some of them hit her in the face. "I'll put a stop to this," she said to herself, and shouted out, "You'd better not do that again!" which produced another dead silence.

Alice noticed with some surprise that the pebbles were all turning into little cakes as they lay on the floor, and a bright idea came into her head. "If I eat one of these cakes," she thought, "it's sure to make some change in my size: and as it can't possibly make me larger, it must make me smaller, I suppose."

So she swallowed some of the cakes, and was delighted to find that she began shrinking directly. As soon as she was small enough to get through the door, she ran out of the house, and found quite a crowd of little animals and birds waiting outside. The poor little lizard, Bill, was in the middle, being held up by two guinea-pigs, who were giving it something out of a bottle. They all made a rush at Alice the moment she appeared, but she ran off as hard as she could, and soon found herself safe in a thick wood.

— LEWIS CARROLL.



THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

THE sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might ;
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright —
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done —
“ It’s very rude of him,” she said,
“ To come and spoil the fun ! ”

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry ;
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky ;
No birds were flying overhead —
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand ;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand.
“ If this were only cleared away,”
They said, “ it would be grand ! ”

“ If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose,” the Walrus said,
“ That they could get it clear ? ”
“ I doubt it,” said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

“ O Oysters, come and walk with us ! ”
The Walrus did beseech.
“ A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach ;
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each.”

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said ;
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head —
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat ;
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat —
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four ;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more and more and more —
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low ;
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

“The time has come,” the Walrus said,
“To talk of many things : |
Of shoes — and shops — and sealing wax —
Of cabbages — and kings —
And why the sea is boiling hot —
And whether pigs have wings.”

“But wait a bit,” the Oysters cried,
“Before we have our chat ;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat !”
“No hurry !” said the Carpenter,
They thanked him much for that.

“A loaf of bread,” the Walrus said,
“Is what we chiefly need :
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed —
Now if you’re ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed.”

“But not on us !” the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
“After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do !”
“The night is fine,” the Walrus said,
“Do you admire the view ?

“ It was kind of you to come !
And you are very nice.”
The carpenter said nothing but
“ Cut us another slice ;
I wish you were not quite so deaf —
I’ve had to ask you twice !”

“ It seems a shame,” the Walrus said,
“ To play them such a trick,
After we’ve brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick !”
The Carpenter said nothing but
“ The butter’s spread too thick !”

“ I weep for you,” the Walrus said ;
“ I deeply sympathize.”
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

“ O Oysters,” said the Carpenter,
“ You’ve had a pleasant run !
Shall we be trotting home again ?”
But answer came there none —
And this was scarcely odd, because
They’d eaten every one.

— LEWIS CARROLL.



LOOKING-GLASS HOUSE

ONE thing was certain, that the white kitten had had nothing to do with it:—it was the black kitten's fault entirely. For the white kitten had been having its face washed by the old cat for the last quarter of an hour (and bearing it pretty well, considering); so you see that it *couldn't* have had any hand in the mischief.

The way Dinah washed her children's faces was this: first she held the poor thing down by its ear with one paw, and then with the other paw she rubbed its face all over, the wrong way, beginning at the nose; and just now, as I said, she was hard at work on the white kitten, which

was lying quite still and trying to purr — no doubt feeling that it was all meant for its good.

But the black kitten had been finished with earlier in the afternoon, and so, while Alice was sitting curled up in a corner of the great armchair, half talking to herself and half asleep, the kitten had been having a grand game of romps with the ball of worsted Alice had been trying to wind up, and had been rolling it up and down till it had all come undone again, and there it was, spread over the hearthrug, all knots and tangles, with the kitten running after its own tail in the middle.

“Oh, you wicked, wicked little thing!” cried Alice, catching up the kitten and giving it a little kiss to make it understand that it was in disgrace. “Really, Dinah ought to have taught you better manners! You ought, Dinah, you know you ought!” she added, looking reproachfully at the old cat, and speaking in as cross a voice as she could manage — and then she scrambled back into the armchair, taking the kitten and the worsted with her, and began winding up the ball again. But she didn’t get on very fast, as she was talking all the time, sometimes to the kitten, and sometimes to herself. Kitty sat very demurely on her knee, pretending to watch the progress of the winding, and now and then putting out one paw and gently touching the ball, as if it would be glad to help if it might.

“Do you know what to-morrow is, Kitty?” Alice began. “You’d have guessed if you’d been up in the window with me — only Dinah was making you tidy, so you

couldn't. I was watching the boys getting in sticks for the bonfire — and it wants plenty of sticks, Kitty! Only it got so cold, and it snowed so, they had to leave off. Never mind, Kitty, we'll go to see the bonfire to-morrow." Here Alice wound two or three turns of the worsted round the kitten's neck, just to see how it would look; this led to a scramble, in which the ball rolled down upon the floor, and yards and yards of it got unwound again.

"Do you know, I was so angry, Kitty," Alice went on, as soon as they were comfortably settled again, "when I saw all the mischief you had been doing, I was very nearly opening the window, and putting you out into the snow! And you'd have deserved it, you little mischievous darling! What have you got to say for yourself? Now don't interrupt me!" she went on, holding up one finger. "I'm going to tell you all your faults. Number one: you squeaked twice while Dinah was washing your face this morning. Now you can't deny it, Kitty: I heard you! What's that you say?" (pretending that the kitten was speaking). "Her paw went into your eye? Well, that's *your* fault, for keeping your eyes open — if you'd shut them tight up, it wouldn't have happened. Now don't make any more excuses, but listen! Number two: you pulled Snowdrop away by the tail just as I had put down the saucer of milk before her. What, you were thirsty, were you? How do you know she wasn't thirsty, too? Now for number three: you unwound every bit of the worsted while I wasn't looking!

“That’s three faults, kitty, and you’ve not been punished for any of them yet. You know I’m saving up all your punishments for Wednesday week. Suppose they had saved up all my punishments!” she went on, talking more to herself than the kitten. “What would they do at the end of a year? I should be sent to prison, I suppose, when the day came. Or — let me see — suppose each punishment was to be going without a dinner: then, when the miserable day came, I should have to go without fifty dinners at once! Well, I shouldn’t mind *that* much! I’d far rather go without them than eat them.

“Do you hear the snow against the window panes, Kitty? How nice and soft it sounds! Just as if some one was kissing the window all over outside. I wonder if the snow *loves* the trees and fields, that it kisses so gently? And then it covers them up snug, you know, with a white quilt; and perhaps it says ‘Go to sleep, darlings, till the summer comes again.’ And when they wake up in the summer, Kitty, they dress themselves all in green, and dance about — whenever the wind blows — oh, that’s very pretty!” cried Alice, dropping the ball of worsted to clap her hands. “And I do so *wish* it were true! I’m sure the woods look sleepy in the autumn, when the leaves are getting brown.

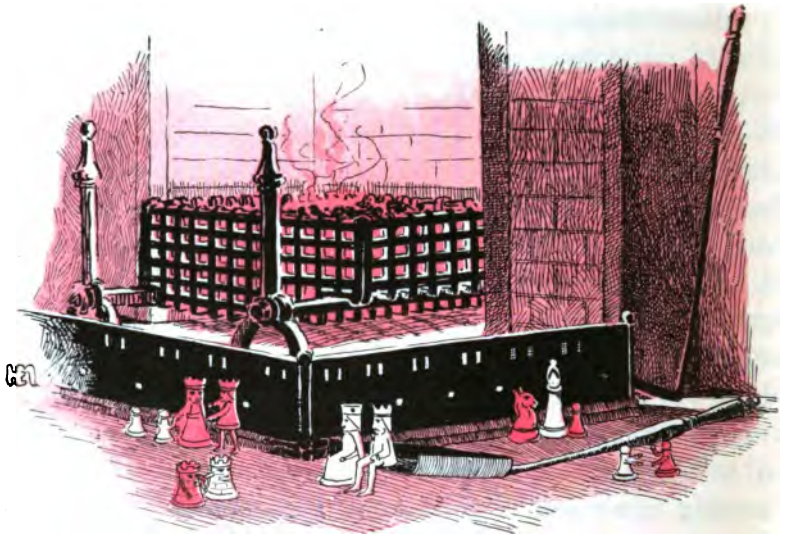
“Kitty, can you play chess? Now, don’t smile, my dear, I’m asking it seriously. Because, when we were playing just now, you watched just as if you understood it: and when I said ‘Check!’ you purred! Well, it *was* a nice

check, Kitty, and really I might have won, if it hadn't been for that nasty Knight, that came wriggling down among my pieces. Kitty, dear, let's pretend — let's pretend that you're the Red Queen, Kitty! Do you know, I think if you sat up and folded your arms, you'd look exactly like her. Now do try, there's a dear!" And Alice got the Red Queen off the table, and set it up before the kitten as a model for it to imitate: however, the thing didn't succeed, principally, Alice said, because the kitten wouldn't fold its arms properly. So, to punish it, she held it up to the Looking-glass, that it might see how sulky it was — "and if you're not good directly," she added, "I'll put you through into Looking-glass House. How would you like that?"

"Now, if you'll only attend, Kitty, and not talk so much, I'll tell you all my ideas about Looking-glass House. First, there's the room you can see through the glass — that's just the same as our drawing-room, only the things go the other way. I can see all of it when I get upon a chair — all but the bit just behind the fire place. Oh! I do so wish I could see *that* bit! I want so much to know whether they've a fire in the winter: you never *can* tell, you know, unless our fire smokes, and then smoke comes up in that room too — but that may be only pretense, just to make it look as if they had a fire. Well then, the books are something like our books, only the words go the wrong way; I know that, because I've held up one of our books to the glass, and then they hold up one in the other room.

“How would you like to live in Looking-glass House, Kitty? I wonder if they'd give you milk in there? Perhaps Looking-glass milk isn't good to drink. But oh, Kitty! now we come to the passage. You can just see a little *peep* of the passage in Looking-glass House, if you leave the door of our drawing-room wide open: and it's very like our passage as far as you can see, only you know it may be quite different on beyond. Oh, Kitty! how nice it would be if we could only get through into Looking-glass House! I'm sure its got, oh! such beautiful things in it! Let's pretend there's a way of getting through into it, somehow, Kitty. Let's pretend the glass has got all soft like gauze, so that we can get through. Why, it's turning into a sort of mist now, I declare! It'll be easy enough to get through.” She was up on the chimney-piece while she said this, though she hardly knew how she had got there. And certainly the glass *was* beginning to melt away, just like a bright silvery mist.

In another moment Alice was through the glass, and had jumped lightly down into the Looking-glass room. The very first thing she did was to look whether there was a fire in the fireplace, and she was quite pleased to find that there was a real one blazing away as brightly as the one she had left behind. “So I shall be as warm here as I was in the old room,” thought Alice: “warmer, in fact, because there'll be no one here to scold me away from the fire. Oh, what fun it'll be, when they see me through the glass in here, and can't get at me!”



Then she began looking about, and noticed that what could be seen from the old room was quite common and uninteresting, but that all the rest was as different as possible. For instance, the pictures on the wall next the fire seemed to be all alive, and the very clock on the chimney piece (you know you can only see the back of it in the Looking-glass) had got the face of a little old man, and grinned at her.

“They don’t keep this room so tidy as the other,” Alice thought to herself, as she noticed several of the chessmen down in the hearth among the cinders; but in another moment, with a little “oh!” of surprise, she was down on her hands and knees watching them. The chessmen were walking about, two and two!

“Here are the Red King and the Red Queen,” Alice said (in a whisper, for fear of frightening them), “and there are the White King and the White Queen sitting on the edge of the shovel—and here are two castles walking arm in arm—I don’t think they can hear me,” she went on as she put her head closer down, “and I’m nearly sure they can’t see me. I feel as if I were invisible.”

Here something began squeaking on the table behind Alice, and made her turn her head just in time to see one of the White Pawns roll over and begin kicking; she watched it to see what would happen next.

“It is the voice of my child!” the White Queen cried out, as she rushed past the King, so violently that she knocked him over among the cinders. “My precious Lily! My imperial kitten!” and she began scrambling wildly up the side of the fender.

“Imperial fiddlestick!” said the King, rubbing his nose, which had been hurt by the fall. He had a right to be a *little* annoyed with the Queen, for he was covered with ashes from head to foot.

Alice was very anxious to be of use, and, as the poor little Lily was nearly screaming herself into a fit, she hastily picked up the Queen and set her on the table by the side of her noisy little daughter.

The Queen gasped, and sat down; the rapid journey through the air had quite taken away her breath, and for a minute she could do nothing but hug the little Lily in silence. As soon as she had recovered her breath a little,

she called out to the White King, who was sitting sulkily among the ashes, "Mind the volcano!"

"What volcano?" said the King, looking up anxiously into the fire, as if he thought that was the most likely place to find one.

"Blew — me — up," panted the Queen, who was still a little out of breath. "Mind you come up—the regular way — don't get blown up!"

Alice watched the White King as he slowly struggled up from bar to bar, till at last she said, "Why, you'll be hours and hours getting to the table, at that rate. I'd far better help you, hadn't I?" But the King took no notice of the question. It was quite clear that he could neither hear her nor see her.

So Alice picked him up very gently, and lifted him across more slowly than she had lifted the Queen, that she mightn't take his breath away; but, before she put him on the table, she thought she might as well dust him a little, he was so covered with ashes.

She said afterwards that she had never seen in all her life such a face as the King had made, when he found himself lifted in the air by an invisible hand, and being dusted. He was far too much astonished to cry out, but his eyes and his mouth went on getting larger and larger, and rounder and rounder, till her hand shook so with laughing that she nearly let him drop upon the floor.

"Oh! *please* don't make such faces, my dear!" she cried out, quite forgetting that the King couldn't hear her.

“ You make me laugh so that I can hardly hold you! And don’t keep your mouth so wide open! All the ashes will get into it — there, now I think you’re tidy enough!” she added, as she smoothed his hair, and set him upon the table near the Queen.

The King immediately fell flat on his back, and lay perfectly still; and Alice was a little alarmed at what she had done, and went round the room to see if she could find any water to throw over him. However, she could find nothing but a bottle of ink, and when she got back with it she found he had recovered, and he and the queen were talking together in a frightened whisper — so low that Alice could hardly hear what they said.

The King was saying, “ I assure you, my dear, I turned cold to the very ends of my whiskers ! ”

To which the Queen replied, “ You haven’t got any whiskers.”

“ The horror of that moment,” the King went on, “ I shall never, *never* forget! ”

“ You will, though,” the Queen said, “ if you don’t make a memorandum of it.”

Alice looked on with great interest as the King took an enormous memorandum book out of his pocket, and began writing. A sudden thought struck her, and she took hold of the end of the pencil, which came some way over his shoulder, and began writing for him.

The poor King looked puzzled and unhappy, struggled with the pencil for some time without saying anything;

but Alice was too strong for him, and at last he panted out, "My dear! I really *must* get a thinner pencil. I can't manage this one bit ; it writes all manner of things that I don't intend."

"What manner of things?" said the Queen, looking over the book (in which Alice had put "The White King is sliding down the poker. He balances very badly"). "That's not a memorandum of *your* feelings!"

"Oh!" thought Alice, suddenly jumping up, "if I don't make haste I shall have to go back through the Looking-glass, before I've seen what the rest of the house is like! Let's have a look at the garden first!" She was out of the room in a moment, and ran downstairs—or, at least, it wasn't exactly running, but as a new invention for getting downstairs quickly and easily, as Alice said to herself. She just kept the tips of her fingers on the hand rail, and floated gently down without even touching the stairs with her feet ; then she floated on through the hall, and would have gone straight out of the door in the same way, if she hadn't caught hold of the door post. She was getting a little giddy with so much floating in the air, and was rather glad to find herself walking again in the natural way.

—LEWIS CARROLL.

Pleasure comes through toil; when one gets to love his work, his life is a happy one.

—JOHN RUSKIN.



“COME, little ones, quickly,” King Frost said,
To his fairy children; “the sun’s gone to bed.
There’s a world of work this night to be done—
A world of work, and a world of fun.

“To-morrow is Christmas, and we must see
All things set right for a day of glee.
O’er the cold old earth we’ll quietly hover,
And wrap her snug in a soft white cover.

“The trees that look so bare and brown
We’ll clothe in a glittering silver gown;
For the little twigs thick mittens we’ll knit;
On stumps and fence-posts caps we’ll fit.

“For river and pond these clothes won’t do;
Such husky boys would wear them through,
In their games with the frolic wind and sun,
Before to-morrow was hardly begun.

“So make them stouter garments instead,
And lay them quietly over their bed.
Don't let the wind know what you're doing
Or there'll be trouble of all sorts brewing.

“He's a mischief-maker, who likes to spoil
The plans of others and wreck their toil;
So weave a spell so strong and deep,
Around his cave, that he will sleep.



“Now off to your duties, everyone,
And bring me word when you are done.
Take shuttles and needles and thimbles and shears,
And make for all things white holiday gears.”

The Frost Fairies darted away in glee
To river and streamlet and cottage and tree.
Some went to the clouds and sifted down
The pure white wool for every gown.

Some straight to the moon their journey made,
Awoke the old fellow, and got his aid.
Then down they showered his silvery beams
For warp in the garments and thread for the seams.

Below in the world, in tree and on roof
The deft little fairies took warp and woof,
And wove and knitted and sewed and spun,
And long ere the morning their work was done.

The fields and the hamlets, the elms and oaks
Were fitted with mufflers and furry cloaks,
The windows were traced with many a line,
Into flower and fern of fairy design.

Every last thing that the eye could see
Was clad in vestments of purity.
And when the first sunbeam shot through the air,
The spirit of Christmas was everywhere.

— CHARLES M. STEBBINS.

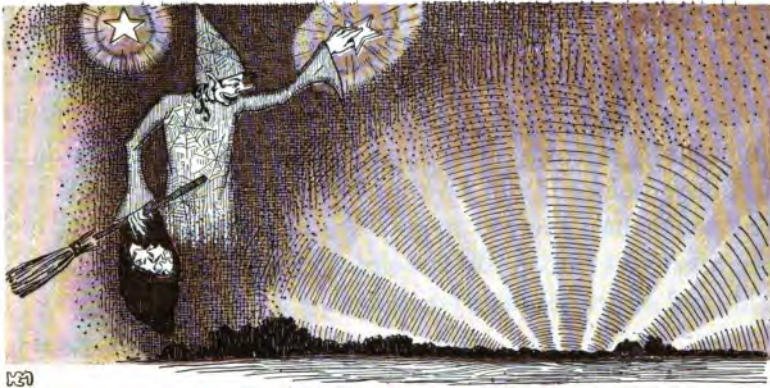


DILLY BAL

If the reader, seated on the magic cloak of some competent story teller, were transported to the heart of Africa, where the mountains, with their feet in the jungle, reach the moon, or to China, or the Islands of the Sea, the hero of the tale would be the same. His name is Dilly Bal, and he carries on his operations wherever there are stars in the sky. He is a restless and roving creature, flitting to and fro between all points of the compass.

When King Sun crawls into his trundle bed and begins to snore, Dilly Bal creeps forth from Somewhere, or maybe from Nowhere, which is just on the other side, fetching with him a long broom, which he swishes about to such purpose that the katydids hear it and are frightened. They hide under the leaves and are heard no more that night. That is why you never hear them crying and disputing when you chance to be awake after midnight.

But Dilly Bal knows nothing of the katydids; he has his own duties to perform, and his own affairs to attend to; and these, as you will presently see, are very pressing. It is his business, as well as his pleasure, to be the house-keeper of the sky, which he dusts and tidies and puts in order. It is a part of his duty to see that the stars are safely bestowed against the moment when old King Sun shall emerge from his tent, and begin his march over



the world. And then, in the dusk of the evening, Dilly Bal must take each star from the bag in which he carries it, polish it bright, and put it in its proper place.

Sometimes, as you may have observed, a star will fall while Dilly Bal is handling it. This happens when he is nervous for fear that King Sun, instead of going to bed in his tent, has crept back and is watching from behind the cloud mountains. Sometimes a star falls quite by accident, as when Lucindy or Patience drops a plate in the kitchen. You will be sure to know Dilly Bal when you see him, for, in handling the stars and dusting the sky, his clothes get full of yellow cobwebs which he never bothers himself to brush off.

But Dilly Bal's most difficult job is with the Moon. Regularly the Moon blackens her face in a vain effort to

hide from King Sun. If she used smut or soot, Dilly Bal's task would not be so difficult; but she has found a lake of pitch somewhere in Africa, and in this lake she smears her face till it is so black her best friends wouldn't know her. The pitch is such sticky stuff that it is days and days before it can be rubbed off. The truth is, Dilly Bal never does succeed in getting all the pitch off. At her brightest, the Moon shows signs of it. So said Thomas Tid, and so we all firmly believed.

— JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

A FAIRY SONG

COME, follow, follow me,
Ye fairy elves that be,
Light tripping o'er the green,
Come follow Mab your queen;
Hand in hand we'll dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest,
Unheard and unespied,
Through the keyholes we do glide;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And, if the house be foul
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Upstairs we nimbly creep
And find the sluts asleep :
Then we pinch their arms and thighs ;
None us hears, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duly she is paid :
Every night before we go
We drop a tester in her shoe.

Then o'er a mushroom's head,
Our tablecloth we spread ;
A grain of rye or wheat,
The diet that we eat ;
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn cups filled to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snails,
Between two cockles stewed,
Is meat that's easy chewed ;
Tails of worms and marrow of mice
Do make a dish that's wondrous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsy,

Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so the time beguile ;
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy grass
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk ;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

—OLD SONG.

WOODS IN WINTER

PEOPLE who never visit the country except in the season between May and October are prone to imagine that the forest is only really beautiful when it is covered with foliage. But painters, hunters, and those generally who frequent the woods in all seasons, know that this is not the case.

Winter reveals to us a different aspect of sylvan nature, in which there is a severer grandeur, a more delicate, a soberer coloring, a more mysterious silence. The poet Lenau claimed that a mountain is only truly beautiful when it is bald ; one might say also that to judge of the true beauty of a tree it must be seen when it has lost its leaves. When once its clothing has fallen off, it appears in the mighty ordering of its architecture.

We can admire at leisure the bold upshooting of its trunk, the robust framework of its boughs, and better grasp its character and personality. The beech then shows us fully the slender roundness of its silvery column and the graceful drooping of its delicate branches; the oak shows the strong frame of its gnarled trunk and the dramatic attitude of its passionate, black, wild branches; the birch, the free grace of its stem, with its satin-like bark and its waving twigs.

A SKATING SONG

AWAY! away! our fires stream bright

Along the frozen river;

And their arrowy sparkles of frosty light

On the forest branches quiver.

Away! away! for the stars are forth,

And on the pure snows of the valley,

In a giddy trance, the moonbeams dance —

Come, let us our comrades rally!

Away! away! o'er the sheeted ice,

Away, away we go;

On our steel-bound feet we move as fleet

As deer o'er the Lapland snow.

What though the sharp north winds are out,

The skater heeds them not —

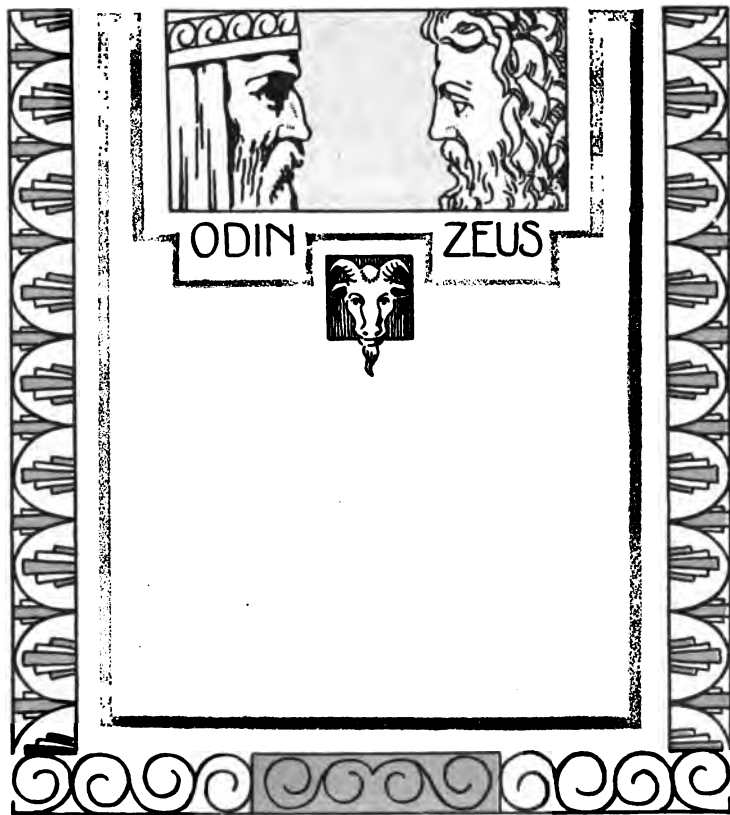
'Midst the laugh and shout of the jocund rout,

Gray winter is forgot.

Let others choose more gentle sports,
By the side of the winter hearth ;
Or 'neath the lamps of the festal halls,
Seek for their share of mirth ;
But as for me, away ! away !
Where the merry skaters be —
Where the fresh wind blows, and the smooth ice glows,
There is the place for me.

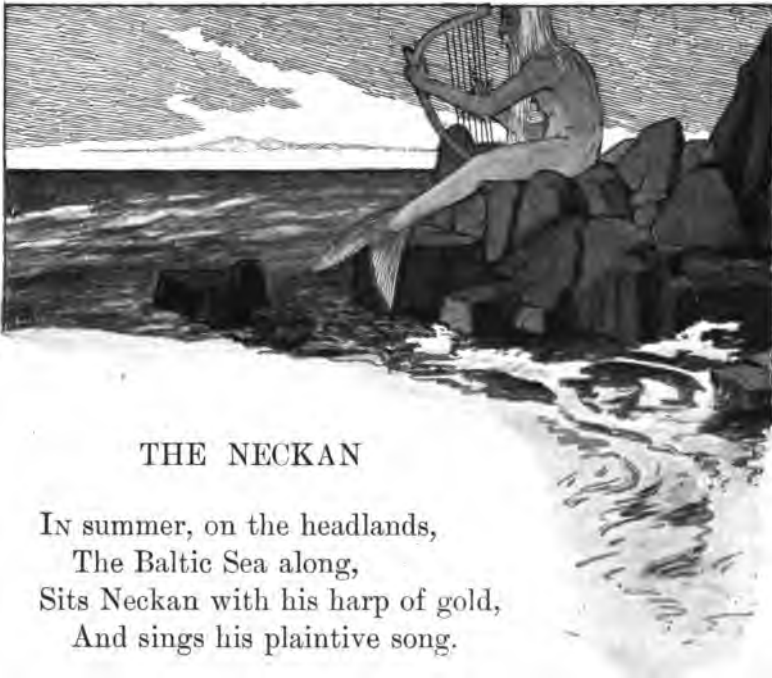
— EPHRAIM PEABODY.

STORIES OF MYTHLAND!



*Olympus is untenanted,
Valhalla is no more,
Unpeopled is each leafy bed,
Untrod each grassy shore :
For dryads, gods, and nymphs have fled
From haunts they loved of yore.*

*Yet they have left sweet memories
That linger through the earth :
And dearer is each whispering breeze,
Each tree of truer worth,
Because, once, happy myths like these
In beauty had their birth.*



THE NECKAN

IN summer, on the headlands,
The Baltic Sea along,
Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,
And sings his plaintive song.

Green rolls beneath the headlands,
Green rolls the Baltic Sea ;
And there, below the Neckan's feet,
His wife and children be.

He sings not of the ocean,
Its shells and roses pale ;
Of earth, of earth the Neckan sings,
He hath no other tale.

He sits upon the headlands,
And sings a mournful stave
Of all he saw and felt on earth
Far from the kind sea wave.

Sings how, a knight, he wander'd
By castle, field, and town —
But earthly knights have harder hearts
Than the sea children own.

Sings of his earthly bridal —
Priest, knights, and ladies gay.
“ — And who art thou,” the priest began,
“ Sir Knight, who wedd’st to-day ? ” —

“ — I am no knight,” he answered ;
“ From the sea waves I come,” —
The knights drew sword, the ladies scream’d,
The surpliced priest stood dumb.

He sings how from the chapel
He vanish’d with his bride,
And bore her down to the sea halls
Beneath the salt sea tide.

He sings how she sits weeping
’Mid shells that round her lie.
“ — False Neckan shares my bed,” she weeps ;
“ No Christian mate have I,” —



He sings how through the billows
He rose to earth again,
And sought a priest to sign the cross,
That Neckan heaven might gain.

He sings how, on an evening,
Beneath the birch trees cool,
He sate and play'd his harp of gold,
Beside the river pool.

Beside the pool sate Neckan —
Tears filled his mild blue eye.
On his white mule, across the bridge,
A cassock'd priest rode by.

“—Why sitt'st thou here, O Neckan,
And play'st thy harp of gold?
Sooner shall this my staff bear leaves,
Than thou shalt heaven behold.” —

But, lo, the staff, it budded !
It green'd, it branch'd, it waved.
“—O ruth of God,” the priest cried out,
“This lost sea creature saved !”

The cassock'd priest rode onwards,
And vanished with his mule ;
But Neckan in the twilight gray
Wept by the river pool.

He wept : “ The earth hath kindness,
The sea, the starry poles ;
Earth, sea, and sky, and God above —
But, ah, not human souls ! ”

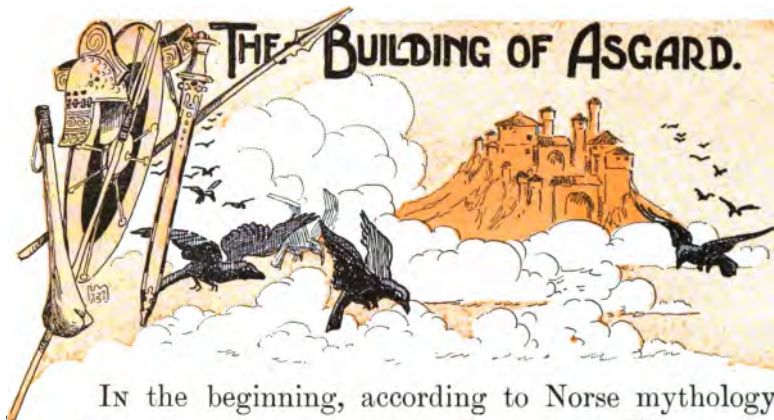
In summer, on the headlands,
The Baltic Sea along,
Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,
And sings this plaintive song.

— MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE VOICE OF SPRING

I come, I come ! ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountains, with light and song.
Ye may trace my step o'er the waking earth,
By the winds which tell of the violets birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

— FELICIA HEMANS.



IN the beginning, according to Norse mythology, there were three races on the earth. There were giants, who lived in the far north ; the gods, who lived in the east ; and men, who were scattered about over the face of the earth.

The giants hated both the gods and men, and made war upon them to destroy them utterly.

Finally a great battle took place, and the giants were overthrown, and all were slain with the exception of one, who fled far into the foreign north, and there built him a stronghold, which was called Jotunheim.

After this great victory Odin, the Allfather and king of the gods, called around him all the other gods.

“ Heroic ones,” he said, “ we have won a great victory ; all are enemies except him who has fled in desolation. We have put evil from us here. We must therefore go elsewhere to destroy evil from the earth ; for we live only as long as we fight evil.”

The other gods looked about them. North, south, east, and west evil had vanished.

"It is well, Allfather," they said; "lead and we follow."

"To the north," replied Odin, "cold binds the earth; to the south, the heat has established a great desert; in the east the sun rises, and he travels over westward. We will follow his course."

"Then westward ho!" all the gods shouted. And with one accord they set out on their westward journey.

In the midst rode Father Odin clad in a gray mantle. On his head rested his eagle helmet, and in his hand he carried his wonderful spear Gungnir. On his right rode Thor the thunderer and war god, and on his left his beloved Balder, the god of beauty and light.

Frigga, the queen of the gods, rode behind Odin in a chariot of shells, surrounded by her maidens and the other goddesses. It was a wonderful procession, and it was a long journey on which they had set.

Eleven months they traveled westward, over mountain and valley, over forest and fen, until at last they came to a great sea. Here they encamped, but were disturbed by mysterious whisperings. At last a hurricane broke upon them, and Odin knew that the whisperings had come from the spirits of the winds. The storm blew down several of the tents and did great mischief to the possessions of the gods. But Odin was undisturbed.

"Cease your wild pranks, O Vanir," he said, stretching forth his mighty arms to the tempestuous elements. "In

what wise have we offended you that you treat us so harshly?"

Suddenly the winds died down, and Niord, the chief of the Vanir or wind spirits, spoke unto Odin.

"We have heard, O mighty Odin, how you overthrew the giants, and we know that you are truly the great gods. We hoped therefore to stir your wrath, and thus to battle with you. But since you will not have it so, we would be friends, and work your will upon the earth."

"Then tell us, gentle Niord," said Odin, "for thou travelest the whole earth; what has become of that one giant who escaped the battle and fled?"

"Yonder to the far north, beyond this sea, — he lives," said Niord; "and there he builds his castles and rears his offspring, who are a worse brood than those that ye have slain. He calls his realm Jotunheim."

"This is ill news," said Frigga, "for this hideous race will come again and lay waste the earth, and man will perish."

"To prevent that," answered Odin, "we will build here a great city, and it shall stand between the earth and Jotunheim, and no giant shall be able to pass over our ramparts. So man and his children will be safe. And they shall increase and cultivate the earth, and it shall prosper."

A great shout went up from all the gods, so that the mountains trembled, and the sound of it was heard even in Jotunheim, and the giants trembled. On earth men said that it had thundered.

At once the gods set to work, and the walls of a mighty city began to rise. With great joy and a mighty will Odin and Thor and Balder and all their brethren worked. Early and late they toiled, exerting their great strength and magic powers to the utmost. For weeks and months and years the work went forward.

Even the goddesses became so interested that they shared in the labor. Frigga herself, the queen, brought stones in a marble wheelbarrow. The other goddesses brought water in golden buckets, and mixed the mortar with silver plates. So the walls of the great city were built with labor and great joy. Inside marble hall after marble hall arose, tower after tower, and palace after palace, until in the end all was finished.

A great happiness took possession of all the gods as they stood and looked at their work. In the center was the seat of Odin, which they called Air Throne. On one side of this was the palace of Frigga, and on the other Gladsheim, in which was a great hall called Valhalla. This hall was decorated with spears and shields and coats of mail. It had five hundred and forty entrance gates, through each of which eight hundred men could ride abreast. This was the hall of heroes ; here Odin received all brave men after death, and here they continued their heroic lives.

That night all the gods feasted in Valhalla, and rejoiced together over the success of their great labors. Their new home they named Asgard, which means the abode of the gods.

C. M. S.

THE COST OF WISDOM

THE morning after Asgard had been finished, Odin seated himself upon Air Throne and looked out over the whole earth.

“It is very beautiful,” he said, “but there is much to be done. Men are so thoughtless and simple; besides, there are the giants and the dwarfs that ever work mischief and evil. I behold now a man sowing seeds in the field, and behind him is a wicked dwarf changing the seeds into stones. Many a cruel deed those dwarfs have done, but there must be an end to this.”

The Allfather called his messenger Hermod and sent him to summon the dwarfs and light elves to the palace of Gladsheim. The elves began to tremble when they heard the command, but they knew it would be better for them to obey. Accordingly they obeyed at once; and, when they arrived, they found Odin and the other gods in the judgment hall of the palace. Whispering and cringing they came into the presence of Allfather. They feared punishment for their wickedness.

“Why,” said Odin to the black elves, “do you work evil to man? Even now, I behold you attempting to slay Krasir.”

“Nay, nay, Allfather,” cried the dwarfs, “you are mistaken. It was only a joke we were about to play on noble Krasir.”

“For your evil doing and your falsehood,” cried Odin,

“I banish you workers of sin to the inmost center of the earth. There you shall feed forever the great fires that warm the world.”

“But, Allfather,” cried some of the dwarfs, “many of us have never delighted in evil; we have only done mischief now and then.”

“Such,” said Odin, “are to work in the mines, making for man’s use metals and precious stones.”

All the dwarfs scampered away, anxious to escape the presence of the angry Allfather, but the light elves.

“And what,” went on Odin, “shall I say to you; you have neither done good nor evil? You must learn something good to do at once, else your idle heads and idle hands will turn toward mischief.”

“But, Father Odin,” cried the light elves, “we need some one to teach us. Wilt thou not show us what to do?”

“Alas,” said the Allfather, “I cannot be your teacher. I know not what to teach you. Oh, for wisdom to teach aright all those who need the light!”

He turned to the other gods, but none would undertake to teach the light elves what they should do. At last Odin turned to Niord, and asked if he could not find teachers for the light elves. The wind god nodded and left the palace.

Niord went out and sat upon a tall mountain peak. Then he made a low penetrating whistle that gradually died down into a soft strain of music. This he continued

for a long time, and then two beautiful creatures, Frey and Freya, came to him from the south.

Njord led his son and daughter to Gladsheim, and presented them to Father Odin.

“My lord and brother,” he said, “I offer you my son Frey to act as teacher of the light elves. He is god of summer, the spirit of the clouds and sunshine.”

“Welcome to our hall, noble Frey,” cried Odin; “and what wilt thou teach these little elves?”

“If they will serve me faithfully,” answered Frey, “I will teach them how to open the buds, how to put honey into the blossoms, how to ripen the fruit, and turn the growing grain to gold, to hatch the mother bird’s eggs and show the little ones how to fly and sing.”

“It is well,” cried Odin, but his heart was heavy, for he realized now that wisdom was necessary to the Allfather. Wisdom he must have, and he set out at once in search of it.

He inquired of every one he met, where it was to be found. No one knew, but Odin never faltered in his search, but pressed on, bestowing gifts upon men, wherever he met them, teaching them to do such things as he had time.

He made them arms and armor at the village smithy, forged implements for use in the fields, and so did many useful things for man.

When he was gone the people returned to their fields and performed their daily labors. But they stopped ever

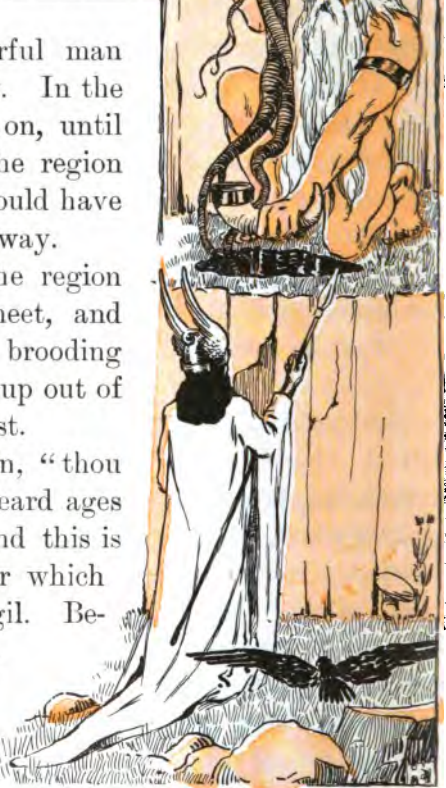


to speak of the wonderful man who had passed that way. In the meantime Odin pressed on, until he penetrated far into the region of mist, where mortals would have been unable to find their way.

He came at last to the region where earth and sky meet, and there he beheld a figure brooding over a well that gushed up out of the depths like a gray mist.

“Ah, truly,” said Odin, “thou art he of whom I once heard ages ago. Thou art Mimir, and this is the well of wisdom over which thou keepest eternal vigil. Behold, I have come for a draught from thy well.”

“Truly, Odin, I know thee,” said Mi-



mir, "but 'tis a great treasure that thou seekest. What price art thou willing to pay for a drink from my well?"

"Oh, Mimir, I would give my right hand for the draught I seek, for I will know well how to rule the world, that peace and prosperity may come to man."

"I care not for thy right hand," answered Mimir, "but for thy right eye I will give thee the draught."

"So be it," said Odin, sadly, "even that will I give." And he took Mimir's cup and drank of the well of wisdom. So with only one eye he returned to Asgard, but the All-father never regretted the price he paid for wisdom to rule the world.

A LAZY LITTLE ELF

A LAZY little elf sat upon a shelf,

And watched his brothers come and go

In their labors to and fro.

"I wonder why they work and never think to shirk,

But each goes on about his toil,

Nor minds the stain of soot and soil."

He blinked and fell asleep, this lazy little heap,

And dreamed the joys of those who rest

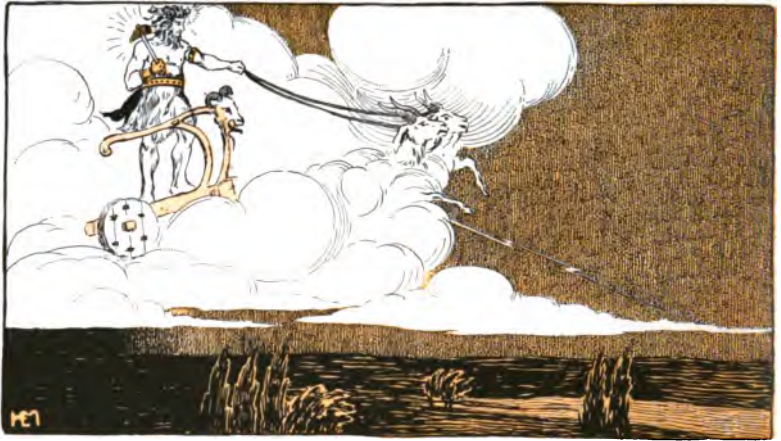
After toil and labors blest;

The reaper who has sown, the mother who has known

The bliss of doing for a child.

He awoke to go to work, and smiled.

— C. M. S.



THE CHALLENGE OF THOR

**I AM the god Thor,
I am the war god,
I am the Thunderer !
Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress,
Reign I forever !**

**Here amid icebergs
Rule I the nations ;
This is my hammer,
Mjolner the mighty ;
Giants and sorcerers
Cannot withstand it !**

These are the gauntlets
Wherewith I wield it,
And hurl it afar off ;
This is my girdle ;
Whenever I brace it,
Strength is redoubled !

The light thou beholdest
Stream through the heavens,
In flashes of crimson,
Is but my red beard
Blown by the night-wind,
Affrighting the nations !

Jove is my brother ;
Mine eyes are the lightning ;
The wheels of my chariot
Roll in the thunder,
The blows of my hammer
Ring in the earthquake !

Force rules the world still,
Has ruled it, shall rule it ;
Meekness is weakness,
Strength is triumphant,
Over the whole earth
Still is it Thor's-Day !

Thou art a God too,
O Galilean !

And thus single-handed
Unto the combat,
Gauntlet or Gospel,
Here I defy thee !

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

FRIGGA'S GIFT TO MAN

FRIGGA, as well as Father Odin, was interested in the affairs of mankind, and she accepted every opportunity to bestow gifts upon those who were worthy.

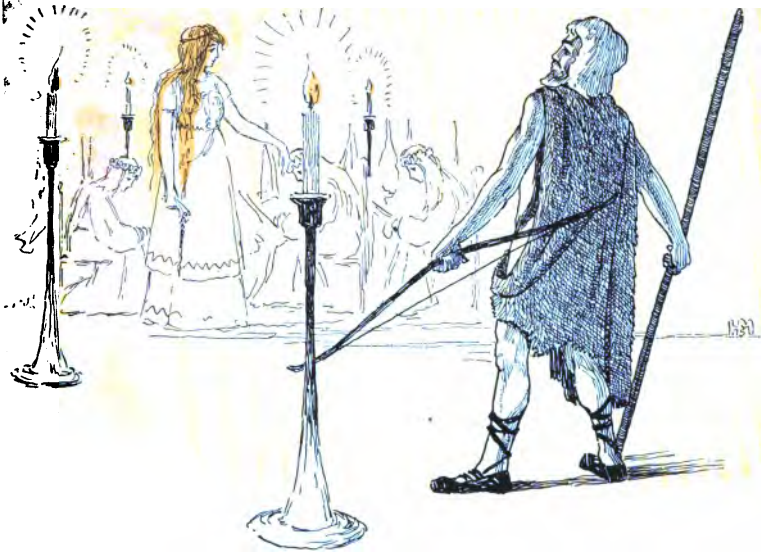
Once there was a peasant, whose honesty and thrift appealed to the fair goddess. Daily he toiled up the steep slopes of the mountains with his little flock of sheep to pasture. While he tended his flock he did not sit idle, but thought how he might improve his house or his fields, and so live better. Oftentimes, too, he caught sight of a chamois, which he brought down with his bow. Thus he kept his table supplied with good food, and his children thrived and grew strong.

Frigga decided that so industrious a man was worthy of her kindness. Accordingly, one morning she and her maidens set out from Asgard and journeyed to a beautiful cave in the side of the mountain, near where the peasant pastured his flock.

During the forenoon Frigga caused a chamois to appear before the hunter. Of course he pursued it, trying to get near enough to reach it with an arrow. But the chamois

managed to keep out of range, and led the hunter on and on. At last the animal disappeared into the cave, and the fearless peasant followed.

As soon as he entered the cave, the peasant thought no more of the chamois ; for it was the most beautiful place



he had ever beheld. Gold and jewels glittered on every side, and the light of a thousand candles was reflected again and again from the crystals and precious stones, so that the man was dazzled.

In the center of the cave stood a beautiful woman, clad in a robe of silver and gold ; and around her was a company of maidens, all busily engaged in weaving. On their head the maidens wore garlands of roses, but the queen

wore none. Only in her hand she held a nosegay of little blue flowers.

So overcome with surprise was the peasant that he sank to his knees. He was about to speak and ask forgiveness for his rude entrance; but Frigga, the Queen of Asgard, addressed him first, and her words were gentle, so that the peasant was no longer afraid.

“Be not astonished at what you see,” she said, “there are many wonderful things that men yet know not of. Yet they will learn as time goes on, and the earth shall be more fully theirs.”

“Fair goddess,” answered the peasant, “for I know that thou art more than mortal; I thank thee for thy kind words. I pray thee forgive my breaking in upon thee thus rudely. Now, with your leave, I will depart.”

“Not yet, thrifty man; for know that no mortal ever beholds Frigga and leaves her as he came. Therefore choose of all thou seest what thou wilt. It shall be thine.”

The shepherd was more amazed than ever now. He looked at the gold and precious stones.

“Ah, but of what use are they to a common peasant?” he thought. “They have ever been the cause of sorrow. No, I am happier as I am, and I will not now yearn to live a life for which I am not fit.”

He looked all about the cave, and finally his eyes rested again on the blue flowers that Frigga held in her hand. The thought of them pleased him. He had never seen anything like them before.

“Noble goddess,” he said, “I will only ask that little nosegay of blue flowers in token of thy favor.”

“It is thine,” said Frigga, “and thou wilt never regret thy choice. Besides the nosegay, I give thee this measure of seed. Plant it in thy fields, and good will come of it.”

When she had thus spoken, a terrible clap of thunder shook the place; and when he looked again, the peasant found himself standing alone on the mountain side with his sheep. That night he went home earlier than usual, and told his wife all that had happened.

The good woman was very much displeased with her husband’s choice, and reproached him for not taking some of the gold or precious stones.

“But,” said she, “it is useless now to talk further about it. We will sow the seed and see what comes of it.”

Accordingly the peasant plowed the fields and prepared them for the seed, as fast as he could. He was greatly surprised to find that the little measure of seed was sufficient for several acres.

In a very short while the little green sprouts poked their heads up above the ground. The peasant watched the fields day by day to see how they grew, and to make sure that no harm came to them. Every evening before going to bed he went out to take a last look at the beautiful green fields.

One evening, just as he was on the point of turning toward the cottage, he saw a delicate white form float over the fields. It was the figure of a woman, and the



arms were outstretched as if in the act of bestowing a blessing.

Not long after this the field blossomed, and the flowers were just like the little blue flowers that Frigga had held in her hand that day in the cave. Days passed, and the little blue flowers withered and died, and in their places were seeds like those the peasant had sown.

“And now,” said the peasant’s wife, as they began to think of the harvesting, “what is this grain, and what are we to do with it? It certainly does not look good to eat.”

“I know not,” answered the peasant, “but I have faith that it is something very useful.”

They did not have to wait very long to discover the use of the new crop. The very next day Frigga herself appeared before them, attended by her maidens. She told them that in Asgard the new plant was called flax, and

then she explained its many uses. At the same time Frigga showed the peasant and his wife how to harvest the flax properly and how to prepare it for spinning.

The goddess came again later, and she and her maidens taught the peasant's wife how to weave and how to bleach the cloth.

Now it was natural that men from far and near should desire to purchase cloth, for it was very strong and wore well. They bought flax seed, also, to plant in their own fields. So in the course of a very few years the peasant became the most prosperous man in the country.

The little nosegay that Frigga had given him did not fade until the peasant had become an old man. At last the leaves began to wither and the petals to fall. The peasant knew then that his life was nearly over. He wished, however, to climb the mountain once more, and so early one morning he set out. As he wandered about, he again found the entrance to the cave. There again he found the queen of Asgard, and she took him with her to Valhalla.

— C. M. S.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

— TENNYSON.

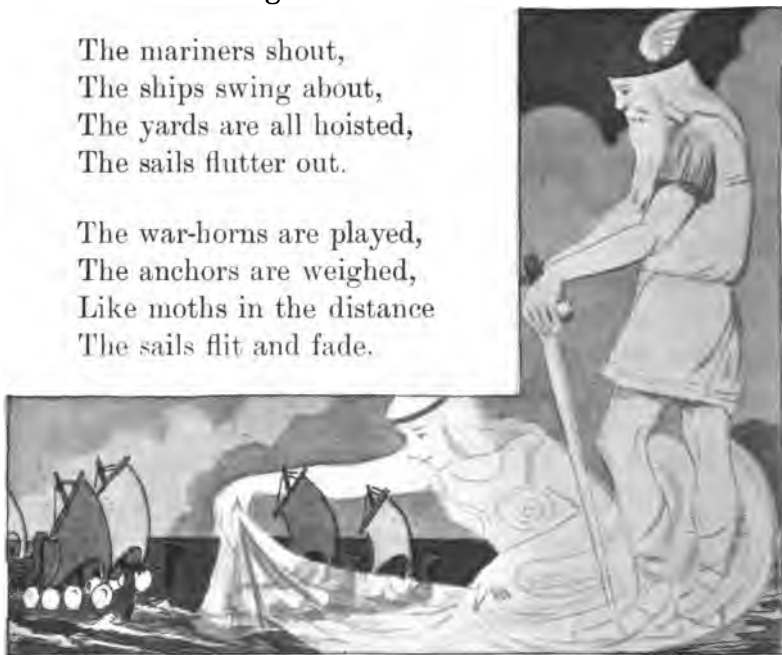
KING OLAF AND EARL SIGVALD

ON the gray sea sands
King Olaf stands,
Northward and seaward
He points with his hands.

With eddy and whirl
The sea tides curl,
Washing the sandals
Of Sigvald the Earl.

The mariners shout,
The ships swing about,
The yards are all hoisted,
The sails flutter out.

The war-horns are played,
The anchors are weighed,
Like moths in the distance
The sails flit and fade.



The sea is like lead,
The harbor lies dead,
As a corse on the seashore,
Whose spirit has fled !

On that fatal day,
The histories say,
Seventy vessels
Sailed out of the bay.

But soon scattered wide
O'er the billows they ride,
While Sigvald and Olaf
Sail side by side.

Cried the earl : " Follow me !
I your pilot will be,
For I know all the channels
Where flows the deep sea ! "

So into the strait
Where his foes lie in wait
Gallant King Olaf
Sails to his fate !

Then the sea fog veils
The ships and their sails ;
Queen Sigrid the Haughty,
Thy vengeance prevails !

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



ODIN'S VISIT TO HAMELIN TOWN

AFTER he had acquired the gift of wisdom, the Allfather gave more attention to the affairs of men. He was able now to wage war easily upon the giants, and likewise to spend much of his time on earth.

Odin wished to root evil from the hearts of men, as well as to destroy the workers of sin among the dwarfs and giants. Accordingly he omitted no opportunity to reward the good and to punish the bad.

It happened one day that a rumor was brought to the Allfather that one of the brood of Loki the evil, had sent a pest of rats upon earth to work mischief among the sons of men.

“I will go,” said the Allfather, “I will go and look into the matter myself; for I have heard that these people of Hamelin Town are not as straightforward in their dealings with their fellows as they should be. They are said to be a shrewd race who think more of gold than they do of their promises. But I will try them.”

So Odin laid aside his heavenly dress, and clothed himself as a ragged flute player. He put on a soft gray hat, which he pulled down over his forehead, to conceal the fact that he had only one eye. Then he borrowed the magic flute of Niord the wind god and set out.

On the way Odin met two men, one of whom was trying to make the other understand something. But the second man was deaf, and try as hard as they might, he was unable to understand. Odin saw the difficulty, and knew by the appearance of the men that they were both of genuine worth.

“I perceive,” he said to himself, “that men must learn to write as well as to speak.” So he beckoned the men to him, and he sat down and taught them the rules that he had himself invented after his draught from Mimir’s well. These men whom Odin taught became the first poets, and from that the art of writing is said to have spread among men.

Odin continued his journey to Hamelin Town, and arrived there about noon. He soon learned that all that had been reported to him about the plague of rats was true. They thronged the houses, they thronged the streets, they thronged the fields. No spot in the town had escaped them.

The people were in despair. It was useless to try to stay in their houses or in the streets. They had about decided to move away and leave the rats in undisputed possession of the town.

Odin pulled his hat a little closer over his brow, and marched straight down the street to the town hall. The Council was in session, trying to think of some means to rid themselves of the rats.

“I suggest that we offer a reward of a thousand guilders to him who will free Hamelin Town of this plague.”

“Agreed,” shouted all the others. So then and there the clerk wrote out the offer and sealed it with the great seal of Hamelin, and was about to step out into the market place to read it to the people.

“I accept that offer,” said Father Odin. The councilors all stared at the strangely clad piper. They had never seen his like before. His tattered and many-colored clothes amused them. He was so amusing, in fact, that for the time being they forgot all about the rats.

“What say you?” asked the flute player, when they had satisfied their curiosity.

“We say,” they laughed, “if thou canst rid us of this plague of mice, the thousand guilders shall be thine.”

“So be it,” answered Odin.

Then he put the pipe to his lips, and drew forth such weird strains as Hamelin Town had never heard. But suddenly all the rats and mice came dancing and prancing from the houses and fields, and fell into line behind the flute player.

He led them out of the town toward the river, and ever as he played the great army of rats grew and grew until

every rat and mouse in the town was following the piper. Straight to the river Weser he led them. On the brink the piper stood, but kept on piping, and the rats kept on dancing and prancing along until they had all danced into the river. So Hamelin was freed at last.

The piper returned to the town hall to claim his reward. But the councillors were in a jolly mood; their fear was all gone now, and the old shrewdness had taken its place. They now said that a thousand guilders was too much, and that they would not pay it.

Odin saw that these men were as evil as they had been reported to be, and he decided to punish them. Accordingly without a word he turned into the street again.

Then he placed the magic flute to his lips and played a tune that sent a chill to the very marrow of every wily councillor. Already they wished they might undo their wrong, but it was too late.

The piper paid no heed to them, but the wonderful music kept flowing from his magic flute. And what was that that met the astonished gaze of the greedy councillors? The children, boys and girls, big and little, came trooping out of the houses in a gleeful procession after the piper.

Away he led them, one and all, out of the city, and through the green fields, up the mountain side and into a great cave, which opened to receive them. Then suddenly it thundered, and children and piper were gone forever. Odin took all with him to the city of Asgard.

— C. M. S.



THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover City ;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes the wall on the southern side ;
A pleasanter spot you never spied ;
But when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.

Rats !

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking

In fifty different sharps and flats.
At last the people in a body
To the town hall came flocking! —
“ ’Tis clear,” cried they, “ our Mayor’s a noddy,
And as for our Corporation — shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can’t or won’t determine
What’s best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you’re old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robes ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we’re lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we’ll send you packing!” —
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation!

An hour they sat in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence:
“ For a guilder I’d my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It’s easy to bid one rack one’s brain:
I’m sure my poor head aches again.
I’ve scratched it so, and all in vain.
O for a trap, a trap, a trap!”
Just as he said this, what would hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
“ Bless us!” cried the Mayor, “ what’s that?
Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?

Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"
"Come in," the Mayor cried, looking bigger;
And in did come the strangest figure;
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin;
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin;
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin;
No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin;
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It is as my great-grandsire,
Starting up to the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"
He advanced to the council table;
And, "Please your Honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm —
The mole, the toad, and newt, and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper;
Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,

In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats ;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats ;
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders ?”
“ One ? — fifty thousand ! ” was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling at first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while ;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled ;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered ;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling ;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling :
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats ;
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers ;



Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished !
— Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)

To Ratland home his Commentary,
Which was :

“ At the first shrill notes of the pipe
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider press’s gripe ;
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,

And a drawing of corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks ;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out : ‘ O rats, rejoice !
The world is turned to one vast drysaltery !
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon,
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious, scarce an inch before me ;
Just as methought it said, ‘ Come, bore me !’
I found the Weser rolling o’er me.”
You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple ;
“ Go,” cried the Mayor, “ and get long poles !
Poke out the nests and block up the holes !
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats ! ” — when, suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market place,
With a, “ First, if you please, my thousand guilders ! ”

A thousand guilders ! The Mayor looked blue ;
So did the Corporation, too.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow !
“ Besides,” quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,

“ Our business was done at the river’s brink ;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink ;
And what’s dead can’t come to life, I think !
So, friend, we’re not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke ;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Besides, our losses have made us thrifty ;
A thousand guilders ! Come, take fifty ! ”

The piper’s face fell, and he cried,
“ No trifling ! I can’t wait ! beside,
I’ve promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdad and accept the prime
Of the head cook’s pottage, all he’s rich in,
For having left in the Caliph’s kitchen
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor ;
With him I proved no bargain driver ;
With you, don’t think I will bate a stiver !
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion. ”

“ How ? ” cried the Mayor, “ d’ye think I’ll brook
Being worse treated than a cook ?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald ?
You threaten us, fellow ? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst ! ”

Once more he stepped into the street ;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane ;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet,
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave to the enraptured air),
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling ;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a barnyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running :
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
With sparkling eyes, and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music, with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by ;
Could only follow with the eye
The joyous crowd at the Piper's back. —
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters

Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his way addressed,
And after him the children pressed.
Great was the joy in every breast:
“He never can cross the mighty top!
He’s forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!”
When lo! as they reached the mountain’s side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced, and the children followed.



And when all were in, to the very
last,
The door in the mountain side shut
fast.

Did I say all?

No! one was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame

His sadness, he was used to say :
“ It is dull in our town since my playmates left ;
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me ;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town, and just at hand,
Where the waters gushed, and the fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new ;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And the dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey bees had lost their stings ;
And horses were born with eagle's wings :
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill ;
Left alone, against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more ! ”
Alas, alas for Hamelin !
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As a needle's eye takes a camel in !
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth —

Wherever it was men's lot to find him —
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children all behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly,
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear :
“ And so long after happened here,
On the twenty-second of July;
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six.”
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street,
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn ;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away ;
And there it stands to this very day .
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe

Of alien people, that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress,
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison,
Into which they were trepanned,
Long time ago, in a mighty band,
Out of Hamelin Town in Brunswick Land ;
But how or why they don't understand.
So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men — especially pipers ;
And whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

— ROBERT BROWNING.

SWEET CONTENT

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?

O sweet content !

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplex'd ?

O punishment !

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vex'd

To add to golden numbers, golden numbers ?

O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !

Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;

Honest labor bears a lovely face ;

Then hey nonny, nonny, hey nonny, nonny !

— T. DEKKER.

FREYA AND ODUR

OR

THE COMING OF SPRING TO THE NORTHLAND .

FREYA was the goddess of love and beauty, according to the ancient belief of the Norsemen. Not only was she sweet and beautiful herself, but she delighted in making other things beautiful. She loved to see the earth clad in the loveliest attire. The green leaves of spring, the soft grass, and the flowers, yellow, and pink, and blue, were her delight. If she could have had her way, spring and summer would have lasted the whole year round.



Freya did her best to make the earth a paradise, so that men would be happy and contented.

She sought the aid of the sun god Odur, who she knew could do much to help her.

Odur was a rover and had spent all his life traveling from place to place. There was no land that he had not seen, and no place that he had not visited. He had just returned from a journey around the world.

“Noble Odur,” said the fair goddess, approaching him, “I crave a boon.”

“Thou shalt have it, whatsoever it be,” said Odur, and he looked admiringly on the pleading goddess. “Thou shalt have it if it be in my power to grant.”

“It is not so great a thing that I shall ask, and it is wholly within thy power to grant. Look yonder at the earth. How cold and brown and lifeless it is. It seems like a desert, where the giant frost king has set up his throne. Drive out the intruder, and help me to make the earth warm and green and beautiful, a pleasant home for man, and a pleasant sight to us gods.”

So Odur did as he had promised. He polished his armor till it flamed like fire, and, mounting his throne, sent the warm sunbeams out over all the earth. The frost vanished, and the frozen streams began to flow. Gentle rains dropped from the clouds, and grass and flowers sprang up everywhere. The trees budded and blossomed, and men began to plow and plant the fields.

Freya used all her power to make things grow beautiful and useful; and the earth soon became a real paradise. No one had ever seen it so beautiful before. Men were happy, and their work in the fields prospered.

“Is it not good to look upon?” asked Freya of Odur. “I should like always to see it so.”

“It is indeed good to look upon, fair goddess, and if thou wilt but consent to be my wife, it may always be so,” replied Odur, but he really did not know how hard a thing he was proposing for himself.

As for Freya, she was the happiest goddess in Asgard. So before the assembled gods she and Odur were married, and Odin, the Allfather, bestowed his blessing upon them.

Things went happily for many months. Such a wonderful springtime and summer-time had never been known. The merry song of birds and the gay voices of children reached even the ears of the gods in Asgard.

“Earth is growing younger, it seems,” said Odin, one morning as he stood looking over the battlements; “Iduna must have sent some of the apples of youth thither.”

But it was not to last. Odur, the wanderer, was growing weary of remaining at home. The thirst for adventure was consuming him.

“I cannot remain here forever,” he said to himself. “Yet it will distress Freya to see me depart. Her grief I cannot endure to see. I will leave when she is asleep.”

So before Freya was awake the next morning, Odur slipped away, and started on a long journey southward. He loved the south, and traveled until he came to the clime where the myrtle trees were in bloom. Here he lingered for many months, for he loved the brightness

and beauty of the south. Here he lingered for a while, enjoying the vineclad slopes and the bright blue waters.

When Freya awoke and found her husband gone, she was surprised, but not worried at first. She imagined he had gone on a short journey or a hunting trip. But day after day and week after week passed, and still Odur did not return.

Freya became thoughtful and sad. She forgot all about the earth, and it became gloomy too. The leaves dropped from the trees, and birds flew away to the south, the frost came and froze the streams. And snow and ice covered the desolate brown earth.

Freya could endure to wait no longer. So she started out in search of her lost lord. Sad and lonely, she traveled over land and sea, east and west, north and south, looking everywhere.

At last, when she was well-nigh discouraged, she came to the Mediterranean, and found Odur sleeping quietly on a slope covered with olive trees. In joy she rushed to him and awakened him from his slumber.

As Odur's eyes opened, the first sight they met was his lovely wife. She pleaded with him to return to Asgard, and to bring earth back to life again. The spirit of unrest had now left him, and Odur was glad to go with Freya. So they turned northward together, shedding everywhere the renewed happiness that was now theirs. The springtime followed them --- grass, flowers, birds, and all. When the two arrived at Asgard, the

earth was decked in all its beauty again, and beasts and men were happy.

But after several months the restless spirit took possession of Odur again, and he stole away southward once more. And again after waiting several months Freya went after her husband and brought him back.

Ever since that time it has been the same way. Odur has spent part of the year with the gods at Asgard, bringing the summer to the northland. Then the restless spirit has carried him away, and the Frost King has taken possession of the earth, until Freya has brought her rover husband back to his throne.

— C. M. S.

ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE

Orpheus with his lute made trees
And the mountain tops that freeze
Bow themselves when he did sing,
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



KRINKEN was a little child, —
It was summer when he smiled.
Oft the hoary sea and grim
Stretched its white arms out to him,
Calling, “Sun-child, come to me ;
Let me warn my heart with thee !”
But the child heard not the sea
Calling, yearning evermore
For the summer on the shore.

Krinken on the beach one day
Saw a maiden Nis at play ;
On the pebbly beach she played
In the summer Krinken made.
Fair, and very fair, was she,
Just a little child was he.

“Krinken,” said the maiden Nis,
“Let me have a little kiss, —

Just a kiss, and go with me
To the summer lands that be
Down within the silver sea.”

Krinken was a little child —
By the maiden Nis beguiled,
Hand in hand with her went he
And 'twas summer in the sea.
And the hoary sea and grim
To its bosom folded him —
Clasped and kissed the little form,
And the ocean's heart was warm.

Now the sea calls out no more ;
It is winter on the shore, —
Winter where that little child
Made sweet summer when he smiled ;
Though 'tis summer on the sea
Where with maiden Nis went he, —
It is winter on the shore,
Winter, winter evermore.

Of the summer on the deep
Come sweet visions in my sleep :
His fair face lifts from the sea,
His dear voice calls out to me, —
These my dreams of summer be.

Krinken was a little child,
By the maiden Nis beguiled ;

Oft the hoary sea and grim
Reached its longing arms to him,
Crying, "Sun-child, come to me;
Let me warm my heart with thee!"
But the sea calls out no more;
It is winter on the shore, —
Winter, cold and dark and wild.

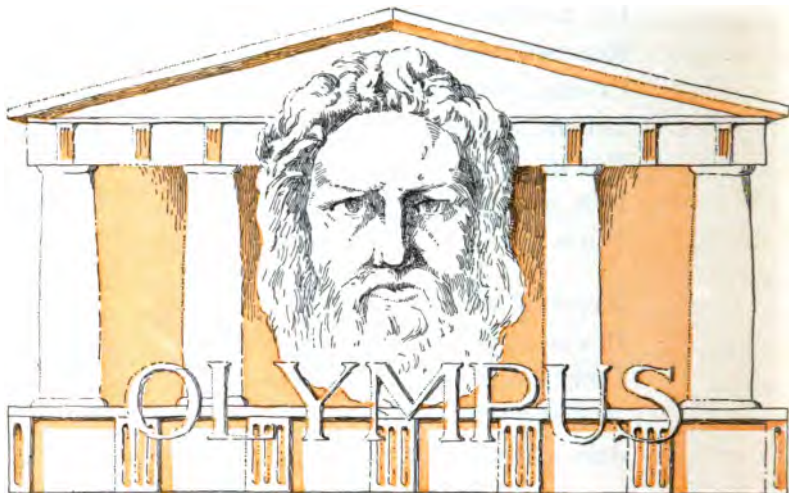
Krinken was a little child, —
It was summer when he smiled;
Down he went into the sea,
And the winter bides with me, —
Just a little child was he.

— EUGENE FIELD.

GIVE! GIVE!

God's love hath in us wealth unheaped;
Only by giving is it reaped.
The body withers, and the mind,
If pent in by selfish rind.
Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give pelf,
Give love, give tears, and give thyself.
Give, give, be always giving.
Who gives not, is not living.
The more we give,
The more we live.

— GEORGE H. CALVERT.



BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

ZEUS, king of the gods, was always interested in the welfare of men. He often visited the world in disguise, to see how things were going. One day he called his trusted messenger, Hermes, to him.

“A rumor comes to me,” said the king of the gods, “that men have grown selfish. They are no longer kind to the weary travelers, but turn them away from their doors.”

“Yes, Father Zeus, I too have heard these things,” answered Hermes; “yet I do not believe all men are so careless of their own good.”

“Well, Hermes, we shall see. To-day as dusty travelers

we shall go to yonder city and learn for ourselves," replied the King of Olympus.

Therefore the two gods disguised themselves as weary travelers and set out to test the kindness of men. They first stopped at a great palace not far from the city gates, and asked for refreshment; but they were told to be gone. Then they went to other stately homes; but in none of them did they find welcome.

As they passed along the streets, a crowd of boys and idle servants gathered. They hooted and jeered the two strangers.

"They are good for nothing!" cried one.

"They are beggars; out upon them," shouted another.

Some one threw a stone at them. Others did likewise, and before one could think, all sorts of things were being hurled at them. But Zeus, by his power, turned all the missiles aside.

At last, in his anger, the great god lifted up his arm; and out of a clear sky flashed the lightning. The thunder roared so fearfully that the whole company fell down for fright. A black cloud suddenly appeared; and, when the throng looked again, the strangers were gone.

"Hermes," said Zeus, "I think it would be well for a second flood to come and cleanse the earth of these most ungrateful men."

"Trust me, Father Zeus, there are still kind and true hearts among men," replied the faithful messenger.

"Well," said Zeus, "yonder is a cottage where an aged

couple live. Let us try them." So they entered the lowly dwelling of Baucis and Philemon.

Baucis had no maidservants, as she and her husband were very poor. She herself brought water for the strangers, that they might bathe their feet and hands. Then she set about preparing something for the guests to eat. But there was no meat in the house. She called her husband Philemon, and asked him what she should do.

"Mother," he said, "no stranger must go away hungry. Since there is nothing else, we must kill the pet goose."

So they went to catch their only fowl. The goose, however, felt that something was wrong, and fled. Baucis and Philemon chased it up and down and around, until they were out of breath.

At last the goose ran into the cottage and took refuge between the knees of Zeus. He was touched by the trust the goose had in him, and decided to save its life. He was pleased also at the kindness and good will of the aged couple.

"My worthy friends," he said, "spare your pet. We are thankful for your honest and kindly desire to refresh us. But we need not the food; your good will is enough, and it shall be rewarded. It is none other than Zeus, king of the gods, that you have entertained."

The faithful old people fell on their knees in reverence.

"For your plain kindness of heart," went on Zeus, "I will grant you whatever boon you ask."

"There is nothing that we can ask," answered Phile-

mon, "which would be better than that we may serve the gods faithfully as long as we live. Then, Father Zeus, let us die together."

"Yea, let it be so," said Baucis, "there is nothing better than to serve the gods well."

"So let it be, then," said Zeus, and he nodded his godly head.

But wonder of wonders! The next moment Baucis and Philemon found their humble cottage changed into a lofty temple. They themselves were clad in flowing white robes.

In this temple the two lived for many years, performing sacrifices to the gods, as they wished. They were the happiest of men.

At last the time came for them to leave this world. Zeus, however, wished them to remain ever as a pattern for men. So he changed them into two majestic oaks. For many centuries these stood before the temple in which Philemon and Baucis had lived so nobly.

— C. M. S.

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile.

— ALICE CARY.



APOLLO AND MERCURY

OR

THE INVENTION OF THE LYRE

MERCURY, the messenger of the gods, was also the god of mischief. Even when a mere infant he played tricks on the gods, and did some wonderful things. Being a god, he of course was not like the children of men.

Maia, the mother of Mercury, was goddess of the plains, and her home was a beautiful grotto in the hill of Cyllene, in Arcadia. Here Mercury was born.

On the morning after his birth the infant god awoke when Apollo started with his sun chariot across the sky. He climbed out of his cradle, and ran out to play in the warm sunlight.

He saw a tortoise shell lying in the sand, and clapped his hands with pleasure.

“Oh, what a lovely thing it is!” he cried. “Beautiful

shell, thou art too lovely to lie here unused. Come, I will make of thee something still more beautiful.”

So Mercury took the shell and made holes along the sides of it. In these he fitted reeds, and across the hollow space he stretched strings. Sweeping his fingers over these, he drew forth strains of the sweetest music that had ever been heard.

Then the child god played upon the lyre that he had made. He sang of whatever pleased him; of the sun, and the blue sky, of the trees upon the mountains, and of the fields and flowers, of his mother, and his father Zeus, and of his brothers and sisters. And he played all day, until he was tired and hungry.

“I am faint with hunger,” he said at last. “Methinks it would take a herd of fat cattle to satisfy me. I will play a trick on Apollo, my fair brother, and will drive away one of his herds.”

So, while his mother was sleeping, Mercury stole away across the hills. In a short time he came to the mountains where a herd of white cattle were feeding. He tied branches of trees on their feet so that they would leave no traces, and drove away fifty of the fattest ones.

When he had reached a safe place, Mercury killed two of the herd. These he roasted and ate. Then he crept quietly back to his cradle by his mother’s side.

Meanwhile Apollo had missed the cattle. He saw no traces of them except here and there a broken branch.

He lost no time, however, in searching for them. He

remembered that the god of mischief had just been born. He, therefore, went straight to the grotto of Cyllene, where Mercury lay sleeping.

“Awake, arch rogue,” he cried, “and tell me at once what thou hast done with my cattle.”

“What could I, a mere child, only born yesterday, do with thy cattle, brother Apollo?” answered Mercury.

“Crafty infant, this will not do. Either return my cattle at once, or come with me to Father Zeus to be punished.”

Mercury refused to tell, and Apollo carried him off to Olympus. Zeus commanded him to return the stolen cattle at once. The god of mischief told Apollo where the cattle were.

“But, brother Apollo, I grieve that I cannot return them all,” said Mercury, “for I was very hungry and ate two of them. But surely you will forgive your infant brother.”

“Yes, thou little rogue, indeed I must forgive thee.”

“Thanks, brother Apollo, and to pay thee, I will give thee a lovely lyre that I have made.”

Mercury brought the lyre, and drew his hands across the strings. All the gods and goddesses held their breath to listen, the strains were so beautiful.

“Thou wonderful boy,” cried Apollo. “Freely art thou forgiven. Thy music is worth fifty herds of cattle. From this day thou and I shall be the best of friends. As a token of my love, I give thee my golden wand. It

has power to smooth all discord. With it thou shalt have peace forever.”

“Thou art indeed good, brother Apollo,” said Mercury. And he took the wand that Apollo gave him.

As he went out he saw two snakes quarreling. To test the power of the wand, he placed it between them. They at once ceased their quarrel and coiled themselves about the wand. Mercury said they should remain there always.

So ever afterward Mercury carried the magic wand, and Apollo possessed the lyre, and it became the symbol of the god of music.

— C. M. S.

THE FINDING OF THE LYRE

THERE lay upon the ocean's shore
What once a tortoise served to cover.
A year and more, with rush and roar,
The surf had rolled it over,
Had played with it, and flung it by,
As wind and weather might decide it,
Then tossed it high where sand drifts dry,
Cheap burial might provide it.

It rested there to bleach or tan,
The rains had soaked, the suns had burned it;
With many a ban the fisherman
Had stumbled o'er and spurned it;

And there the fisher girl would stay,
Conjecturing with her brother
How in their play the poor estray
Might serve some use or other.

So there it lay, through wet and dry,
As empty as the last new sonnet,
Till by and by came Mercury,
And having mused upon it,
“ Why, here,” cried he, “ the thing of things
In shape, material, and dimension !
Give it but strings, and, lo, it sings,
A wonderful invention ! ”

So said, so done ; the chords he strained,
And, as his fingers o'er them hovered,
The shell disdained a soul had gained,
The lyre had been discovered.

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

SPRING

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how ;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving.
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue ;
'Tis the natural way of living.

— LOWELL.

HYACINTHUS AND APOLLO

OR

WHY THE HYACINTH IS PURPLE

THE best and fairest of all the youths of Greece was a lad called Hyacinthus. He was tall and straight and comely, and skillful in the chase and in all the games that Greek boys played.

So delightful was Hyacinthus that great Apollo, the god of the sun and of beauty, loved him fondly. And many a time he left the fair halls of Olympus and journeyed down to earth to enjoy the day with his pleasant companion.

There was another god, too, who loved Hyacinthus. Zephyrus, the god of the gentle west wind, was as fond of the youth as Apollo was. Hyacinthus, however, loved Apollo so much that he had little time for Zephyrus. So it was that Zephyrus became jealous, and determined to cause trouble between the two friends if he could.



Sometimes Apollo and Hyacinthus spent the day in hunting, or in fishing in the rivers. Sometimes they spent it in playing games. Of all games their favorite was throwing the discus.

Hyacinthus was so strong and so skillful that he could throw the great metal ring farther than any other boy in his native land. He was so skillful that even Apollo would have lost the game if he had not been careful. So it was that they played long and enjoyed the game greatly.

But one day in the midst of their pleasure a sad mishap befell.

The two friends were putting forth all their strength and skill. They wished to throw the great ring farther than they had ever thrown it before. Hyacinthus had succeeded in doing this, and now Apollo was preparing to throw.

Zephyrus, unseen by the friends, was watching the contest.

"This," he said to himself, "is a good time for me to break off their friendship, when they are in the heat of the contest."

Apollo, putting all his strength into the throw, sent the discus flying through the air. Eager to see where it struck, Hyacinthus rushed forward.

"I will blow it aside, so that it may strike the youth," thought Zephyrus. "Hyacinthus will be angry because of his hurt, and Apollo will be angry because Hyacinthus stopped the discus."

Zephyrus did not know with what force Apollo had thrown

the discus. He turned it aside, and it struck Hyacinthus on the forehead. He fell upon the ground in a faint.

Apollo ran to his friend and caught him in his arms. The blood gushed from the deep wound. Zephyrus, shocked at what he had done, concealed himself.

“O Father Zeus,” Apollo cried, “hear me now: grant Hyacinthus life, and ease his pain; or let me die, too, that I may still be with my friend.” Apollo in his grief forgot that he was a god and could not die.

But Zeus heard the prayer on his throne on great Olympus. He took away the pain from the wound of Hyacinthus, and the youth slept.

“My son,” Zeus answered, “it is not possible to change fate. Thy friend can no longer live as a mortal. But he may still live as a flower. His body shall be changed into a little flower which shall forever bear his name. And it shall be the color of the blood that has flowed from his wound.”

Zeus spoke; and when Apollo looked, lo! the body of Hyacinthus was gone, and where it had lain, there was a little purple flower. Its petals were shaped like the letter Y, which is the first letter of the Greek word for *woe*.

So Apollo was comforted. Then he went back to Olympus and took his lyre and sang of his friend.

Zephyrus, sorry for the wrong he had done, came and caressed the little flower. And to this day, Apollo, as god of the sun, and Zephyrus, the gentle wind, vie in showing their love to the beautiful flower.

—C. M. S.

APOLLO AND KING ADMETUS

APOLLO, the god of the sun, once became very angry at his father, Zeus. To teach him obedience, the great king of the gods banished Apollo. For a year and a day the sun god was compelled to come to earth and live as a mortal.

Taking his lyre, Apollo left Olympus ; and, clad as an ordinary mortal, made his way to Thessaly. He walked along the sand, listening to the waves as they broke upon the shore.

“ Earth is a beautiful place,” thought Apollo, “ even if it is not so bright as divine Olympus.”

Just then he saw some one coming in a chariot, and he knew it to be King Admetus. Apollo approached the chariot. As the king drew near, he looked upon the disguised god, who appeared in the likeness of a fair youth, and spoke to him.

“ Fair youth,” he said, “ I judge by thy looks that thou art a stranger in this land. If this be so and thou hast no other place to go, it will rejoice me much to have thee as a guest this night.”

“ O noble King Admetus,” said Apollo; “ gladly do I accept thy kindness. And I assure thee, thou shalt never have cause to regret it.”

So Apollo stepped into the chariot and rode beside the king. On the way he questioned the king, and asked if he might not serve him in the palace or in the fields.

“Fair youth,” replied Admetus, “methinks thou shouldst serve the gods rather than mortal man. But if you would be my shepherd, it shall be as you desire.”

That evening at the palace there was feasting in the great hall. Many a tale was told of the doings of gods and men. Apollo played on his lyre, and played so sweetly that all the guests were thrilled. Some held their breath, and some wept for the sweetness of the music.

King Admetus called for a purple robe, and placed it upon Apollo, and vowed to make him the most honored man of his court.

“Nay, my good king,” replied Apollo, “I would be thy shepherd, even as thou hast promised me.”

“So be it, then,” answered the king; “but thou shalt be chief shepherd, and have charge over all my flocks and herds.”

So the sun god became chief shepherd to the good king, and served him in the fields. Everything from that day prospered with King Admetus as it had never prospered before. Apollo was faithful to all his tasks and kind to all the other shepherds. He told them many wonderful stories of gods and heroes, and played for them his wonderful music. Every one loved him, for he was the most patient and most helpful of all the servants of the king.

King Admetus loved Apollo as if he had been his own son. He could not do half as much for him as he would have liked to do. And Apollo showed himself ever grateful to his kind master.

But the time passed rapidly. The year was almost gone. Never had a year of his life passed so pleasantly and so swiftly for King Admetus.

“Surely, my faithful shepherd,” he said to Apollo, not knowing him to be the sun god, “surely thou hast brought sunshine into my life and into my kingdom. I rejoice in thee and hope to have thee always near me. Never has life been so sweet as during the year thou hast been with me.”

“Noble master, I must even now leave thee. But I have not served thee in vain, and thy kindness shall still further be repaid.”

“Leave me not, noble youth,” begged the king. “Thou art dear to me as my own child.”

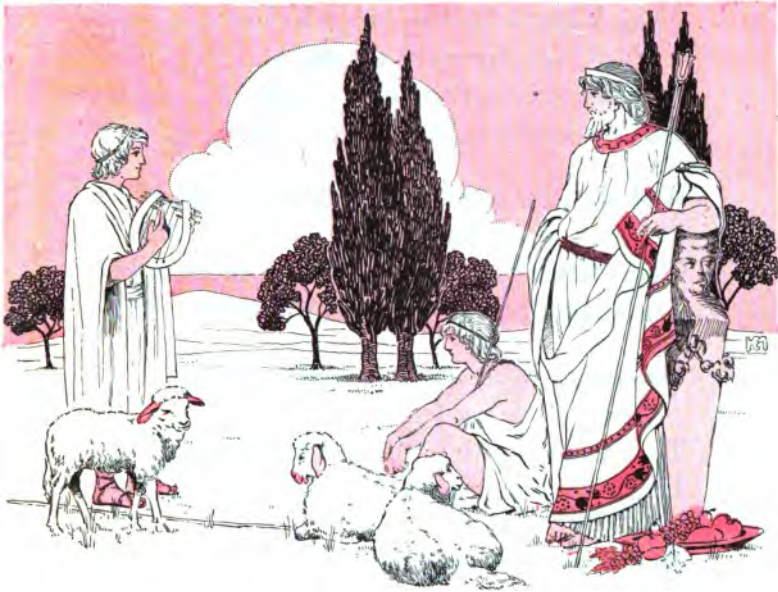
Then Apollo told Admetus who he was, and explained why he had served him.

“And now I must leave you,” he went on; “but ask what thou wilt and it shall be thine, for thy kindness to me while I served thee as a poor shepherd.”

“Great Apollo,” cried the king, “let me rather fall at thy feet to ask pardon of thee than to seek aught else. Yet whatsoever thou wilt, let it be so; thou knowest best.”

“Then, noble king,” replied the sun god, “I have ever found thee true and noble. It is fitting that such a man should live and reign forever. This gift, therefore, shall I ask of the immortal Zeus for thee. Farewell.”

— C. M. S.



THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS

THERE came a youth upon the earth,
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
Whether to plow, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise shell
He stretched some chords, and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had
Pure taste by right divine,
Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine:

And so, well pleased with being soothed
Into a sweet half-sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
In whom no good they saw ;
And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
For idly, hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
Did teach him all their use,
For, in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
But, when a glance they caught
Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love, because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their first-born brother as a god.

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon,
or make a better mouse trap than his neighbor, though he
build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten
path to his door.

— EMERSON.

I like the man who faces what he must
With step triumphant, and a heart of cheer ;
Who fights the daily battle without fear ;
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is God.

— SARAH K. BOLTON.



THE GIFT OF ATHENE

OR

HOW A CITY GOT ITS NAME

PALLAS ATHENE, the goddess of wisdom, was the favorite daughter of Zeus. The Romans afterward called her Minerva. While Athene was still young, a beautiful city was founded in Greece.

From Olympus the gods watched the building of the city with great interest. When it was finished a question arose among them. What should the new city be called? Each god wished to have the honor of giving a name to it.

“I gladly withdraw from the contest,” said Apollo. “I think my fair sister, Athene, should name this new city, that it may have wisdom and peace.”

“Aye, brother Apollo,” spoke up Ares, or Mars, “but

the new city will need soldiers to defend it. It seems to me that I should name it, and bestow upon it warlike strength."

"It is my wish," said Father Zeus, "that this city be named by Athene or Mars. Peace is good, yet war is necessary. So, Ares, create the most useful thing in your power; and, Athene, do you do likewise. We other gods will sit in council, and decide which of you brings forth the more useful thing."

The young god of war pondered deeply. What did man need most? He thought and thought. At last an idea came to him, and he created the horse. Then he went before the council of gods.

"Assembled gods," he said, "you who know all things will surely see that nothing could be of greater use to man than the creature I have made. This noble animal is little lower than man himself, and he will be the best servant man has ever had. This steed will carry his master to battle, and will take him back again to safety. He will till his master's fields, and serve him in a thousand other ways."

"You have done well, Ares," said Father Zeus, "and I doubt whether your fair sister can create a more useful thing." And all the gods and goddesses nodded their heads.

But just at this moment Athene entered. In her hand she bore a slender olive tree. An ordinary child could have carried it. Athene placed it in the midst of the

assembly. A loud laugh rang through the great hall, and many of the gods and goddesses looked with scorn upon the tiny sapling.

“Art thou jesting with us, fair Athene?” asked Hermes.

“Nay, nay, Hermes,” said Zeus, who knew Athene better than all the rest. “Athene jests not with the assembled gods. I never knew her yet to do an unwise thing. Speak, daughter, let us hear thy meaning.”

“This little tree,” Athene said, “will bring health and happiness to man. It will grow and multiply, till all the hills and valleys shall be covered with its groves. It shall bear fruit and oil, for food and medicine. Its leaves shall protect man from the heat of the sun, and shall also supply a medicine for many ills. Its wood shall be useful to make all kinds of things for man’s daily need, or it will warm him when he is cold. Every little twig shall have a use. Besides, it shall be a sign of peace.

“The horse which Ares has made will carry men to war, and war means woe. But this little tree brings health and happiness, and those who cultivate it shall have peace and plenty.”

The gods saw readily that Athene’s gift was the more useful to man. So they declared that the new city should be named after her, and she should ever be its guardian. Accordingly, the city was called Athens, and its inhabitants were taught to honor Athene as their patron.

— C. M. S.

CUPID DROWNED

T'OTHER day as I was twining
Roses, for a crown to dine in,
What, of all things, 'mid the heap,
Should I light on, fast asleep,
But the little desperate elf,
The tiny traitor, Love, himself!
By the wings I picked him up
Like a bee, and in a cup
Of my wine I plunged and sank him,
Then what d'ye think I did? — I drank him.
Faith, I thought him dead. Not he!
There he lives with tenfold glee;
And now this moment with his wings
I feel him tickling my heart strings.

— LEIGH HUNT.

THE MOSS ROSE

THE angel of the flowers, one day,
Beneath a rose tree sleeping lay, —
That spirit to whose charge 'tis given
To bathe young buds in dews of heaven.
Awaking from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the rose:
“O fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found, where all are fair;

For the sweet shade thou giv'st me,
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."
"Then," said the rose, with deepened glow,
"On me another grace bestow."
The spirit paused, in silent thought, —
What grace was there the flower had not?
'Twas but a moment, — o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws,
And robed in nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed?

— F. A. KRUMMACHER.

WITH FRIEND AND FOE



*If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain :
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain. —*

— EMILY DICKINSON.

A DEED AND A WORD

A LITTLE stream had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern ;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn ;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink ;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that all might drink.
He passed again, and lo ! the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart ;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath —
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ ! O fount ! O word of love !
O thought at random cast !
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

— CHARLES MACKAY.



TUBAL CAIN

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when earth was young ;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung :
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and the spear.
And he sang : “ Hurrah for my handiwork !
Hurrah for the spear and the sword !
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord ! ”

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire ;

And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire.
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee ;
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang : “ Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew !
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true ! ”

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun ;
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done ;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind ;
That the land was red with the blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said : “ Alas ! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow man ! ”

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe ;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoldered low.

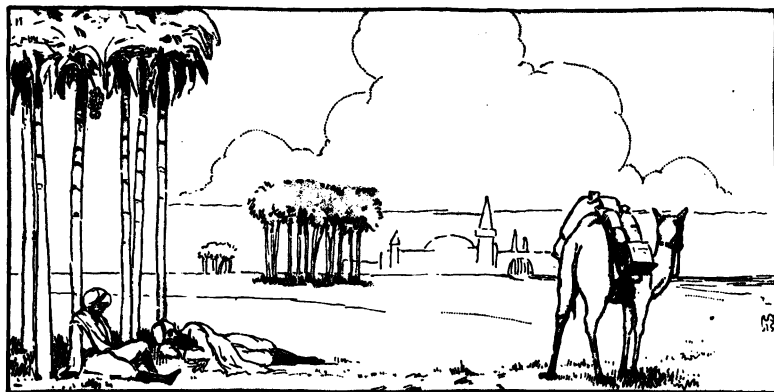
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright, courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang : " Hurrah for my handicraft!"
As the red sparks lit the air;
" Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made," —
And he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands ;
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands ;
And sang : " Hurrah for Tubal Cain !
Our stanch good friend is he ;
And for the plowshare and the plow
To him our praise shall be ;
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword."

— CHARLES MACKAY.

"A man should never be ashamed to own that he has
been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words
that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday."

— POPE.



THE LOST CAMEL

SCENE I—A DESERT

Two Merchants and a Dervish

Dervish. Good morrow, friends. By your looks I judge you to be merchants. Have you lost something?

First Merchant. Indeed we have, friend.

Second Merchant. We have lost something or else it has been stolen.

Dervish. Is it not a camel that you have lost?

First Merchant. Surely thou art right, friend.

Dervish. Was he not blind in his right eye?

Second Merchant. He was indeed, dervish; where is he to be found?

Dervish. And was he not lame in his left leg?

First Merchant. You say truly. Where did you see him?

Dervish. And he had lost a front tooth?

Merchants. He had, he had.

Dervish. And was he not laden with honey on one side?

First Merchant. Yes. O dervish, it is our camel thou hast seen. Tell us quickly, I pray thee, where we may find him.

Dervish. Did he not carry a burden of corn on the other side?

Second Merchant. Your description is exact. Surely you have examined him carefully, O dervish. Tell me where he is.

Dervish. My friends, I do not know. I have never seen your camel.

Second Merchant. Never seen him! never seen him! That is impossible!

First Merchant. You have told us all about him.

Second Merchant. And what hast thou done with the jewels that were in a sack of the corn?

Dervish. Truly, merchants, I have not seen your camel, nor your jewels.

Second Merchant. He wishes to rob us of our property. We must appeal to the judge.

First Merchant. Dervish, you must come with us before the judge.

Dervish. Willingly.



SCENE II — HALL OF JUSTICE

The Judge, the Merchants, and the Dervish

Judge. Well, merchants, why do you bring the dervish into court? What do you charge him with?

First Merchant. He has stolen our camel, O Judge. We ask that our property be returned to us.

Judge. Where was your camel?

Second Merchant. O Judge, we were traveling across the desert. At noon we rested; and, being very tired, we fell asleep. While we slept our camel disappeared.

First Merchant. And, as we started out to look for him, we met this dervish. He at once told us we were looking for a lost camel.

Second Merchant. He told us also that the camel was blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg.

First Merchant. And that he had lost a tooth. Yet he would not tell us where to find the camel. He even declared that he had not seen him.

Judge. What hast thou to say for thyself, dervish ?

Dervish. Even, O Judge, as I have already said to these merchants. I have never seen their camel nor has any man told me of him.

Judge. Explain how thou dost know so much about a camel thou hast never seen.

Dervish. 'Tis very simple, O Judge. I had seen the tracks of the camel in the sand ; and knew that he had strayed away, because there were no traces of human beings.

Judge. But how did you know that he was blind in his right eye ?

Dervish. Because, although he ate the grass close on the left side, he left it untouched on the right.

Judge. And how did you know that he was lame ?

Dervish. Because the print of his left fore foot was much fainter than that of the others.

First Merchant. But how did you know that he had lost a tooth ?

Dervish. Because I observed that everywhere he grazed a small tuft of grass remained untouched in the middle of every bite.

Judge. Dervish, thou hast proved thyself both wise and innocent.

Second Merchant. But, O Judge, there is something

more. How did he know that the burden was honey and corn ?

Judge. Explain that also, dervish.

Dervish. I knew that the burden was grain and honey, because on one side of the tracks ants were carrying away grain, while bees were busy on the other.

Judge. Dervish, you have proved your honesty. And, merchants, use your eyes as well as this dervish has used his, and you will soon find your camel.

SONG OF THE FAIRY

OVER hill, over dale,
 Through bush, through brier,
Over park, over pale,
 Through flood, through fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere ;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green ;
The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
In their gold coats spots you see ;
These rubies, fairy favors —
In those freckles live their savors ;
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



A LEGEND OF BREGENZ

GIRT round with rugged mountains
The fair Lake Constance lies ;
In her blue heart reflected,
Shine back the starry skies ;
And, watching each white cloudlet
Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of heaven
Lies in our earth below !

Midnight is there ; and Silence,
Enthroned in heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
Upon a sleeping town :
For Bregenz, that quaint city
Upon the Tyrol shore,

Has stood above Lake Constance
A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers,
From off her rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadow
For ages on the deep.
Mountain and lake and valley
A sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved one night
Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred
A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
And toil for daily bread ;
And every year that fled
So silently and fast
Seemed to bear farther from her
The memory of the past.

She spoke no more of Bregenz
With longing and with tears :
Her Tyrol home seemed faded
In a deep mist of years ;
Yet, when her master's children
Would clustering round her stand,
She sang them ancient ballads
Of her own native land :

And when at noon and evening
She knelt before God's throne,
The accents of her childhood
Rose to her lips alone.
And so she dwelt, the valley
More peaceful year by year,
When suddenly strange portents
Of some great deed seemed near.

One day, out in the meadow,
With strangers from the town
Some secret plan discussing,
The men walked up and down.
At eve they all assembled ;
Then care and doubt were fled.
With jovial laugh they feasted ;
The board was nobly spread.

The elder of the village
Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, " We drink the downfall
Of an accursed land !
The night is growing darker ;
Ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foeman's stronghold,
Bregenz shall be our own ! "

The women shrank in terror
(Yet Pride, too, had her part),

But one poor Tyrol maiden
Felt death within her heart.
Nothing she heard around her
(Though shouts rang forth again);
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
The pasture and the plain;

Before her eyes one vision,
And in her heart one cry
That said, "Go forth! save Bregenz,
And then, if need be, die!"
With trembling haste and breathless,
With noiseless steps she sped;
Horses and weary cattle
Were standing in the shed;

She loosed the strong white charger
That fed from out her hand;
She mounted, and she turned his head
Towards her native land.
Out — out into the darkness —
Faster, and still more fast; —
The smooth grass flies behind her,
The chestnut wood is past;

She looks up; clouds are heavy;
Why is her steed so slow? —
Scarcely the wind beside them
Can pass them as they go.



“Faster!” she cries, “oh, faster!”
Eleven the church bells chime;
“O God,” she cries, “help Bregenz,
And bring me there in time!”

But louder than bells’ ringing,
Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
The rushing of the Rhine.
She strives to pierce the blackness,
And looser throws the rein;
Her steed must breast the waters
That dash above his mane.

How gallantly, how nobly,
He struggles through the foam!
And see — in the far distance
Shine out the lights of home!
Up the steep bank he bears her,
And now they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz
That tower above the plain.

They reach the gates of Bregenz
Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier
To meet the news she brings.
Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight
Her battlements are manned:

Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land.

Three hundred years are vanished,
And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises
To do her honor still.
And there, when Bregenz women
Sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving
The Charger and the Maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz,
By gateway, street, and tower,
The warder paces all night long
And calls each passing hour;
“Nine,” “ten,” “eleven,” he cries aloud,
And then (Oh, crown of Fame!),
When midnight pauses in the skies,
He calls the maiden’s name!

— ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

THE man who is strong to fight his fight,
And whose will no front can daunt,
If the truth be truth, and the right be right,
Is the man that the ages want.

— PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP



You know we French stormed Ratisbon :
 A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
 Stood on our storming day ;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
 Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, “ My plans
 That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
 Waver at yonder wall, — ”
Out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew

A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping: nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

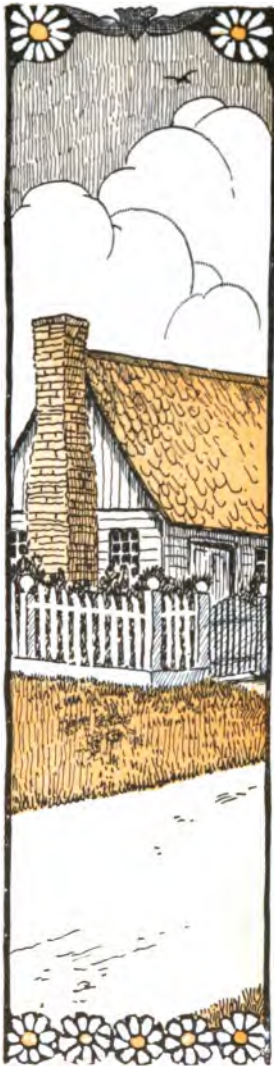
"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market place,
And you'll be there anon,
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again with fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes.

"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

— ROBERT BROWNING.

THE DAISY AND THE LARK



Now listen. Close by the roadside in a country there stood a pleasant house. You have, no doubt, even seen one like it. In front of the house was a little garden in which grew all kinds of flowers. The garden was inclosed by white fences, and gates on which were green knobs. On a bank outside of the fences, in the green grass, there grew a little daisy.

The sun shone brightly and warmly upon the daisy just as it did upon the large beautiful flowers in the garden. Therefore the little flower grew hourly so that one morning it stood fully open. Its delicate white petals shone like rays surrounding the little yellow sun in their center.

The little flower never thought of being seen there, hidden as she was in the tall grass. She was quite contented, and turned toward the warm sun to look at it. And

then she listened to the lark that was singing in the air above her. Although it was only Monday, the daisy was as happy as if it had been a feast day. All the children were at school learning their lessons, and while they were sitting upon their benches the little flower upon her green stick learned from the sun and everything around her of the goodness of God. The little lark was so happy and told her so clearly how good everything was, the little flower looked up with a sort of reverence to the happy bird who could fly and sing. She was glad that he could do so, and did not grieve because she could not.

“I can see and listen,” she said to herself; “the sun shines upon me and the wind kisses me. Oh, how richly I am blessed!”

Inside the fence there stood several prim, stiff-looking flowers. They had very little fragrance, but they seemed to put on many airs. The peonies puffed themselves out in order to be larger than the roses. The tulips had the gayest colors of all, and they were perfectly aware of it. They held themselves as straight as a candle that they might be seen better.

None of these flowers took notice of the little daisy outside the fence. But she looked all the more upon them.

“How rich and lovely they are,” she thought. “Yes, that charming bird will surely fly down and visit them. How happy am I who live near them and enjoy their beauty.”

Just at this moment the lark flew down, crying “tweet,”

but he did not go near the peonies nor the tulips. He came hopping up to the poor little daisy in the grass. She was so surprised and so overcome with joy that she did not know what to do.

“Oh! how soft is this grass,” sang the bird, as he hopped about. “And what a sweet little flower this is, with its golden heart and silver clothes.”

For the yellow center of the daisy looked just like gold, and the little petals around it shone like pure silver.

How happy the little daisy was! No one can imagine how happy. The bird kissed it with his beak, sang to it, and then flew up again into the blue air above. It was at least a quarter of an hour before the daisy could recover from her delight. Half ashamed, yet very happy, she looked at the flowers in the garden. They must have seen the honor that she had received, and would understand how glad she was.

But the tulips looked primmer and prouder than ever. Indeed their faces were quite red, as if with anger. The peonies looked quite shocked; could they have spoken they no doubt would have scolded the poor little daisy. It was evident to the little flower that they were all out of temper, and this made her feel quite unhappy.

Not long afterward a girl came into the garden with a sharp knife. She went up to the tulips and cut one after another.

“Oh, that is terrible,” sighed the daisy. “It is all over with them now.”

The girl went away with the tulips. How glad the daisy was that she was a little common flower and grew in the grass outside the garden. Indeed, she felt very thankful. When the sun set, she folded her leaves and went to sleep, dreaming all night of the gold sun and the beautiful bird. Next morning the little flower awoke fresh and cheerful again, spreading out her white leaves in the bright sunlight and clear fresh air. Soon she heard the voice of the bird. But his song was less cheerful than usual. Indeed, it seemed quite unhappy.

Alas, the poor lark had good reason for sorrow. He had been caught and put into a cage which hung inside a window. He was singing of the joys of his life when he was free to fly in the open air. He was singing of the young corn in the fields, and of the joys of being borne up by his swift wings. The poor little thing was indeed very unhappy.

The little daisy longed to help him, but how could she? How she wished she knew how! In her desire to be helpful she forgot all the beautiful things about her—how warm the sun shone; how pretty and white her leaves were. She could only think of the poor bird, and long to do something for him.

Just then two little boys came out of the garden. One of them had a large sharp knife in his hand. It was the same one with which the girl had cut the tulips. They came straight up to the little daisy, who tried to think what they were going to do.

“Here we can cut a nice piece of turf for the lark,” said one of the boys; and he began to cut the sod all around the little flower, leaving her in the center.

“Tear out the flower,” said the other boy; “it is of no use.”

The little daisy trembled all over with fear. She knew that if she were torn out she would die; and she wished so much to live, that she might be put into the cage with the poor lark.

“No, leave it alone,” said the first; “it looks pretty.” So it was left in the turf and was put into the lark’s cage.

The poor bird was complaining loudly about the loss of his freedom, and beat his wings against the bars of his cage. The little flower was unable to speak — unable to say a single word of comfort to him, although she wished so much to do so. The whole morning passed in this manner.

“There is no water here,” said the thirsty lark; “they have all gone out and forgotten me. There is not a drop of water to drink. My throat is hot and dry. I feel as if I had fire and ice within me. The air is so heavy. Alas! I shall die. I must leave the warm sunshine, the lovely green trees, and all the beautiful things that God has made.”

Then he thrust his beak into the cool grass in order to refresh himself a little. His eye fell upon the timid little daisy, and the bird bowed to her and kissed her with his beak.

“ You, too, will die here, little flower,” he said. “ They have given you and the piece of green turf around you to me in place of the whole world which I had before. Every little blade of grass is to be to me a green tree ; every one of your little white petals a lovely flower. Alas ! you only make me think of how much I have lost.”

“ How I wish I could comfort him,” thought the daisy. But she could not move. The fragrance, however, which came from her beautiful blossom was sweeter than usual. The bird noticed it, and it gave him a little comfort. Panting with thirst, he pulled up the green blades of grass. Yet he did not touch the little flower.

Evening came, and yet no one appeared who could bring the poor bird a drink of water. He stretched out his slender wings and shook convulsively. He could only say “ Tweet, tweet,” in a weak, dismal tone. His little head bent toward the flower in despair. The bird’s heart was broken with thirst and want. The little flower could not fold its leaves to-night and sleep as she used to do. She bent her head down to the ground, weary and ill.

The boys did not return until morning. When they saw that the bird was dead, they cried bitterly. They dug a pretty little grave, and adorned it with flowers. The bird’s lifeless body was put into a pretty red box, and he was buried with great honor. While he lived and sang they forgot him, and allowed him to sit in his cage and suffer. Now that he was dead they mourned for him bitterly and buried him with great tenderness. But the piece

of turf with the daisy on it was thrown out into the dusty street. No one thought of the little flower that had felt so much for the poor bird and would have been glad to help and comfort him if she had been able.

—Adapted from HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.



A PART TO PLAY

RISE! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on,
The others have buckled their armor,
And forth to the fight are gone;
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play,
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern to-day.

THE BROWN DWARF OF RUGEN

THE pleasant isle of Rugen looks the Baltic water o'er,
To the silver-sanded beaches of the Pomeranian shore ;

And in the town of Ramin a little boy and maid
Plucked the meadow flowers together, and in the sea surf
played.

Alike were they in beauty, if not in their degree :
He was the Amptman's first-born, the miller's child was
she.

Now of old, the isle of Rugen was full of dwarfs and
trolls,
The brown-faced little earthmen, the people without
souls ;

And for every man and woman in Rugen's island
found
Walking in air and sunshine, a troll was underground.

It chanced, the little maiden one morning strolled away
Among the haunted Nine Hills, where the elves and gob-
lins play.

That day, in barley fields below, the harvesters had known
Of evil voices in the air, and heard the small horns blown.

She came not back ; the search for her in field and wood
was vain ;



They cried her east, they cried her west, but she came not
again.

“She’s down among the brown dwarfs,” said the dream-
wives wise and old,
And prayers were made, and masses said, and Rambin’s
church bell tolled.

Five years her father mourned her ; and then John Deit-
rich said :

“ I will find my little playmate, be she alive or dead.”

He watched among the Nine Hills, he heard the brown
dwarfs sing,
And saw them dance by moonlight merrily in a ring.

And when their gay-robed leader tossed up his cap of red,

Young Deitrich caught it as it fell, and thrust it on his head.

The troll came crouching at his feet, and wept for lack of it.

“Oh, give me back my magic cap, for your great head unfit!”

“Nay,” Deitrich said; “the dwarf who throws his charmed cap away

Must serve its finder at his will, and for his folly pay.

“You stole my pretty Lisbeth, and hid her in the earth;
And you shall ope the door of glass, and let me lead her forth.”

“She will not come; she’s one of us; she’s mine!” the brown dwarf said;

“The day is set, the cake is baked, to-morrow we shall wed.”

“The fell fiend fetch thee!” Deitrich cried, “and keep thy foul tongue still.

Quick! open, to thy evil world, the glass door of the hill!”

The dwarf obeyed; and youth and troll down the long stairway passed,

And saw in dim and sunless light a country strange and vast.

Weird, rich, and wonderful, he saw the elfin underland,
Its palaces of precious stones, its streets of golden sand.

He came into a banquet hall, with tables richly spread,
Where a young maiden served to him the red wine and
the bread.

How fair she seemed among the trolls so ugly and so
wild!

Yet pale and very sorrowful, like one who never smiled.

Her low, sweet voice, her gold-brown hair, her tender
blue eyes seemed—

Like something he had seen elsewhere, or something he
had dreamed.

He looked; he clasped her in his arms; he knew the long-
lost one;

“O Lisbeth! see thy playmate,—I am the Amptman’s
son!”

She leaned her fair head on his breast, and through her
sobs she spoke:

“Oh, take me from this evil place, and from the elfin
folk!

“And let me tread the grass-green fields, and smell the
flowers again,

And feel the soft wind on my cheek, and hear the drop-
ping rain!

‘ And oh, to hear the singing bird, the rustling of the tree,
The lowing cows, the bleat of sheep, the voices of the
sea !

“ And oh, upon my father’s knee to sit beside the door,
And hear the bell of vespers ring in Rambin church once
more !’

He kissed her cheek, he kissed her lips; the brown dwarf
groaned to see,
And tore his tangled hair, and ground his long teeth
angrily.

But Deitrich said: “ For five long years this tender
Christian maid
Has served you in your evil world, and well must she be
paid !

“ Haste !— hither bring me precious gems, the richest in
your store ;
Then, when we pass the gate of glass, you’ll take your
cap once more.”

No choice was left the baffled troll ; and, murmuring, he
obeyed,
And filled the pockets of the youth and apron of the
maid.

They left the dreadful underland, and passed the gate of
glass ;



They felt the sunshine's warm caress, they trod the soft
green grass.

And when, beneath, they saw the dwarf stretch up to
them his brown
And crooked claw-like fingers, they tossed his red cap
down.

Oh, never shone so bright a sun, was never sky so blue,
And hand in hand they homeward walked the pleasant
meadows through!

And never sang the birds so sweet in Rambin's woods
before,
And never washed the waves so soft along the Baltic
shore;

And when beneath his dooryard trees the father met his
child,
The bells rung out their merriest peal, the folks with joy
ran wild.

And soon from Rambin's holy church the twain came forth
as one,
The Amptman kissed a daughter, the miller blest a son.

John Deitrich's fame went far and wide, and nurse and
maid crooned o'er
Their cradle song: "Sleep on, sleep well, the trolls shall
come no more!"

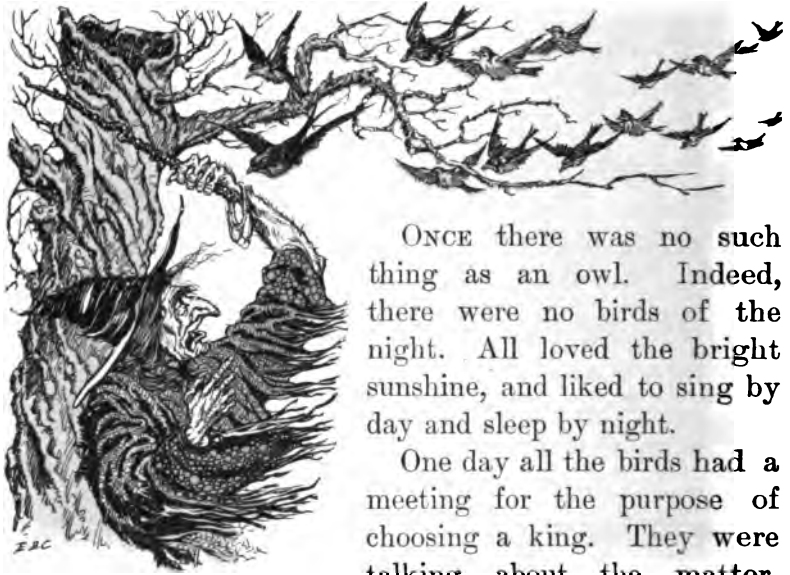
For in the haunted Nine Hills he set a cross of stone;
And elf and brown dwarf sought in vain a door where
door was none.

The tower he built in Rambin, fair Rugen's pride and
boast,
Looked o'er the Baltic water to the Pomeranian coast;

And, for his worth ennobled, and rich beyond compare,
Count Deitrich and his lovely bride dwelt long and happy
there.

—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

WHY THE OWL IS A BIRD OF NIGHT



ONCE there was no such thing as an owl. Indeed, there were no birds of the night. All loved the bright sunshine, and liked to sing by day and sleep by night.

One day all the birds had a meeting for the purpose of choosing a king. They were talking about the matter, when a witch came by their meeting place. She saw all the beautiful birds, and wished to have them for servants.

“What fine helpers they will be,” she said to herself. “I can send them everywhere to do my will. And nobody will suspect them. They are much better than cats and toads.”

So she chanted an evil song, threw some magic dust into the air, and waved her stick three times over her head.

“Birds big, birds little, birds one and all, follow me,” she cried; and every bird, without knowing why, left the limb on which he was seated, and followed the witch.

There was one bird that had been late in coming. It was the nightingale. She had been singing very late the night before, and so had overslept.

She saw the other birds departing, and flew up to the lark.

“Who was chosen king?” she asked.

“We have chosen no king,” said the lark. “We were just discussing the matter. Most of us thought there should be some test to prove who was fit to be king. Then all at once a strange thing happened. Every one felt a desire to follow that strange woman yonder. So off we came.”

“You are all bewitched,” cried the nightingale in fright. “What will become of you? You surely will all be killed. Oh! what can I do?”

The nightingale sat down on the bough of an old oak to think. The witch turned and saw her. She ordered her to come along with the others; but she had already used all of the magic dust. So the nightingale flew away.

She decided to go to the king of the fairies. So away she flew. She came at last to the very center of the woods. There the trees were the most beautiful. There she saw all sorts of beautiful flowers. The sun seemed softer and the breezes gentler too. In a bower of lilies she found the fairy king, and told him what had happened.

“Won't you save all my dear friends?” the nightingale asked. “The world will be a very lonely place without them.”

“What are birds good for?” asked the fairy king.

“By their sweet songs they make the world brighter. By their work they destroy many harmful insects,” said the nightingale.

“Show me how they can make the world brighter,” answered the king. So the nightingale sang her sweetest song. It was a little sad, because the nightingale was worried. But even the fairy king had never heard anything so sweet.

“Sweet Mistress Nightingale,” he said, “surely I will do anything in the world for you.”

So the little king took his wand and went with the nightingale. Through the forest they traveled until they came to the great oak tree. “This is where I saw them last,” said Mistress Nightingale. “But I see no tracks left by the witch. How shall we tell which way they went?”

The fairy king tapped the earth with his wand. Every place where the witch had stepped turned brown. It looked as if fire had scorched the earth.

“Now we can follow easily,” said the king. And they went on till they came to a great cave. Mistress Nightingale drew back. She was afraid to enter.

“Have no fear, dear Nightingale,” said the fairy king. “No harm shall come to you.” So in they went.

The witch did not see them. She was making all the birds sing. At last she came to the lark. His song seemed to please her best. She seized him.

“Your song I want for myself,” she said. “So I shall have to cut it out of you. I shall eat your heart; then your song will come to me.”

But just as she was about to kill the poor little lark, the fairy king waved his wand.

“Stop! cruel witch!” he cried. “I am more powerful than you, for good is always able to conquer evil. For your wicked plans, I shall change you into a bird. But you shall not show yourself by day, but shall hide when other birds are enjoying the beautiful sunshine.”

So saying, he waved his wand. The old witch became small in a twinkling. Feathers came out over her body. Her feet became claws, and her hands became wings. Her face, however, did not become like that of other birds. It remained like that of a human being. But the eyes were wide with fright.

With a shriek of terror, the owl flew away into the woods to hide herself. She did not look to see where she was going, but just flew and flew. The light hurt her big round eyes. She closed them, and flew on as fast as she could.

All at once she thought she was killed. She had flown against a tree. Her face was made almost flat by the crash, but the great beak remained.

When she was able to fly again, she hid herself in a hollow tree. She did not want any one to see her. From that day to this the owl has kept herself hidden in the daytime. She only feels free to come out of her hiding place at night, when other birds cannot see her.

THE CLOSE OF A RAINY DAY

THE sky was dark and gloomy ;
We heard the sound of rain
Dripping from eaves and tossing leaves,
And driving against the pane.

The clouds hung low o'er the ocean,
The ocean gray and wan,
Where one lone sail before the gale
Like a spirit was driven on.

The screaming sea fowl hovered
Above the boiling main,
And flapped with wings in narrowing rings
Seeking for rest in vain.

The sky grew wilder and darker,
Darker and wilder the sea,
And night with her dusky pinions
Swept down in stormy glee.

Then lo! from the western heaven
The veil was rent in twain,
And a flood of light and glory
Spread over the heaving main.

It changed the wave-beat islands
To Islands of the Blest,
And the far-off sail like a spirit
Seemed vanishing into rest.

— NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
“Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!” he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right to them,
Cannon to left to them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,

Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabers bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd :
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right thro' the line they broke ;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the saber stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not —
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

— ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE VALUE OF WISDOM

HAPPY is the man that findeth wisdom,
And the man that getteth understanding.
For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise
of silver,
And the gain thereof than fine gold.
She is more precious than rubies:
And none of the things thou canst desire are to be com-
pared unto her.

Length of days is in her right hand;
In her left are riches and honor.
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.
She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her:
And happy is every one that retaineth her.

— PROVERBS iii, 13-18.

THE VICTOR OF MARENGO

NAPOLEON was sitting in his tent. Before him lay a map of Italy. He took four pins, stuck them up, measured, moved the pins, and measured again. "Now," said he, "that is right. I will capture him there."

"Who, sire?" said an officer.

"Melas, the old fox of Austria. He will return from Genoa, pass through Turin, and fall back on Alexandria. I will cross the Po, meet him on the plains of La Servia, and conquer him there." And the finger of the child of destiny pointed to Marengo. But God thwarted Napoleon's schemes, and the well-planned victory of Napoleon became a terrible defeat.

Just as the day was lost, Desaix came sweeping across the field at the head of his cavalry and halted near the eminence where stood Napoleon. In the corps was a drummer boy, a gamin whom Desaix had picked up in the streets of Paris, and who had followed the victorious eagles of France in the campaigns of Egypt and Austria.

As the column halted, Napoleon shouted to him: "Beat a retreat."

The boy did not stir.

"Gamin, beat a retreat!"

The boy grasped his drumsticks, stepped forward, and said: "O sire, I don't know how; Desaix never taught me that. But I can beat a charge. Oh! I can beat a charge that would make the dead fall in line. I beat

that charge at the Pyramids once, and I beat it at Mount Tabor, and I beat it again at the Bridge of Lodi, and oh! may I beat it here?"

Napoleon turned to Desaix: "We are beaten; what shall we do?"

"Do? Beat them! There is time to win victory yet. Up! gamin, the charge! Beat the old charge of Mount Tabor and Lodi!"

A moment later the corps, following Desaix, and keeping step to the furious roll of the gamin's drum, swept down on the host of Austria. They drove the first line back on the second, the second back on the third, and there they died. Desaix fell at the first volley, but the line never faltered. As the smoke cleared away, the gamin was seen in front of the line, still beating the furious charge, as over the dead and wounded, over the breastworks and ditches, over the cannon and rear guard, he led the way to victory.

To-day men point to Marengo with wonderment. They laud the power and foresight that so skillfully planned the battle; but they forget that Napoleon failed, and that a gamin of Paris put to shame the child of destiny.

— J. T. HEADLEY: *Napoleon and his Marshals*.

How far that little candle throws its beams:
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

— SHAKESPEARE.

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

I stood upon the plain
That had trembled, when the slain
Hurled their proud, defiant curses at the battle-heated foe,
When the steed dashed right and left,
Through the bloody gaps he cleft,
When the bridle-rein was broken, and the rider was laid
low.

What busy feet had trod
Upon the very sod
When I marshaled the battalions of my fancy to my aid!
And I saw the combat dire,
Heard the quick, incessant fire,
And the cannons' echoes startling the reverberating glade.

I heard the chorus dire,
That jarred along the lyre
On which the hymn of battle rung, like surgings of the
wave,
When the storm, at blackest night,
Wakes the ocean in affright,
As it shouts its mighty Pibroch o'er some shipwrecked
vessel's grave.

I saw the broad claymore
Flash from its scabbard, o'er
The ranks that quailed and shuddered at the close and
fierce attack ;

When victory gave the word,
Auld Scotia drew the sword,
And with arms that never faltered drove the brave de-
fenders back.

I saw two great chiefs die,
Their last breaths like the sigh
Of the zephyr-sprite that wantons on the rosy lips of morn ;
No enemy-poisoned darts,
No rancor in their hearts,
To unfit them for their triumph over death's impending
scorn.

And as I thought and gazed,
My soul, exultant, praised
The power to whom each mighty act and victory are due ;
For the saintlike peace that smiled
Like a heaven-gifted child,
And for the air of quietude that steeped the distant view.

Oh, rare, divinest life
Of peace compared with strife !
Yours is the truest splendor, and the most enduring fame ;
All the glory ever reaped
Where the fiends of battle leaped,
In harsh discord to the music of your undertoned acclaim.



KING HACON'S LAST BATTLE

ALL was over ; day was ending
As the foemen turned and fled.
Gloomy red
Glowed the angry sun descending ;
While round Hacon's dying bed
Tears and songs of triumph blending
Told how fast the conqueror bled.

“Raise me,” said the king. We raised him —
Not to ease his desperate pain ;
That were vain !

“Strong our foe was, but we faced him —
Show me that red field again.”

Then with reverent hands we placed him
High above the battle plain.

Sudden, on our startled hearing,
Came the low-breathed, stern command —
“Lo! ye stand?

Linger not — the night is nearing;
Bear me downwards to the strand,
Where my ships are idly steering
Off and on, in sight of land.”

Every whispered word obeying,
Swift we bore him down the steep,
O'er the deep,
Up the tall ship's side, low swaying
To the storm-wind's powerful sweep,
And his dead companions laying
Round him — we had time to weep.

But the king said, “Peace! bring hither
Spoil and weapons, battle-strewn —
Make no moan;
Leave me and my dead together;
Light my torch, and then — begone.”
But we murmured, each to other,
“Can we leave him thus alone?”

Angrily the king replieth;
Flashed the awful eye again
With disdain —

“ Call him not alone who lieth
 Low amidst such noble slain ;
Call him not alone who dieth
 Side by side with gallant men.”

Slowly, sadly we departed —
 Reached again that desolate shore,
 Never more
Trode by him, the brave, true-hearted,
 Dying in that dark ship's core !
Sadder keel from land ne'er parted,
 Nobler freight none ever bore !

There we lingered, seaward gazing
 Watching o'er that living tomb,
 Through the gloom —
Gloom which awful light is chasing ;
 Blood-red flames the surge illumine !
Lo ! King Hacon's ship is blazing ;
 'Tis the hero's self-sought doom.

Right before the wild wind driving,
 Madly plunging — stung by fire —
 No help nigh her —
Lo ! the ship has ceased her striving !
 Mount the red flames higher, higher,
Till, on ocean's verge arriving,
 Sudden sinks the viking's pyre. —
 Hacon's gone !

CHARLEMAGNE'S GENEROSITY

CHARLEMAGNE had had a new palace built for him in a beautiful spot near the Rhine. When it was completed he went to visit it. The first night that he slept in the palace, a very strange incident occurred. An angel came and stood by his bedside.

“ Arise,” it seemed to say to him, “ arise, go forth and enter secretly the house of Arnot.”

The emperor was so astonished at this command that he did not know what to do. He could scarcely believe that such an order could come from an angel, so he did not move, but the command was repeated, and then repeated again.

When the angel commanded him the third time to go and enter secretly the house of Arnot, he arose, went quietly to his stable, saddled his horse himself, and rode silently out into the darkness, in the direction of the home of Arnot, one of his most trusted ministers.

As he was going along the dark way thoughtfully, he heard some one approaching, and he soon perceived that it was a knight clad in dark armor. Charlemagne could think of no good mission upon which a man could be riding at such an hour ; so he challenged the man.

“ Whither goest thou, and upon what mission at this hour of the night ? ” he demanded.

The knight did not answer, but put spurs to his horse and charged upon the emperor. Seeing this movement,

the emperor did likewise, and the two met with a violent shock. Both were unhorsed, and in the hand-to-hand conflict which followed, the emperor got the better of the unknown knight and brought him to the ground. With his sword at the throat of the knight, he demanded his name.

"I am Elbegast," he replied, "a notorious robber knight, and have committed many a bold deed. Thou art the first that has had power to overcome me."

"Arise," said the emperor, without telling who he was, "and come with me. I am on a mission like thine own."

Without hesitating, the robber knight joined his conqueror.

"I have vowed," said the emperor, "not to return home until I have broken into the house of the emperor's most trusted minister." So saying, he led the way to the house of Arnot.

Elbegast was not long in gaining entrance. Bidding his companion wait for him outside, he stole noiselessly into the house.

As he approached the bedroom of the minister, the sound of voices in earnest conversation came to his ears. He listened, and heard the minister disclose to his wife a plan for the murder of the emperor on the following day.

Forgetting the purpose for which he had come to the house, the knight made his way hastily back to his companion and besought him to go at once to Charlemagne and inform him of the coming danger.

“I, myself, would gladly go to save the emperor’s life, but I would surely get into trouble, because of my many evil deeds, and more than likely the emperor would not believe me. But whatever I have done, I hold great admiration for the man who has never been conquered in battle, and who has always worked for the good of his people.”

Then Charlemagne and Elbegast parted, one returning to his stronghold in the mountains and the other retracing his steps slowly and thoughtfully to his palace.

On the morrow the ministers attempted to carry out the plot which they had formed against the emperor; but their plans were thwarted. Charlemagne took all of them into custody, and they confessed their plot against him.

Charlemagne, however, was of a noble and generous nature, and pardoned all those who had conspired against him. This generosity on his part made them so ashamed of their plot that they vowed to serve him ever afterward with all true loyalty. And it is said that every one of them kept his promise faithfully.

Charlemagne then set his mind upon reforming Elbegast, and sent a messenger to him, requesting him to come to the palace.

“I, Charlemagne, Emperor of Germany,” his message ran, “would speak privately with Elbegast, the robber knight, and promise him safe conduct to and from the castle.”

Elbegast came to the palace in response to the request

of Charlemagne, and was admitted to the private council chamber. Soon a man entered, clad in armor; and Elbegast recognized the knight who had been his companion on the adventure to the house of Arnot.

“Elbegast,” said Charlemagne, “you recognize me, and yet you do not know me.”

Then Charlemagne raised his visor, and the knight saw that he was standing in the presence of the emperor.

“You have done me,” went on the emperor, “faithful duty, and I am ever in need of faithful servants, and offer you a place among my retainers. A man of your courage and skill is worthy of a place in the emperor’s service.”

Elbegast was so moved that he could scarcely speak. Charlemagne was the only man who had ever been able to disarm him, and he therefore admired him greatly. More than this, the kindness of the emperor appealed to him. Accordingly he willingly forsook his evil way of life, and became a devoted follower of the emperor.

From *The Crystal Palace* by MARIE H. FRARY and CHARLES M. STEBBINS.

THINGS TO BE DONE

THERE are so many things to be done,
So many battles lost or won,
That neither mind nor hand need be
Waiting for opportunity.

— MILDRED STONE.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP

“GIVE us a song,” the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under ;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
“We storm the forts to-morrow ;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow.”

They lay along the battery’s side,
Below the smoking cannon ;
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame ;
Forgot was Britain’s glory ;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang “Annie Laurie.”

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion

Rose like an anthem, rich and strong, ---
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

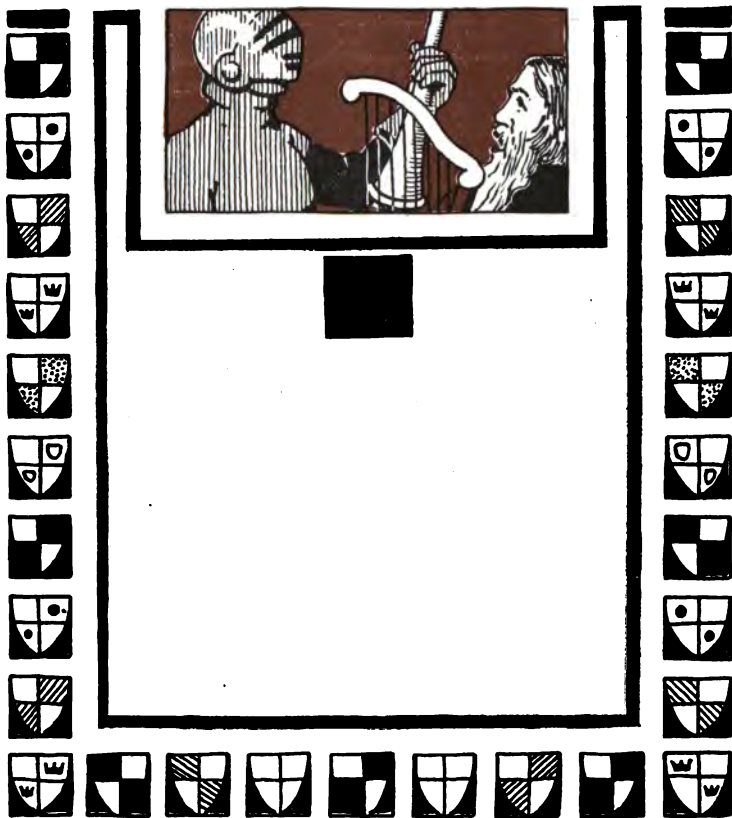
And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot — and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory ;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing ;
The bravest are the tenderest, —
The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

WITH MINSTREL AND KNIGHT



*In days of old the minstrel sung
And through the vaulted rafters rung
The name of knights ; and honor sprung
From noble deeds, and glory clung
To them in all high places.
And men strove less for power or pelf
Or sought to hoard in drawer or shelf,
But sought to win, forgetting self,
The nobleness that graces.*

*I do not long to be a knight
In that old way, and hew and smite
With gleaming sword in single fight,
And so by force maintain the right,
And win a name in story.
But yet a knight I still would be
In life's front ranks of chivalry,
And wield a power to make men free
For love and not for glory.*

THE MINSTREL BOY

THE minstrel boy to the war has gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him ;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him. —
“ Land of song ! ” said the warrior bard,
“ Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee ! ”

The minstrel fell ! — but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under ;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder,
And said, “ No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery !
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery ! ”

— THOMAS MOORE.

HOW ARTHUR BECAME KING

UTHER was king in the land of Britain. He was a great king for those days. He had many strong and noble knights for friends. But his greatest and best friend was Merlin the Enchanter.

Merlin could become unseen. He could come and go



like a spirit. He could cast a charm over people. And he could see into the future, and tell what was going to happen.

By his power Merlin knew that King Uther had not long to live. Prince Arthur, the king's only son, was a mere babe. Merlin knew that he would be in danger after the death of Uther.

So it happened, when King Uther died, that Merlin took Arthur away. No one knew what had become of the young prince.

Merlin knew that Sir Ector was a good knight and a true man, and that his good wife was noble and gentle. So to them he took the young prince, and they brought him up as their own child, not knowing who he was.

So Arthur grew up in the quiet home with Kay, the real son of Sir Ector. And Arthur and Kay thought that they were brothers; and they were happy. Kay was older than Arthur, and so taught Arthur many things.

Arthur heard stories of the knights and of their noble deeds. He longed for the time to come when he could be

a knight too. But Kay's time came first, and Arthur acted as Kay's squire.

Now since the death of Uther the people had had no real king. They were waiting for the true king to come. But now they were getting weary of waiting, and began to ask for a leader. They wanted some one to give justice.

Merlin saw that the time had come. He caused a great rock to fall into the churchyard at Westminster. In the rock was an anvil of steel, and in the anvil was stuck a great, beautiful sword. On the sword were the words:

“Whoever can pull this sword out of this anvil, he shall be the true king.”

So many knights came together, and they held a tournament. In the tournament Sir Kay fought with another knight, and won honor. But Sir Kay's sword was broken, and he sent Arthur home for another. But Arthur could not get into the house, as it was locked. The whole family were at the tournament.

“What shall I do?” said Arthur; “my brother Kay must have a sword. I will try the sword in the anvil.”

So Arthur, who was only a lad, went to the churchyard. He took hold of the sword, and as he touched it, it came lightly out of the anvil. With a light heart he hurried away to give the sword to Kay.

“O my brother, what wonder is this?” cried Kay, when he saw the sword gleaming and bright with jewels. And Kay hastened to his father, Sir Ector.

When Sir Ector saw the sword, he was astonished. He could hardly speak for wonder. He asked Kay how he came by it, and Kay explained how Arthur had brought it to him.

“And how, Arthur, came you by the sword?” Sir Ector asked.

“I went home for a sword for Kay; but could not get in. On my way back I thought of the sword in the anvil, and decided to get it for my brother. So I went in and took it by the hilt, and it came out easily. So I brought it to Sir Kay, that he might fight and win greater glory.”

“Nay, lad, it must not be,” said the good knight. “No one but the king should ever use this sword. So come and replace it in the anvil.”

Then Arthur and Sir Kay and Sir Ector returned to the churchyard, and Arthur put back the sword in the anvil. Then Sir Ector tried to pull it out; but he could not budge it. Then Sir Kay tried to pull it out; but it remained in its place.

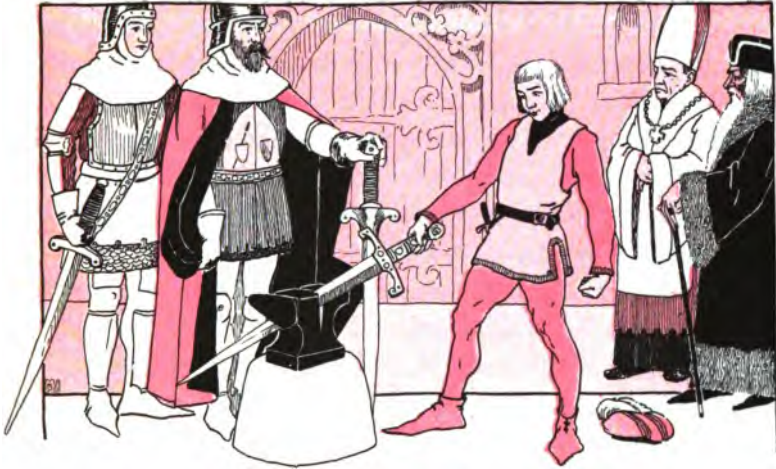
“Now Arthur, do you try,” said Sir Ector.

Arthur laid his hand upon the sword, and lifted it lightly from the anvil, as if he were lifting a twig.

Sir Ector and Sir Kay fell on their knees before him.

“What is this?” cried Arthur; “why do you, my father and my brother, kneel to me, who am but a mere lad?”

“Of a truth,” answered Sir Ector, “thou shalt be king and reign over the land, and we shall serve thee.”



Then Sir Ector told Arthur that he was not Kay's brother ; but that Merlin had brought him when a babe.

"Then indeed, if this be so, I have no mother and no father," said Arthur. "But you and your good wife have been father and mother to me, and I shall honor you all my days. So rise up, I pray you."

Then the report went out, that a lad had drawn the sword from the anvil. The bishop called the knights together, and they came. One after another tried to draw out the sword. Even the strongest could not move it.

Then Arthur again drew it forth before all the people. They wondered at it, but the great lords and barons did not wish a boy to rule over them. So they refused to make Arthur king.

So the time went by, and Easter came. Again the knights assembled, and tried to pull out the sword. Again Arthur was the only person in the whole company who could draw it forth.

Again the barons refused to make Arthur king; but in the end the common people said they would delay no more. They said that Arthur was truly the king, and the lords and barons yielded.

Then the best knight in the country made Arthur a knight, and after that he was crowned king. So he came to rule over Britain. He chose his foster brother Kay to be master over his lands and his household. Then he began to give justice to the people, and happiness came unto them again.

— C. M. S.

HOW KING ARTHUR FOUGHT WITH THE SABLE KNIGHT

ARTHUR ruled the land with justice. From far and near came people who had suffered wrong, and the King caused their wrongs to be righted. Justice and mercy were shown to all.

But there were many enemies in the land. These Arthur fought and overcame in twelve great battles. So peace came to the land, and the people rejoiced in their king.

To Arthur's court came many noble youths. They wished to become knights and help the king. One day there came to court a young knight sorely wounded. He had no shield. Arthur learned from his squire that the young knight had been wounded in a conflict with the Sable Knight. The Sable Knight had stripped him of his shield and had left him lying in distress.

"It is a shame," cried Arthur, "that such a thing should be. Such a person is not worthy to be called a knight."

At this moment there came to King Arthur a youth, who asked a boon. The name of the youth was Griflet, and he was noble. Arthur looked upon him and loved him.

"Ask," he said, "the boon is granted."

"I pray you, my king," answered the young man, "make me a knight and let me go to fight this inhuman rogue, called the Sable Knight."

"I would thou hadst asked another boon," said the youthful king. "I fear that thou art no match for yon knight. But thou hast my word. Let it be as thou hast said."

So Griflet was made a knight, and set out on the quest. But the next evening there came two knights bringing Sir Griflet. He was sorely wounded, and his armor was soiled and broken. King Arthur was greatly moved at Sir Griflet's distress. His soul was stirred within him.

"I myself will go and punish the evil knight," he said.

The knights of the court tried to keep him from risking his life ; but he had his way and went. It was a lovely day in spring. The flowers made the morning air sweet with perfume. The birds were singing in the tree tops, and the whole world seemed bright and beautiful.

Arthur rode on with a light heart. About noontide he beheld a strange sight. Three charcoal burners seemed to be beating an old grayhaired man. Arthur put spurs to his horse, and went to the rescue. At one blow from his lance the charcoal burners took to flight, and Arthur turned to the old man. Behold ! it was no other than Merlin.

“ Ha ! Merlin, I think I have saved thy life,” said the king. “ But I left thee at court. How camest thou here ? ”

“ I came on the wings of the wind, Sir King ; and I came to save one who is in greater peril than ever I was in. Thou art even now in danger of losing thy life. It is no easy battle to which thou goest.”

“ The right must win,” said Arthur.

“ Yea,” answered Merlin, “ but I think it would be better for thee to leave this quest.”

“ Nay, Merlin, even though I face death, I will not turn back,” replied king Arthur.

“ Then I must go with thee,” said Merlin.

“ Then, come,” answered the king, and away they rode together.

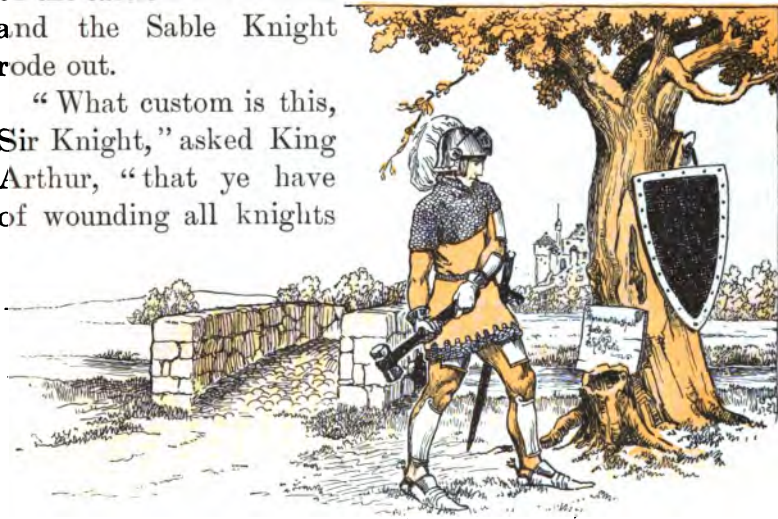
In the afternoon they came to a bridge. Beyond it was

a castle, and before the castle was a broad meadow. By the bridge was an apple tree. In this hung a great shield, all black. Beside it hung a hammer of brass. Below the shield was written in red letters : —

Whoso smiteth this shield
Doeth so at his peril.

King Arthur rode boldly up, took the hammer of brass and smote loudly on the shield. Instantly the drawbridge of the castle was let down and the Sable Knight rode out.

“What custom is this, Sir Knight,” asked King Arthur, “that ye have of wounding all knights



that ride this way? Whatever it be, it should be mended.”

“Let him mend it who will,” replied the Sable Knight. “As for me I shall keep that same custom till a better than myself break me of it.”

“I must then prove myself that better knight,” replied Arthur, and he rode to the end of the field.

The Sable Knight rode to the opposite end. Then they rushed together like the wind. Their spears dashed against each other's shields and went to pieces. Arthur drew his sword.

“Nay,” said the Sable Knight, “it is better that we once more try spears.”

“I should be glad to do so,” said Arthur, “if I had any more spears, but I have none.”

“I have plenty,” answered the other, and he ordered them brought.

Again they rushed together, and again their spears were broken into splinters. Then Arthur was about to draw his sword again.

“Nay, not yet,” cried the Sable Knight. “You are the best knight that I ever jousting with. I would fain try the spears again!”

So again they dashed fiercely across the plain, and met with a great shock in the center. This time the spear of the Sable Knight held, and Arthur's horse went over.

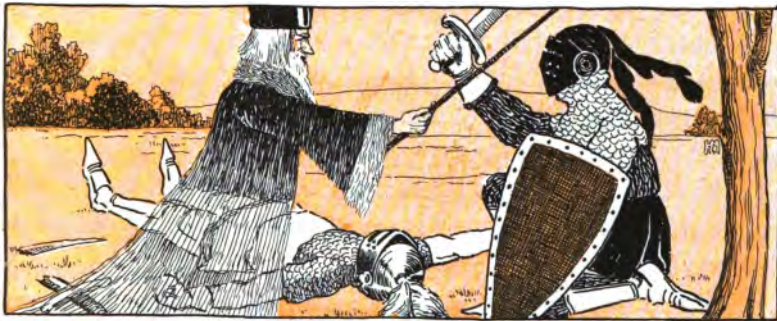
Now Arthur drew his sword, and the Sable Knight dismounted and did likewise. They fought hand to hand. Back and forth, slashing and hacking, they paced. Though young and slender, Arthur was mighty with the sword. At last he brought down his sword with such a terrible blow that it broke in pieces.

“Thou art at my mercy, now,” said the knight;

“and unless thou yield to me as conquered, I will slay thee.”

“Death is welcome when it comes,” replied Arthur. At that he rushed upon the Sable Knight and seized him, and threw him to the ground. He was about to tear off the knight’s helm.

The Sable Knight was a big and mighty man, but he was now in great fear. He collected all his strength, rose up suddenly, and toppled Arthur over. He was



about to smite off the king’s head.

“Hold thy hand,” said Merlin, calmly, coming instantly by his magic. “If thou slay that knight, thou wilt put this kingdom in sore trouble.”

“Who then is he whom I have fought?”

“It is no other than the king himself,” answered Merlin.

“How shall I escape his wrath?” said the Sable Knight. “I had best slay myself.” And he lifted up his sword;

but Merlin caused a deep sleep to come upon the knight.

Arthur and Merlin laid the knight under the apple tree and left him. Then they went their way.

"I am sure that yon knight will mend his evil ways hereafter. Otherwise I shall needs come again."

— C. M. S.

HOW KING ARTHUR WON EXCALIBUR

KING ARTHUR and Merlin passed that night in a hermit's cell in the forest. The young king was weary after the fight with the Sable Knight. The next morning, however, Arthur was up with the first bird.

"Merlin," he said, "I must fight this battle to the end with yon proud knight. I am ashamed that he did treat me so badly."

"But how wilt thou fight with him again?" asked Merlin; "thou hast neither sword nor spear."

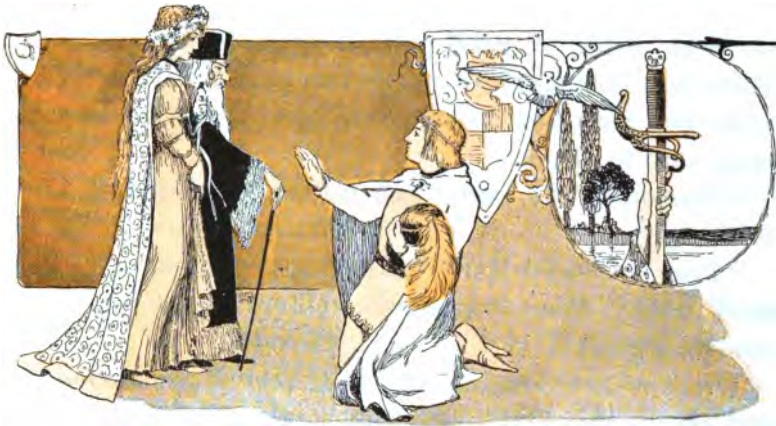
"I must needs find both," replied the brave young king; "for no false knight must remain in my kingdom."

"Since thou art bent upon risking thy life a second time," answered Merlin, "I will help thee to find a sword."

"Merlin, I would rather perish than let this bold knight work wrong against my people," answered the king.

"So be it," said Merlin, "come with me."

"A little beyond this place is a wood, called the forest of adventure. No knight ever enters it, but some strange



event comes to him. A little beyond this forest is a wonderful lake, sometimes called the Lake of Enchantment. And in the center of this lake is a very wonderful thing. Out of the water extends a woman's arm, most beautiful to look upon, clad in jewels of great brightness. In the hand is held a sword, with jewels in the hilt. And the brightness of it is blinding."

"That sword would I have," cried Arthur.

"Aye, aye; but let me tell thee: many knights have lost their lives in trying to get that sword."

"Yet would I try for it," answered the king, undaunted.

So Merlin and the king rode away into the forest. They had not gone far when a milk-white doe appeared before them. They followed it. Through winding paths it led the way, over mossy banks, and grassy moors.

At length they came out into a plain. Before them stood a tent. As they glanced into it they saw a table

set with dishes of gold, and silver, and precious stones. There was no man there except two pages.

As the king and Merlin drew near, one of the pages came out to them.

“Dismount,” he said, “and refresh yourselves. All is ready for you.”

“Fear not,” said Merlin to Arthur; “this is a mark of good omen. You are expected, and are received in Fairyland as a guest.”

Without more words, the king and Merlin sat down and ate. The king felt wonderfully refreshed. When they had finished, they mounted again and rode on, and soon they came to the shores of a lake.

The water of the lake shone like silver, and the foliage of the trees about it seemed to be set with gold and jewels. It surely was an enchanted land.

King Arthur looked; and, lo, there in the center of the lake he saw a white arm, holding a sword by the blade. It seemed to invite him to come and take it.

“But how?” thought Arthur, and his eyes sought the shore for a boat. He saw none. But then coming toward him by the water’s edge was a woman of most wondrous beauty. King Arthur had never seen her like in all his life. She looked like an earthly woman, yet was more lovely, more sweet, more graceful.

“Fair lady,” said the king, “I perceive that you are not a mortal woman. Am I not in Fairyland, and art thou its queen?”

“It is even as thou sayest, King Arthur,” answered the lady, sweetly. “I am queen of Fairyland, and sometimes called the *Lady of the Lake*. But what brings thee hither?”

“I will tell thee the whole truth, fair queen. In a sad adventure my sword was broken, and I came hither to see if I might win yon wonder of the lake.”

“It is a dangerous task to undertake, fair young King Arthur. For know, this lake is only pretended water. Before you lies a valley, in which is our fairyland castle. Around it are beautiful gardens, where roses and lilies ever bloom. I and my fairy sisters have caused this seeming lake to appear, to hide our abode from the eyes of men. Many there be who have sought yonder sword, but all have met with sad mishap.”

“However dangerous it be, I needs must have a sword to fight my battles. I must try for this.”

“Since thou hast shown thyself fearless, and I know that thou art noble, I will help thee,” said the Lady of the Lake.

With a golden wand, set with rubies and pearls, the lady reached down and touched the water. Suddenly there rose out of the midst of the lake a wonderful boat. It came of its own accord to the shore where the lady and King Arthur stood.

“Enter this boat,” said the lady to Arthur, “and it will bear you to the sword. If you can take it, all is well.”

Arthur sprang lightly into the boat, and it carried him

to where the arm held the sword. The young king was almost blinded by the beauty of the sword. But without fear he reached forth and took the sword, and the strange hand disappeared beneath the water.

King Arthur's heart beat for joy as the magic boat took him back to shore.

"You have proved yourself worthy to be king," said the Lady of the Lake. "I wish you well in all you undertake. The sword is yours for a while. There will come a time to throw it away. Farewell, noble King Arthur."

The lady stepped into the boat, and both she and the boat suddenly disappeared.

Arthur and Merlin rode back through the forest until they came to the place where the king had fought the Sable Knight.

"Now," he said, "I shall try Sir Knight once more."

So saying, he rode boldly up to the shield, and smote it with the hammer till it rang wildly. The Sable Knight came forth, but when he saw that it was the king he hesitated.

"Fear not to fight against me," said Arthur, "for it is my will that we battle till one has gained a victory."

They rode to the ends of the field. In the shock that followed the spears of both broke. They then fought with their swords. For all his youth King Arthur dealt such blows with his new sword, Excalibur, that the Sable Knight's shield was cut to pieces. His helmet was hewn away, and in the end he was at the king's mercy.

“Spare my life,” he said, “and I will leave this evil practice. By thy victory my estate becomes thine.”

“Thy life is thine, Sir Knight,” said Arthur. “Arise; thy estate I restore to thee. Here is my hand. Henceforth I would have thee for a friend.”

The Sable Knight, whose name was Sir Pellinore, grasped the king’s hand, and promised to be true to him. He afterward became a knight of Arthur’s court, and served faithfully till his death.

—C. M. S.

HOW KING ARTHUR WON HIS QUEEN

KING ARTHUR was seated in his high hall at Camelot, righting the wrongs of his people. Into the hall there came in great haste a messenger.

“Whence comest thou?” said Arthur, “and what is thy request?”

“O noble king, I come from thy true friend and loyal subject, King Leodogran.”

“What message bring you from good King Leodogran?”

“My master is in sore distress and prays your help. King Rience, a bold and warlike lord, asks tribute of Leodogran. He also demands the hand of Guinevere, Leodogran’s one fair daughter, for the ugly Duke of North UMBER.”

Arthur was very angry at hearing these things. He decided at once to carry aid to King Leodogran.

“Go tell thy master that I and my knights are at his service. We will teach this bold outlaw king his place.”

So Arthur gathered together his knights and marched away to Cameliard, where Leodogran lived. Over the moors and meadows they marched, through forests and across streams. It was sweet spring weather, and all hearts were gay. None was happier than the young king.

At last they came to the castle of King Leodogran. Arthur, looking up, saw by the wall the lovely daughter of Leodogran. And she, looking down, beheld Arthur. From that moment Arthur loved Guinevere, and she loved him.

On the next day Arthur and his knights moved to battle. King Rience had a great host with him. The band of King Arthur was small; but every man was brave and strong.

The king met the enemy in the midst of a great plain. His little band made a mad rush against the army of King Rience. Spears were splintered, swords broken, and shields slashed in pieces. They fought hand to hand. But in the end the army of King Rience was put to flight.

The next day the enemy came back. With them came the Duke of North UMBER, who wished to wed the lady Guinevere.

Arthur did not wish to weary his men too much. He therefore made a new proposal to the enemy.

“Let them,” he said, “pick seven of their best knights, and I will select four knights besides myself. We five will fight the seven.”

So it was arranged, and the two parties drew up on the plain. At one end was Arthur, with two knights on each side; at the other end of the plain was the Duke of North UMBER, with three knights on either side of him.

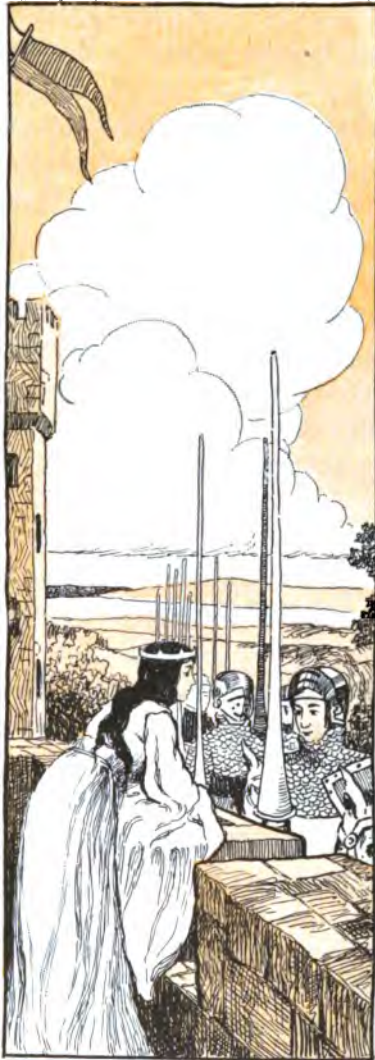
When all was ready the two companies put spurs to their horses and dashed across the plain. Arthur thought of Guinevere, and rushed directly at the ugly Duke of North UMBER. With a terrific shock they met in the center. It sounded as if a giant had hurled one mighty castle against another.

Three of the seven knights were overthrown. Among them was the ugly Duke of North UMBER. He was so sorely wounded that he never thought more of wedding the beautiful Guinevere.

Not one of Arthur's men had been overthrown. They rode back to the end of the field, as did the four remaining knights of the enemy.

“Now,” said Arthur to his men, “we are five against four, my men. Therefore, in this second onset I will not take part; but will stand here and see how you serve our enemies.”

The four knights on the other side were not so ready to fight again. They came back, but Arthur's four knights attacked them so fiercely that they turned and



fled. Then Arthur's men pursued them, even into the midst of the main host of the enemy.

Arthur saw their danger and went after them. They were attacked on all sides, but fought their way out.

On the morrow Arthur gave an order for a general attack on the enemy. Before noon the forces of King Rience were scattered east and west, north and south. No man could withstand the strength and skill of Arthur's brave young knights. One of the bravest and strongest of these was Sir Pellinore.

Arthur was happy now. He had saved his friend and subject Leodogran. But most of all he had saved Guinevere from the terrible duke.

"Yea, I fear," he said

to himself, "I fear I fought more for Guinevere than for Leodogran and the honor of the realm. But I shall have no peace till Guinevere becomes queen of the kingdom."

So he sent messengers to King Leodogran, asking for the hand of Guinevere. King Leodogran rejoiced, and gladly assented. The heart of Guinevere too was glad, and she made ready with great joyfulness of heart to be wedded to the king.

— C. M. S.

HOW KING ARTHUR ESTABLISHED THE ROUND TABLE

WHEN all things were ready, the Lady Guinevere set out for London in great splendor. She was accompanied by a hundred noble knights, who were a present to King Arthur from King Leodogran.

"I would share my lands and my wealth with King Arthur," said Leodogran; "but of lands and wealth he has enough. I will, therefore, send him as a gift the Round Table which was given me by King Arthur's father. Besides I will send him one hundred knights, who will serve him faithfully, while they live."

When the Lady Guinevere and the hundred knights with the Round Table arrived at London, Arthur's heart was glad. He rejoiced greatly and made great festivity.

“My Lady Guinevere,” he said, “is the fairest of all women upon earth. And these hundred knights with my twenty are the goodliest company of noble men I have ever seen. They please me more than riches.”

Arthur commanded that all things be made ready for the marriage. And the king decided to establish the order of the Table Round on the day that he was wedded to Guinevere. The day set was the Day of Pentecost.

One hundred and fifty knights could sit at the Round Table, but Arthur had only one hundred twenty. He called Merlin and bade him go throughout the whole realm to seek thirty knights worthy to sit at the Table.

Merlin set out and by the power of his magic soon found all the best knights in the kingdom. On the day set for the wedding, Merlin entered London with twenty-eight good knights. He could find no more.

At the wedding feast the hundred and forty-eight knights, including Arthur, sat down at the Table Round. The Archbishop of Canterbury was there, and blessed the whole order. He prayed that they should all be true men, very noble and generous.

The knights all bound themselves by the vows that Arthur proposed. They swore to do no wrong, to be kind, to give money to him who asked it, to be courteous to ladies and damsels and to help them in distress, never to take part in any wrongful quarrel; but to do good unto all men, to right wrong, and to remove sorrow from the world as much as they were able.

When the knights rose to do homage to King Arthur, a wonderful thing happened. On the back of the seat in which each knight sat appeared his name in gold letters. And there the name remained as long as the knight was a member of the Table Round. But when he died or broke his faith, his name disappeared of its own accord.



King Arthur now noticed the two empty seats, and he asked why they were not occupied.

“My Lord King,” said Merlin, pointing to one of the seats, “only the worthiest of this company of thy knights should sit in this seat. It will be great dishonor for any one else to sit therein.”

Saying this, Merlin turned to the knight whom Arthur had fought and overcome when he first got Excalibur. Merlin took him by the arm and led him to the seat.

“O King and worthy fellowship of knights,” Merlin continued, “Sir Pellinore is he that is worthy to occupy this seat.”

As Merlin finished speaking, Sir Pellinore’s name appeared upon the back of the seat, or siege, as it was called in those days. Then Merlin turned to the other vacant seat. Every one wondered who was to be honored next.

“This,” said the Enchanter, “is the Siege Perilous. Only the purest of knighthood shall sit in this place. Whoever shall sit in this siege unworthily shall straightway lose his life. But there shall come one who shall be worthy, and he shall sit in this seat and receive the honor that is his due.”

At this moment there entered the court a young man, tall and straight and handsome. It was Gawaine, the king’s nephew. He desired to be made knight, and Arthur in all joy knighted him.

“A knight I make you,” said Arthur, as he laid the sword against the young man’s neck; “a knight I make you, and I pray God that you be good and worthy. If so, you shall become a knight of the Table Round.”

So the days passed with good cheer and happiness. The knights vowed noble deeds, and it seemed as if a happier and better time had come into the world.

Then King Arthur decreed that every year on the Day of Pentecost all the knights, no matter whither they had gone, should return to Court. Each must give an account of all that he had done during the year.

Thus with prayers and blessings, and high words of cheer, the king established the order of the Round Table. To this order the best and bravest knights in all the world sought admission.

— C. M. S.

LET THE KING REIGN

Blow trumpet, for the world is white with May;
Blow trumpet, the long night hath rolled away!
Blow through the living world — Let the king reign!

Strike for the king and live! his knights have heard
That God hath told the king a secret word.
Fall battle-ax, and flash brand! Let the king reign.

Blow trumpet! he will lift us from the dust,
Blow trumpet! live the strength and die the lust!
Clang battle-ax, and clash brand! Let the king reign.

Strike for the king and die! and if thou diest,
The king is king, and ever wills the highest.
Clang battle-ax, and clash brand! Let the king reign.

Blow for our Sun is mighty in his May!
Blow for our Sun is mightier day by day!
Clang battle-ax, and clash brand! Let the king reign.

The king will follow Christ, and we the king
In whom high God hath breathed a secret thing.
Fall battle-ax, and flash brand. Let the king reign.

— ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE KNIGHT OF THE KITCHEN

SCENE I

*A room in the castle of the Orkney. GARETH and his
mother BELLICENT*

Gareth

My mother, I am now of years to think
Of doing that which may become a man.
O mother, thou hast ever been to me
A kind and gentle mother, and hast cared
For me and shielded me from care and harm,
So that I scarce have learned to know myself.
But, mother, I have come to ask — look not
So grave — that thou wilt let me go,
For I am grown to be a man, as old
As was my brother Gawaine when he went
To Arthur's Court.

Bellicent

What is it, child, ye ask ?
And wilt thou, too, my last, my only son,
Go leave me thus alone ? I pray thee, child,
Put by this thought of Arthur and the Court,
If that is what thy heart is set upon,
And comfort my old age.

Gareth

O mother, mine,
I fain would bide with thee and comfort thee,
If I might only do, so doing, aught
Worthy of life, of manhood. Here idleness
And aimlessness make up my sum of being.
And, O my mother dear, no creature made,
In sky or sea or earth, was made to waste
Its life in idleness. Each little bee
And bird must labor for his daily bread.
Shame would it be, my mother, both to thee
And me, if I who have good limbs and strong,
And mind and skill to do a man's work, yea,
A man's work in the world, should idly sit
Beside the hearth, and eat the bread I have
Not earned.

Bellicent

Aye, son; but why to Arthur's Court?
The way at Court, the knight's way, is beset
With many dangers unto life and limb.
And wilt thou go, young as thou art, and risk
Thy all? O Gareth, there are many grown
To years of strength and skill in arms that lose
Their lives for glory of they know not what.
I pray thee stay with me, and leave this quest
Of glory to the proven knight, my son.

Gareth

An ye let me not go, my mother, I
Shall die of very idleness and shame.
For I am grown to be a man, a man's
Work must I do, else wherefore was I born ?

Bellicent

And if thou must, thou must, and I will let
Thee go on this condition : thou shalt hide
Thy birth and serve among the kitchen boys
In Arthur's hall a twelvemonth and a day.

Gareth

And gladly will I serve in Arthur's hall
Among the kitchen boys and hide my birth
From all men there a twelvemonth and a day.
There I shall earn my bread, and hear the knights,
And learn of noble deeds, and so in time
Become myself a knight in Arthur's hall.

SCENE II

Arthur's Hall

ARTHUR, SIR LANCELOT, SIR KAY, and GARETH

King

Is here another come with word of wrong
Done unto him or to his kin or friends ?

Gareth

I come not asking justice, noble King,
For none had ever done me willful wrong ;
Yet my estate is such that I do crave a boon,
O king.

King

Thou hast thy boon before 'tis asked. Speak out.
What is it? Thou art good to look upon.
Save for thy tattered mantle, I should say
Thou art of noble blood. But speak and we
Will judge thy birth by what thou askest us.

Gareth

O king, I ask that thou wilt let me serve
A twelvemonth and a day among the boys
That tend the kitchen.

Sir Kay

Noble, yea, forsooth !
And of a truth ! Whose greatest wish is leave
To fatten at the hearth. O noble youth !

Sir Lancelot

Nay, brother Kay, be not so quick to judge
The youth. Believe me, there is something yet
We know not of. His hands are fair, and such
A brow I never yet beheld upon a clod.

Sir Kay

Tut, tut! Sir Lancelot, thou art overfond
To notice saucy boys and puff them up.
Let me but have the fair hands for a year
And day, and thou then wilt confess thee wrong.

King

Is that thy only wish? I would it had
Been something better thou hadst craved of us.

Gareth

'Tis all I now would ask; but on that day,
O king, when I have served among thy boys
A twelvemonth, I will once more crave a boon.

King

And by my kingly word it shall be thine.

SCENE III

Arthur's hall a year later

KING, SIR LANCELOT SIR KAY, GARETH, *and* LYNETTE

Lynette

O king, I come to ask a knight of thee
To battle for my sister Lyonors. She is
Held prisoner within her castle and beset
By bold and warlike knights; and one of these

Demands her hand, and will allow no one
To pass to her or from the castle till
She grant his suit.

King

A knight shall forthwith go
With thee to overthrow the recreant knave ;
For I will cleanse this realm of evil doers,
And will plant justice in the hearts of men.

Lynette

Aye, king, but there are four of them that guard
The castle from without. The river flows
Three times around the castle in widening loops.
In each of these three loops there is a ford,
And at each ford a stalwart knight doth guard
The pass, and he who passes must first strike
A mighty stroke and overthrow his man ;
And therefore do I ask for Lancelot.

Gareth

O king, my twelvemonth and a day are done,
And I have served thee faithfully and well,
And now I ask the boon. Grant me this quest,
For I am strong, for I have feasted well
And built my sinews on thy meats and drinks.
Till even he who calls himself my master,
— But now good thanks, rules over me no more —
Methinks could not once shake me in my seat.

Sir Kay

Sir knave, begone ! Will thou insult the King
And Lancelot and her who comes to crave
His aid ? Away ! Thy fellows lack thee, rogue !

King

Nay, nay, Sir Kay. My kingly word is his.
And so this quest is his, although I would
It were not so. For these be sturdy men,
And bold, and to their lawless purpose bent.
And much I fear thou goest to thy hurt.
But kneel and I will knight thee now. I pray
Thou prove thy skill and worthiness upon thy foes.

Gareth

Nay, make me not yet knight, for I would be
Worthy that honor ere it be bestowed.

King

Then rise and follow up this quest and win.

Gareth

Aye, great king, I will follow up this quest,
And prove upon these recreant knights
That I am worthy of this noble trust
By thee bestowed, and of the Table Round.

PART II

SCENE I

At the first river loop

GARETH, LYNETTE, and *Knight of the Morning Star*

Gareth

Sir Morning Star, I wonder much that thou,
Who seemest gently born, and strong, and good
To look upon, shouldst use thy manly strength
To hold a noble lady captive thus,
Against the laws of knighthood and thy vows.

Sir Morning Star

The deed doth shame me. To be overcome
By one from Arthur's kitchen shames me more.
But thou art strong, and were thou but of rank,
My fall were far less bitter; but to fall
Before thy lance, O Kitchen Knight, is deep
Disgrace.

Gareth

Disgrace thou hast indeed deserved.
But I must on to fight thy fellows, who
With equal folly guard the other fords.
Do thou go straightway unto Arthur's hall
And say I sent thee. Now, damsel, lead the way.

Lynette

Thou art a saucy fellow, Kitchen Knave ;
I pray thee leave me ; haply I may find
E'en yet a worthy knight ; thou art not fit
To ride on quests with damsels of high birth.
I am ashamed of thee, and of the king
That he should grant me but a kitchen boy
To fight my battles. Do not think that I
Believe in thee the more because thou hast
By luck or some mischance o'erthrown this knight
Of proven strength and skill ; for thou art still
A kitchen knave ; and, being knave, thou canst
Not cope with knighthood howsoever strong
Of arm thou art. . I warn thee to begone,
I will not have thee in my company.

Gareth

Fair damsel, Arthur, our great king, gave me
This quest. Say what ye will, I will not leave
The quest till I have followed to the end,
Or fallen, fighting steadfastly for truth.

Lynette

Alas ! I pity thee, poor knave, for thou
Shalt soon meet one that will o'erthrow and slay thee.

Gareth

I pray thee lead me to that other knight.

SCENE II

A meadow before the Castle of Lyonors

GARETH, LYNETTE, and afterward SIR LANCELOT

Lynette

I pray thee, pardon me, Sir Knight, for all
The harsh things I have said against thy worth.
I now unsay them all. These four strong knights
Have all gone down before thy lance and sword.
As I beheld thee strike in that last joust
With him who styles himself the Star of Night
I thought, not even Lancelot himself
Could smite a mightier blow. I marvel much
That thou shouldst e'er have been a kitchen boy
In Arthur's hall.

Gareth

O damsel, I have nothing to forgive
In thy harsh sayings; for they gave me strength.
For I was bent to prove my worth as knight
Though from the ashes of the hearth I spring.
True worth lies, damsel, not in birth and lands.
He only whose fair deeds are nobly done,
Is noble. He is worthy to be knight
Whose deeds are knightly and whose heart is strong.

Lynette

Who comes? 'Tis the great Lancelot himself,
Whom I besought the king to send to do
My battles. Now the battles are all won,
He comes; and glad am I, O Kitchen Knight,
That Arthur sent not Lancelot, for I
Have learned of thee, and never shall I more
Think lowly of the lowly bred; for thou
Hast been at all times gentle, yet hast served
In Arthur's kitchen with the lowly born.

(*Enter LANCELOT*)

Gareth

Hail, Lancelot! Of all men on the earth
No other could be half so welcome here.

Sir Lancelot

And I am joyed to find thee safe and whole,
With happily thy quest achieved. I hail
Thee worthy of a seat in Arthur's hall
And of the Table Round, for these were knights
Of goodly prowess thou hast overcome.

Gareth

I pray thee then, Sir Lancelot, to knight
Me now. Of all men I should love to have
This honor from thy hand.

Sir Lancelot

Kneel, kitchen knave,
And rise, Sir Gareth, youngest son of Bellicent
And Lot, and nephew of the king; I joy
To make thee knight.

Gareth

But good Sir Lancelot,
How knew you this? This secret have I kept
Even from my brothers who are knights at court.

Sir Lancelot

Scarce had you left when unto Arthur came
A messenger from Bellicent to pray
The king when thou wert made a knight to guard
Thee from rash enterprise till thou hadst grown
To strength and skill in arms. So the good king
Straightway did call and send me after thee.

Lynette

And truly is my shame so great, I have
No words to speak it. O Sir Knight,
Sir Gareth, Knight of Arthur's Kitchen, knave,
Or whatso'er thou be, thou art, indeed,
The princeliest of all and worthiest
To sit with Arthur at the Table Round.

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure ;
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.

The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel :

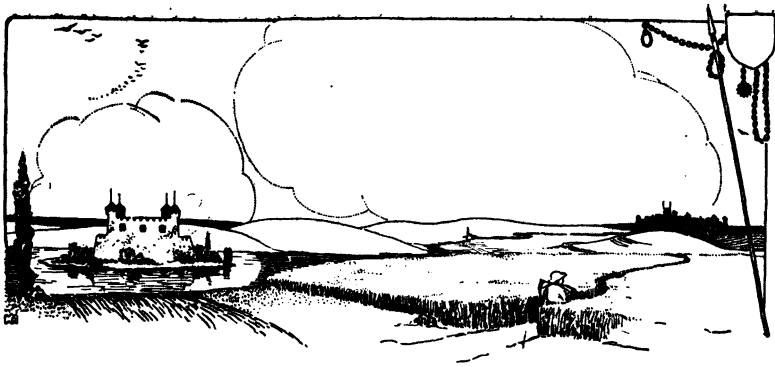
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up, and shakes and falls.

Then move the trees, the copses nod.
Wings flutter, voices hover clear :
" O just and faithful knight of God !
Ride on ! the prize is near."

So pass I hostel, hall, and grange ;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail.

— ALFRED TENNYSON.



THE LADY OF SHALOTT

PART I

ON either side of the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
 To many-towered Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs forever
By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.

Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop fitteth silken-sail'd
 Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
 Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy
 Lady of Shalott."

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,

A curse is on her life if she stay
 To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
 Winding down to Camelot :
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot ;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two :
She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,

For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
 And music, went to Camelot :
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed ;
“ I am half sick of shadows,” said
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

A bow-shot from her bower eaves,
He rode between the barley sheaves,



The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red cross knight forever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
 Beside remote Shalott.
The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
 As he rode down to Camelot :
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung,
 Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle leather,
The helmet and the helmet feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
 As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
 Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd ;
On burnish'd hooves his war horse trode ;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
 As he rode down to Camelot.

From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
" Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide ;
The mirror crack'd from side to side ;
" The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

In the stormy east wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining,
Over tower'd Camelot ;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance —

With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white,
That loosely flew to left and right —



The leaves upon her falling light —
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,

Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
 Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
 Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space:
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott."

— ALFRED TENNYSON.

WHEN THE TREES ARE GREEN



SPRING IS HERE

*Oh! the joyful spring is here,
I know it, I know it, I know it;
The brook is bubbling and clear,
With blue skies above and below it.*

*There's robin on the bough,
Singing, "Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up;
Clouds may gather even now,
But the skies will clear up, clear up."*

*There are buds upon the willows,
And green grass on the ground.
The clouds look like great pillows;
Spring is all around.*

THE APRIL WIND

ON an April morn the wind awoke,
And softly to himself he spoke :
“ There’s plenty of work to be done to-day,
For soon ’twill be time to welcome May.”

So he whistled a tune full of morning cheer,
Which waked the birds that were sleeping near ;
Took one short look at the rising sun,
And was off for a day of rollicking fun.

“ There’s a pool in the meadow that must be dried,”
He said to himself, and he swelled with pride,
And puffed and blew with might and main,
And swept the water across the plain.

“ There are kites to fly and boats to sail,
And mills to turn ; and I must not fail,
Or somebody won’t have flour to make
Into bread or doughnuts, and cookies and cake.

“ There are clouds to blow across the sky,
And girls to tease, and boys to try ;
There are trees to bend and branches to break,
And sweet blue violets to awake.”

— C. M. S.

A CONTENTED MAN

SCENE I

The King's Palace

King; a Lord; and WILLIAM, a Servant

King. I should like to find a happy man. In all my life I have never seen one who was satisfied with his lot. To tell the truth, I have never been satisfied with my own. My lords, who have everything to please the heart, are no better off.

Lord. Sirs, who should be happy, if not the king? He has wealth, position, more friends than he can name, and loyal subjects by the thousands, who would die for him.

King. But these are not the things that make the heart free and happy. I wonder what it is that makes men happy. Is it money and castles and followers?

Lord. Without money and castles and followers, my king, there could be little happiness, methinks.

King. And yet I sometimes wish I had none of these. Money brings care, and the care spoils happiness. Castles must be looked to, and there are cares again. The followers — they fetter us with chains. We must do what will please them, not what will please ourselves. I long for a song and a merry heart, and freedom to roam in the fields at will.

Lord. Trust me, sire, there is no man living who is contented with his lot.

King. It may be so, but I would give a purse of gold to him who should find me such a man. (*Turning to servant.*) Tell me, William, didst thou ever see such a man?

William. My lord king, before I came to court I knew a man such as you speak of. He was the happiest man I ever beheld. He was also the busiest man I ever saw, but he always had a smile on his face and a song in his heart.

King. Tell me, William, where this man lives, and if I find thy words true, the purse of gold is thine.

William. He is the miller that keeps the mill by the bridge on the River Dee. This man is so cheerful that people go for many miles to take grist to his mill. And they go away as happy as he.

King. This same man I shall go to see. My lord, farewell, for I must away this very day to the mill on the banks of the River Dee.

SCENE II

The Mill on the Dee

The King and the Miller of the Dee

Miller (he has his back turned; as the King enters disguised, he sings)

I envy nobody — no, not I!
For I am as happy as I can be;
And nobody envies me.

King. Nay, nay. my friend; you are wrong; you're as wrong as you can be. The king himself envies you, and would, I know, change places with you, if only he could be as light-hearted as you are.

Miller. I am sure I could not think of changing places with the king. He has his place to fill and I have mine.

King. But tell me, jolly miller, what makes you so cheerful in your dusty mill. You're as happy as the king should be. And the king, whose heart should be glad, is sad and troubled. What makes thy heart so light?

Miller. I cannot tell why the king is sad, but 'tis easy to say why I am glad. I earn my own bread; I love my wife and children, and they love me. I love my friends, who love me, too, and they are not a few; and I owe no man a penny. Why, indeed, should I not be happy? Here is the River Dee. Every day it turns my mill; and the mill grinds the corn to feed my neighbors, my wife, my children, and me.

King. You may, indeed, be happy, and stay here, my friend, and I trust you may go on being happy as long as you live. Your dusty cap is better than the king's crown. Your mill does more for you than this kingdom does for the king. If there were more like you in the world it would be a merry place to live. Good-day, my friend; I hope I may see you again.

Miller (singing as the king departs).

Oh, I'm as happy as happy can be,
For I live by the side of the River Dee.

THE FIRST CROCUS

Do you know where the crocus blows ?
Under the snows ;
Wide-eyed and winsome and daintily fair
As waxen exotic, close-tended and rare ;
Every child knows
Where the first crocus blows.

Do you know why the crocus grows
Under the snows ?
To tell that the winter is over and gone,
And soon bird and blossom will gladden the lawn,
And the hedgerows
Where the first crocus blows.

Do you know when the crocus grows
Under the snows ?
When little ones sleep in their warm downy beds,
With mother hands smoothing their dear curly heads ;
Where the first crocus blows.

Do you know while the crocus grows
Under the snows,
That One smileth softly and says, " I will send
This promise that all stormy times have an end ?"
So our Lord knows
Where the first crocus blows.

SONG OF THE SPRING

I COME on the wings of the north wind,
On the wings of the north and west ;
From fields where the snow lies drifted,
And the earth is still at rest.

I wander over the hillsides,
Along the slopes I creep ;
I breathe on the drowsy branches,
And the glad trees wake from sleep.

I steal down into the valleys,
Across the meadows brown,
And each comes forth some morning,
Arrayed in a new green gown.

I whisper a word to the crocus,
Still dreamily lying abed,
And with a start she awakens,
And raises her yellow head.

Then I whistle to the robin,
And his friend, the bluebird gay,
And they both come back a-chirping
In the same old happy way.

I bring all back together, —
Trees, birds, and blossoms fair,
Then leave to the keeping of summer
These children of my care.

— C. M. S.

CHILDREN'S SONGS

I

“WHERE is the little lark's nest,
My father showed to me ?
And where are the pretty lark's eggs ?”
Said Master Lori Lee.
At last he found the lark's nest,
But eggs were none to see.
“Why are you looking down there ?”
Sang two young larks near by :
“We've broken the shell that held us,
And found a nest on high.”
And the happy birds went singing
Far up the summer sky!

II

“I hope you'll not accuse me, but excuse me,”
Said the simple bee to the royal red rose,
“If I take a pot of honey,
And don't put down the money,
For, alas, I haven't any, as all the world knows.
“Mister Bee, don't worry, nor be sorry,”
Said the queenly rose to the poor yeoman bee :
“You've paid me for my honey
Much better than with money
In the sweet songs of summer you sing and sing to me !”

—RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

WHY THE WHITEBIRD BECAME BLACK

IN the distant long ago, it is said, the blackbird was pure white. Its feet and bill were pink, like those of a white pigeon. It had, too, a sweet, musical voice, and could sing the most beautiful songs.

One day the whitebird, as this sweet singer was then called, met a merry magpie. In his bill the magpie was carrying a jeweled ring.

"Where did you ever find such a lovely ring, friend magpie?" asked the whitebird.

"That is a secret," sang the magpie, "which I ought not to tell; but if you promise me—"

"But tell me, and I'll promise," piped the whitebird.

"Well, sweet and pretty whitebird, you are so fair to see, that I will not make you promise. But, I pray you to beware; for gold, you know, was ever the cause of sin and care."

"Oh, tell me, tell me, glorious magpie," the whitebird trilled again, "for I must away this very day, to find me such a gem!"

"In the Treasure Cave, far over the wave, I found it," piped the magpie.

"Then I must away," sang the whitebird gay, "to find that Treasure Cave."

"Oh, tarry, gentle whitebird; be not so swift; for the journey you go is fraught with woe, and sorrow to the heart."

“Be not afraid,” sang the whitebird, “to let me go to the Treasure Cave far over the wave; for I am in need of a little gold. But tell me, noble magpie, who guards the Treasure Cave?”

“The Treasure Cave,” piped the magpie brave, “is held by the Dragon King.”

“I thank you,” sang the whitebird, and merrily soared away. “I thank you, thank you, magpie, for your goodness to-day.”

“One word more,” shrilled the magpie. “One word more! Ask for what you want, and take but what is given.”

It was a beautiful spring day, and the whitebird flew away. His heart was light, and the journey across the sea seemed as nothing to him. He flew and flew for a day and a night, and then for another day.

At last he came to the Treasure Cave. It was in the side of a great mountain, which was shrouded in black fog. It was a fearful place, but the whitebird was eager for gold; so he flew on, to the mouth of the cave.

He stopped upon the threshold. Inside all was bright and beautiful. And far back in the remotest corner were great heaps of golden treasure. The whitebird could wait no longer, but hopped lightly toward the treasure.

Oh! how bright it was! There was enough gold and jewels to buy half the earth. And I, thought the whitebird, can carry away only one little piece. “I will come again,” he said to himself, “and get more some other time, and will bring some one to help me.”

The whitebird had forgotten all about the magpie's warning. Indeed, the treasure made him forget everything else. He plunged his pink bill into the heap of gold, and was about to fly away.

Suddenly there came a terrible roaring from somewhere. It seemed to come from everywhere. The bird darted back with a cry of terror. But it was too late to escape injury. The scorching breath of the dragon had turned his white feathers jet black.

He fled, shrieking through the black fog, and over the wave from the Treasure Cave, back to the land of his birth. But ever, as he went, he uttered little cries of woe. He would never be white and beautiful again. His bill, too, was stained with the gold he would have stolen.

His fright so scared him that he lost his sweet voice, and from that day all his children have been able to utter only cries that sound like woe.

So to-day we have the sooty blackbird instead of the beautiful white; and he sings but a song of terror instead of glad delight.

THE COMING OF SPRING

THERE'S something in the air
That's new and sweet and rare —
A scent of summer things,
A whirl as if of wings.

There's something, too, that's new
In the color of the blue
That's in the morning sky,
Before the sun is high.

And though on plain and hill
'Tis winter, winter still,
There's something seems to say
That winter's had its day.

And all this changing tint,
This whispering stir and hint
Of bud and bloom and wing,
Is the coming of the spring.

And to-morrow or to-day
The brooks will break away
From their icy, frozen sleep,
And run, and laugh, and leap.

And the next thing, in the woods,
The catkins in their hoods
Of fur and silk will stand,
A sturdy little band.

And the tassels soft and fine
Of the hazel will entwine,
And the elder branches show
Their buds against the snow.

So, silently but swift,
Above the wintry drift,
The long days gain and gain,
Until on hill and plain, —

Once more, and yet once more,
Returning as before,
We see the bloom of birth
Make young again the earth.

— NORA PERRY.

TO THE DANDELION

DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An El Dorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me
Than all the summer blooms may be.

Gold such as thine never drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age to rob the lover's heart of ease.

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



Have you ever noticed the Mayflower, or arbutus, when you have been off in the woods hunting for the first and sweetest spring blossoms. It grows in spots, and generally in quite small spots, instead of all over a great field, as the violets do.

The Indians believed that these spots were always about the tiny footprints of a lovely Indian maiden. Some of her footprints were, of course, washed away by the heavy spring rains and others smoothed over by the strong winds. It is for these reasons that the patches of arbutus are found so far apart.

This charming Indian fairy story is hundreds of years old. Although the Indians of America had no books and knew nothing about writing, it has come down to us from a time long before the Children of Israel crossed the Red Sea. It has simply been told by father to son, almost exactly as it was first told.

Up in the far North beyond the Great Lakes, ages ago, there lived an old, old man — as old as the earth. He was the Spirit of Winter.

This ancient, powerful, and cruel man had built his lonely lodge, beside a frozen stream, in the midst of deep snows. Where he lived and wherever he wandered forth there was bitter winter weather.

He was clothed in the finest and warmest skins of the bear and beaver; yet he was ever cold and ever wandering forth through forests, gathering the fallen branches to keep his lodge fire burning. The fierce winds from the ever frozen North had thrashed the great forest trees, and had rocked them to and fro. But few limbs had fallen, so the old man returned to his lodge to sit over the dying embers of his fire. There he prayed that the Great Spirit might protect him from his enemy — Death.

But the same fierce winds which had failed to provide him wood gave to earth one of its sweetest blessings. Tearing from its stout fastenings the heavy bearskin robe which closed the entrance to the lodge, it gave entrance to a lovely maiden.

The dim eyes of the old man gazed upon her loveliness and he saw that her cheeks were like the petals of the wild rose. Her eyes were large, and glowed like the eyes of a startled fawn. Her hair was black as the wing of the crow, and so long that it brushed the earth. With pity she looked upon the dying Spirit of Winter. The old man also saw that her hands were gloved with willow buds and her head was crowned with a wreath of flowers. Her mantle was woven of sweet grasses and ferns, her moccasins were white lilies, laced with the petals of the honeysuckle. When she breathed, the lodge became warm and the cold winds crept away in fear.

The old man marveled at the maid's loveliness and grace, and welcomed her to his cheerless lodge. He asked her whence she came, and desired her to tell him of her country and people.

"When you have finished," he said, "I will tell you of the greatness, the power and victories of myself—the desolate Spirit of Winter."

Then, in pity and compassion for the dying man, she smiled, and immediately the cold and blackness of winter gave place to warmth and light.

"When I, the Spirit of Winter, blow out my breath," boasted the old man, "the waters of the rivers stand still; the great waves of the lakes rest; and the murmurings of the streams die away in silence. When I shake my locks, the earth is covered with the shroud of snow. When I walk through the forest, the leaves of the trees die and

fall to the ground; the songs of the birds are changed to harsher notes, and they fly away, abandoning their nests. The animals, lean, hungry, and shivering, dig holes in the ground or find caves into which they crawl and hide while the breath of winter passes over them."

"The Spirit of Winter is indeed great and strong," replied the maiden, who was the Spirit of Spring; "the waters know the touch of his breath. But when I smile, flowers spring up in the forests, and the fields are covered with a carpet of green. When I breathe into the air, the warm rains come and snow vanishes. Indeed, old man, thy power and greatness are known all over the earth, and thy cruelty is great, greater even than the cruelty of the warriors when they torture their captives.

"But when I walk through the forests the trees are clothed with leaves, the birds come back with sweet songs and build their nests. The animals come forth from the ground and caves, joyously to seek their mates and rear their young. The gentle West Wind sings sweet songs in the ears of the squaws and papooses, as they sit near the wigwam in the bright sunshine."

While the maiden talked, the old man's head drooped. She passed her hands over it, and immediately it began to wither and shrink. Then the streams shouted loudly at their freedom; the springs and rivulets boiled and gurgled and laughed; and the fields and forests were melodious with the songs of the happy birds.

The maiden gazed with tender sorrow upon the vacant

spot where the departed Spirit of Winter had sat by the dying embers. Her lovely smile came again as she took from the bosom of her dress the greatest of her treasures and hid them under the leaves where the old man had sat. She breathed her love upon them and called them her precious jewels.

“To you I give,” she said, “my beauty and sweetness. Men shall pluck you with bowed heads, and upon bended knees.”

Then she turned and passed upon her joyful way over the fields, through forests, by brooks and springs. From the spot where winter had died, and wherever she stepped, there sprang up the sweetest of flowers — the arbutus.

— GEORGE S. ROBERTS.

THE BROOK

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,

For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,

For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers ;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows ;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses ;
I linger by my shingly bars ;
I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

— ALFRED TENNYSON.



THE ROSE BUSH AND THE NIGHTINGALE

LONG, long ago, the nightingale lived in the sunny southland. Its voice was as sweet as music and as cheerful as a spring morning. It loved the sunshine and the flowers and everything that was bright and beautiful.

One springtime it became very warm in the southland. So, like many other birds, the nightingales flew northward. They sought a home where it would be cooler. They thought it would be better for their little ones.

At last they came to a place where it was cool enough. Everything was beautiful, too. They began to look about for a place to build their home. They looked in the apple tree. It was all in blossom, and was lovely. But Lady Nightingale knew that the pretty blossoms would soon be gone. She wanted her babies to have the loveliest home to be found. So she kept on looking.

She examined the elm tree, the lilac bush, and the vines that clambered up the great wall about the garden. They were all lovely, but Lady Nightingale thought she could find something still better. At last she came to the rose bush.

“Ah, what a delightful place!” she cried. “How sweet and lovely the blossoms are! And they will remain so for weeks and weeks. The leaves, too, are very fresh and green. They will be a screen from the sun when it is too warm, and from the wind when it is too cold. This will be a real palace, my lord,” she added, smiling at her husband, who was very proud of his sweet little wife.

“It is lovely indeed, my dear,” answered Lord Nightingale. “Only I fear it is too near the ground. Somebody may find our home and give us trouble.”

“But, my lord,” replied Lady Nightingale, “no animal can climb the slender stalks of the rose bush. The hawks will not be so likely to find us here as they would if we were in a higher place. And you see there are no harmful insects here. They will be lovely neighbors, I am sure.”

So it was settled; and Lord and Lady Nightingale went to work, making their new home. The rose bush had no thorns in those days, and the happy birds flew in and out, carrying material to make their house.

In a few days it was finished. How proud Lady Nightingale was of it! Then she laid three little eggs. Lady Nightingale was prouder still now. With a happy little heart she settled down over the eggs and kept them warm.

Day after day she waited, thinking of the little ones that would soon be hers. Lord Nightingale sat near her and sang to her every morning and evening. He brought her things to eat. And now and then he took Lady Nightingale with him for an airing.

“See here, my lord,” said Lady Nightingale to her husband one morning. “See here! They all hatched during the night.”

Lord Nightingale looked and saw three little grayish yellow heads in the nest. The little eyes were black and the bills bright yellow. Lord Nightingale was so happy that he danced from branch to branch of the rose bush, not knowing what he was doing or saying.

Lady Nightingale herself had never been so happy in all her life. She watched over the little soft babies as tenderly as any mother could. She fed them and sang to them little songs of her own, songs that pleased them even more than Lord Nightingale’s.

They grew fast, and became very lively. Their mouths were always open now, waiting for something good to be put into them. Both mother and father Nightingale went away in search of food. The little babies often called for food when their parents were away.

One day a terrible thing happened. A cat was passing that way and heard them. And when Lord and Lady Nightingale came back there wasn’t a baby nightingale to be found. Lady Nightingale’s heart was broken, and she and Lord Nightingale thought that life was a very sad

thing. They mourned so that even the rose bush was touched by their grief.

“Is there anything that I can do?” asked the rose bush. “Why not lay some more eggs, and try again?”

“Alas! what is the use!” wept Lady Nightingale. “If we do, the cat will get our babies again — no, we cannot afford to raise nightingales to feed cats.”

“But, dear lady,” said the rose bush, “I think I can really help you. I will clothe myself so that no cat will care to come near me again.”

That night the rose bush prayed to the queen of the rose fairies before she went to sleep. In the morning when she awoke she was covered all over with sharp thorns.

“Now, dear Lady Nightingale,” said the rose bush, “you will be perfectly safe in your home. Only you will need to be careful, or you will get hurt on the thorns.”

Lady Nightingale took heart, and laid more eggs. This time her babies were safe, and grew up to be as lovely as their mother and father. But something had happened to the voices of Lord and Lady Nightingale, and the voices of their children were all like them. The song was as sweet as ever, even sweeter; but there was always something sad about it. And the gayety never came back.

So now nightingales always sing by moonlight, and the song is touched with sorrow. They still build their nests in rose bushes, which they love as much as they do their precious babies.

— *Adapted from the German of* MAX NORDAU.

NIGHT AND DAY

WHEN the golden day is done,
Through the closing portal,
Child and garden, flower and sun,
Vanish all things mortal.

As the blinding shadows fall,
As the rays diminish,
Under the evening's cloak they all
Roll away and vanish.
Garden darkened, daisy shut,
Child in bed, they slumber ; —
Glowworm in the highway rut,
Mice among the lumber.

In the darkness houses shine,
Parents move with candles ;
Till on all the night divine
Turns the bedroom handles.
Till at last the day begins
In the east a-breaking,
In the hedges and the whins
Sleeping birds awaking.

In the darkness, shapes of things —
Houses, trees, and hedges —
Clearer grow ; and sparrows' wings
Beat on window ledges.

These shall wake the yawning maid ;
She the door shall open, —
Finding dew on garden glade,
And the morning broken.

There my garden grows again
Green and rosy painted,
As at eve, behind the pane,
From my eyes it fainted.
Just as it was shut away,
Toy-like, in the even,
Here I see it glow, with day
Underglowing heaven.

Every path and every plot,
Every bush of roses,
Every blue forget-me-not,
Where the dew reposes, —
“Up!” they cry, “the day is come
On the smiling valleys :
We have beat the morning drum ;
Playmate, join your allies !”

The world goes up and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain ;
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again.

— CHARLES KINGSLEY.



IN olden days the people of Greece believed in a race of lovely fairies. One race of fairies lived in the springs and streams, and kept them pure. They were called water nymphs. Another race of fairies lived in the woods. They were called dryads.

Every tree and every little bush had a fairy of its own. The little fairy was born with the tree and died with it. Each dryad's delight was to see her tree grow and enjoy the warm sunshine and the balmy air of summer. She wished her tree to be strong, so that it might have a long and useful life.

One day in the springtime, Bion, a shepherd boy, was feeding his flock on a sunny hillside. Everything about him was beautiful, and the birds were singing happily from every tree. But the boy was lonely; he wanted a

playmate. He looked about him, wondering if he might not see a dryad. The nymphs and dryads were friends of the shepherds, and the shepherds were kind to them and honored them at all times.

Bion did not see a dryad, but he saw an old tree near by which seemed ready to fall. The wind was bending the tree lower and lower. It would surely break before long. Bion went over to it and propped it up with a stout stick. He was just going to turn away, when he heard a soft voice near him.

“Bion,” it seemed to say. The voice was so low that the lad thought it was the rustling of the leaves.

“Bion,” again the voice called; and Bion turned to see who it was. Before him stood the most beautiful creature he had ever dreamed of.

“Bion,” it said, “I am the dryad of this tree, which you have just saved from destruction. You have made my life longer by your kindness. Now, ask what you will, and if it is in my power to give, it shall be thine.”

There were many things that Bion wanted, but more than anything else, he desired a friend and companion.

“Give me your friendship, beautiful dryad,” said the shepherd; “be my companion during the long days, when my flocks are grazing on the hillside.”

“It shall be as you ask, Bion,” answered the dryad sweetly, but sadly. “Yet my friendship is a dangerous gift. If you are always good and pure and noble, as you now are, it will be a blessing to you. But if ever you do

an unkind or unworthy thing, my friendship will be a cause of sorrow.”

In token of her trust, she gave him her hand. Bion was so happy that he did not know what to say. He almost danced for joy. That evening after the sheep were safe in the fold, Bion ran back to the tree to talk with the sweet fairy.



From that time the boy was happy. He never longed for the day to end, because in the fields the dryad was always with him. The grass grew greener near her tree than anywhere else. The sky seemed bluer above, and the birds sang more sweetly there than elsewhere.

Sometimes the fairy went a little way with Bion when he returned home at evening, and sometimes he came back to talk with her by the brookside, near her tree.

As the months went by, Bion made friends of other boys in the country. They often went out for frolics,

and wished Bion to go with them. At first he refused, because the little dryad's friendship was so delightful.

But once, upon a holiday, Bion went with the other shepherd boys to the town. There were to be games, and all expected to have a fine time. Some one else went to the pasture with Bion's sheep.

After the games were over the others took Bion to an inn. As they were eating, a bee came buzzing about Bion's ears. He pushed the bee aside, but the bee only buzzed more loudly, and kept flying around Bion's head. At last the boy became angry, and hit the bee with his cap. With bruised wings the bee flew out of the window and away over the fields.



That evening when Bion returned home, his first thought was of the dryad. He could not wait till the next day; so he ran off to the green hillside at once.

He came breathless to the tree, but did not find the

lovely dryad waiting for him. He called, but there was no answer. He called again and again. Then he heard a sad voice, which seemed like the sighing of the wind.

“Bion! Bion!” came the voice from the tree, “you have broken our friendship, and can never see me more. To-day I needed you, for the old shepherd who came with the sheep was going to remove the prop which holds my tree. I sent my messenger to you, and you mistreated him and bruised his slender wings. And so, farewell. You shall never see me more.”

—C. M. S.

THE DAFFODILS

I WANDERED, lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;

A poet could not but be gay
In such jocund company!
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth to me the show had brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE OAK TREE AND THE IVY

IN the greenwood stood a mighty oak. So majestic was he that all who came that way paused to admire his strength and beauty, and all the other trees of the greenwood acknowledged him to be their monarch.

Now it came to pass that the ivy loved the oak tree, and inclining her graceful tendrils where he stood, she crept about his feet, and twined herself around his sturdy and knotted trunk. And the oak tree pitied the ivy.

“Oho!” he cried, laughing boisterously but good-naturedly, — “oho! so you love me, do you, little vine? Very well, then; play about my feet, and I shall keep the storms from you and shall tell you pretty stories about the clouds, the birds, and the stars.”

The ivy marveled greatly at the strange stories the oak tree told ; they were stories the oak tree heard from the wind that loitered about his lofty head and whispered to the leaves of his topmost branches. Sometimes the story was about the great ocean in the east, sometimes of the broad prairies in the west, sometimes of the ice king who lived in the north, sometimes of the flower queen who dwelt in the south. Then, too, the moon told a story to the oak tree every night, — or at least every night that she came to the greenwood, which was very often, for the greenwood is a very charming spot, as we all know. And the oak tree repeated to the ivy every story the moon told and every song the stars sang.

“Pray, what are the winds saying now?” or “What song is that I hear?” the ivy would ask ; and then the oak tree would repeat the story or the song, and the ivy would listen in great wonderment.

Whenever the storms came, the oak tree cried to the little ivy : “Cling close to me, and no harm shall befall thee ! See how strong I am ; the tempest does not so much as stir me — I mock its fury !”

Then, seeing how strong and brave he was, the ivy hugged him closely ; his brown, rugged breast protected her from every harm, and she was secure.

The years went by ; how quickly they flew, — spring, summer, winter, and then again spring, summer, winter, — ah, life is short in the greenwood, as elsewhere ! And now the ivy was no longer a weakly little vine to excite

the pity of the passer-by. Her thousand beautiful arms had twined hither and thither about the oak tree, covering his brown and knotted trunk, shooting forth a bright, delicious foliage, and stretching far up among his lower branches.

The oak tree was always good and gentle to the ivy. "There is a storm coming over the hills," he would say. "The east wind tells me so; the swallows fly low in the air. Cling close to me, and no harm shall befall thee."

Then the ivy would cling more closely to the oak tree, and no harm came to her.

Although the ivy was the most luxuriant vine in all the greenwood, the oak tree regarded her still as the tender little thing he had laughingly called to his feet that spring day many years before,—the same little ivy he had told about the stars, the clouds, and the birds. And just as patiently as in those days, he now repeated other tales the winds whispered to his topmost boughs,—tales of the ocean in the east, the prairies in the west, the ice king in the north, and the flower queen in the south. And the ivy heard him tell these wondrous things, and she never wearied with the listening.

"How good the oak tree is to the ivy!" said the ash. "The lazy vine has naught to do but to twine herself about the strong oak tree and hear him tell his stories!"

The ivy heard these envious words, and they made her very sad; but she said nothing of them to the oak tree, and that night the oak tree rocked her to sleep as he repeated the lullaby a zephyr was singing to him.

“There is a storm coming over the hills,” said the oak tree one day. “The east wind tells me so; the swallows fly low in the air and the sky is dark. Clasp me round about with thy arms, and nestle close to me, and no harm shall befall thee.”

“I have no fear,” murmured the ivy.

The storm came over the hills and swept down upon the greenwood with deafening thunder and vivid lightning. The storm king himself rode upon the blast; his horses breathed flames, and his chariot trailed through the air like a serpent of fire. The ash fell before the violence of the storm king’s fury, and the cedars, groaning, fell, and the hemlocks, and the pines; but the oak tree alone quailed not.

“Oho!” cried the storm king, angrily, “the oak tree does not bow to me; he does not tremble at my presence. Well, we shall see.”

With that the storm king hurled a mighty thunderbolt at the oak tree, and the brave, strong monarch of the greenwood was riven. Then, with a shout of triumph, the storm king rode away.

“Dear oak tree, you are riven by the storm king’s thunderbolt!” cried the ivy, in anguish.

“Ay,” said the oak tree, feebly, “my end has come; see, I am shattered and helpless.”

“But I am unhurt,” remonstrated the ivy; “and I shall bind up your wounds and nurse you back to health and vigor.”

And so it was that, although the oak tree was ever afterwards a riven and broken thing, the ivy concealed the scars upon his shattered form and covered his wounds all over with her soft foliage.

“I had hoped,” she said, “to grow up to thy height, to live with thee among the clouds, and to hear the solemn voices thou didst hear.”

But the old oak tree said, “Nay, nay, I love thee better as thou art, for with thy beauty and thy love thou comfortest mine age.”

Then would the ivy tell quaint stories to the oak tree,—stories she had learned from the crickets, the bees, the butterflies, and the mice when she was a humble little vine and played at the foot of the majestic oak tree towering in the greenwood. And these simple tales pleased the old and riven oak tree; they were not as heroic as the tales the wind, the clouds, and the stars told, but they were far sweeter, for they were tales of contentment, of humility, of love. So the old age of the oak tree was grander than his youth.

And all who went through the greenwood paused to behold and admire the beauty of the oak tree then; for about his scarred and broken trunk the gentle vine had so entwined her graceful tendrils and spread her fair foliage, that one saw not the havoc of the years nor the ruin of the tempest, but only the glory of the oak tree's age, which was the ivy's love and ministering.

—EUGENE FIELD.

JUNE

Ho! they are here, the skies of June!
And lessons will be over soon.
School is no place in days like these
For boys to be, when every breeze
Is making music in the trees,
And whispering of magic realms,—
Of fields and pools and waving elms,
Of buttercups and daisies gay
That lift their heads along the way;
Of birds and bees that all the day
Do sing a joyful roundelay;
Of streams that babble o'er the sand
And turn earth into fairyland.

If I might have one wish come true,
And only one, I'd wish that you,
O month of June, might be my friend
From one year to the next year's end.
And I might be allowed to do
The things that fill with joy
The heart of every real live boy.
Barefoot I'd climb each sunny hill,
And eat of berries there my fill.
I'd have the breeze blow in my face
And with the woodchuck run a race.
I'd carry pole and line and hook
And know each bend in every brook.

So, June, just make my wish come true,
And I'll forever live with you.

— C. M. S.

SONG OF THE SUMMER WINDS

Up the dale and down the bourne,
O'er the meadow swift we fly ;
Now we sing, and now we mourn,
Now we whistle, now we sigh.

By the grassy-fringed river,
Through the murmuring reeds we sweep ;
Mid the lily leaves we quiver,
To their very hearts we creep.

Now the maiden rose is blushing
At the frolic things we say,
While aside her cheek we're rushing,
Like some truant bees at play.

Through the blooming groves we rustle,
Kissing every bud we pass, —
As we did it in the bustle,
Scarcely knowing how it was.

Down the glen, across the mountain,
O'er the yellow heath we roam,

Whirling round about the fountain
Till its little breakers foam.

Bending down the weeping willows,
While our vesper hymn we sigh ;
Then unto our rosy pillows
On our weary wings we hie.

There of idlenesses dreaming,
Scarce from waking we refrain,
Moments long as ages deeming
Till we're at our play again.

— GEORGE DARLEY.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh
my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and
earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved ; he that keepeth
thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor
sleep.

— PSALM CXXI.



